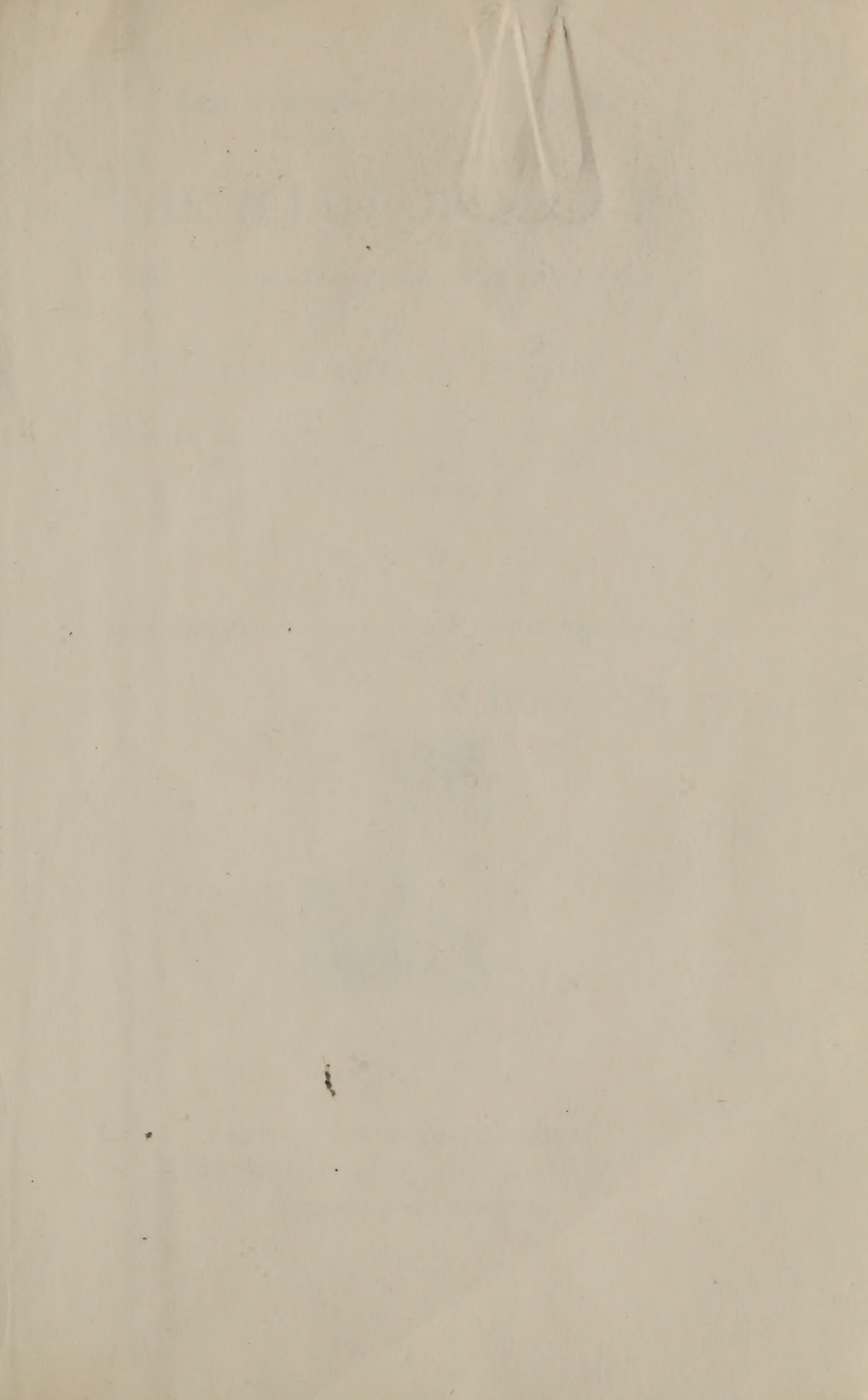



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The Riverside Literature Series

THE ILIAD OF HOMER

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH BLANK VERSE

BY

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

ABRIDGED EDITION

WITH INTRODUCTION, SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY
AND PRONOUNCING VOCABULARY OF
PROPER NAMES

EDITED BY

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BOSTON NEW YORK CHICAGO
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
The Riverside Press Cambridge

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PREFATORY NOTE.

THIS abridgment of Bryant's *Iliad* is designed especially for the use of students in the secondary schools and conforms to the college entrance requirements. The omissions have been made only after a very careful study and comprise matter which is unnecessary to the continuity of the story and which does not in any way affect the spirit of the poem. As specified in the college entrance requirements, Books XI, XIII, XIV, XV, XVII, and XXI have been excluded from this edition; and from the books included, certain irrelevant matter, objectionable expressions, tedious lists of names, long explanations, and unimportant details have been dropped. Because of the reduced bulk, it is hoped that a school public far wider than ever before will come to know Homer.

The book is equipped with a map of Homer's world, a *Pronouncing Vocabulary of Proper Names*, an *Introduction*, and detailed suggestions for the study of the *Iliad*. No apology is necessary for the absence of annotations. Many of the allusions are explained in the text itself; others can be found by consulting a good mythology or a good dictionary. Indeed a dictionary and a mythology should be in constant use by the student of Homer. Furnished with these, however, he may well dispense with "notes."

The omissions are indicated by periods and the numbers of the pages and lines are made to correspond, as far as possible, with those of the unabridged text.

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MAR 21 1964
FALL GROUND

INTRODUCTION

THE AUTHORSHIP

MODERN criticism throws doubt upon the old theory that the blind poet Homer was the author of the *Iliad*. It is generally conceded, however, that Homer began the story of "the wrath of Achilles." But later bards probably added song after song in praise of the heroes of the Trojan War, until, about the eighth century B.C., the *Iliad* finally assumed its present proportion and content. It gives us a stirring picture of the life of the times and offers an excellent exposition of the civilization of the ancient Greeks. Every line of this poem is instinct with the directness, simplicity, and freedom of the primitive people concerned in the tale. As we read, we breathe the freshness of that early world, we enter into the spirit of the age, we live and move and have our being with the heroes on the shore before the city or within the walls of Troy. Such is the power of the poetic genius that inspired the Homeric "tale of Troy divine."

THE TRANSLATION

"Homer, in truth," says Andrew Lang, "is to be matched only with Shakespeare. . . . He is a poet of gold, universal as humanity, simple as childhood, musical, now as the flow of his own rivers, now as the heavy plunging wave of his own Ocean." Homer is, indeed, "not of an age, but for all time." The *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* have been read in all ages by all peoples and in all languages. They are a permanent world-possession,

irrespective of nation or race, because of their universal human interest. Each age in each country has produced its translation of Homer, reflecting somewhat the spirit of the particular epoch which produced it.

Among the many English poetic versions of the *Iliad*, the most important are those of George Chapman (1559-1634), the earliest; Alexander Pope (1688-1744); William Cowper (1731-1800); Edward, Earl of Derby (1799-1869); and William Cullen Bryant (1794-1878). Of all these, Bryant's is surpassed by none in fidelity to the spirit of the original. In the following excerpt from Bryant's *Preface* to his translation, the student can learn all that it is necessary for him to know about the version which he is to study.

"Having now nearly completed my translation of the *Iliad* of Homer, I sit down to write the Preface, that it may be prefixed to the first volume. To this task of translation, which I began in 1865, I afterwards gave myself the more willingly because it helped in some measure to divert my mind from a great domestic sorrow. I am not sure that, when it shall be concluded, it may not cost me some regret to part with so interesting a companion as the old Greek poet, with whose thoughts I have, for four years past, been occupied, though with interruptions, in the endeavor to transfer from his own grand and musical Greek to our less sonorous but still manly and flexible tongue.

"In what I shall say of my own translation I do not mean to speak in disparagement of any of the previous English versions of the *Iliad*, nor to extenuate my obligations to some of them. I acknowledge that although Homer is, as Cowper has well observed, the most perspicuous of poets, I have been sometimes, perhaps often, guided by the labors of my predecessors to a better mode of dealing with certain refractory passages of my author

than I should otherwise have found. Let me, without detracting from their merits, state what I have endeavored to do. I have endeavored to be strictly faithful in my rendering; to add nothing of my own, and to give the reader, so far as our language would allow, all that I found in the original. There are, however, in Homer, frequently recurring, certain expressions which are merely a kind of poetical finery, introduced when they are convenient to fill out a line or to give it a sonorous termination, and omitted when they are not needed for this purpose. The Greeks, for example, almost whenever they are spoken of, are magnanimous, or valiant, or warlike, or skilled in taming steeds: the Trojans are magnanimous also, and valiant, and warlike, and equally eminent in horsemanship. The warriors of the *Iliad* are all sons of some magnanimous or warlike parent. Achilles is the son of Peleus, and Peleus is magnanimous; and these epithets are repeated upon page after page throughout the poem. Achilles is spoken of as swift-footed or godlike almost whenever he appears, and sometimes is honored by both epithets. Hector is illustrious, and knightly, and distinguished by his beamy crest. Even the coxcomb Paris, for whom Homer seems to entertain a proper contempt, is godlike. These complimentary additions to the name of the warrior, are, however, dispensed with whenever the hexameter is rounded to a well-sounding conclusion without them. Where they appear in the Greek, I have in nearly all instances retained them, making Achilles swift-footed and Ulysses fertile in resources, to the end of the poem; but in a very few cases, where they embarrassed the versification, I have used the liberty taken by Homer himself, and left them out. Everywhere else it has been my rule not to exclude from the translation anything which I found in the text of my author.

“There is another point in regard to which I have taken equal pains, and which seems to me equally important. I have endeavored to preserve the simplicity of style which distinguishes the old Greek poet, who wrote for the popular ear and according to the genius of his language, and I have chosen such English as offers no violence to the ordinary usages and structure of our own. I have sought to attain what belongs to the original, — a fluent narrative style, which shall carry the reader forward without the impediment of unexpected inversions and capricious phrases, and in which, if he find nothing to stop at and admire, there will at least be nothing to divert his attention from the story and the characters of the poem, from the events related and the objects described. I think that not many readers of the present day would agree with Pope, who, as Spence relates, after remarking that he had nothing to say for rhyme, went on to observe that he doubted whether a poem could be supported without it in our language, unless it were stiffened with such strange words as would destroy our language itself. It is remarkable that this should have been said by one who had given the reading world an edition of Shakespeare, in whose dramas are to be found passages of blank-verse which might be instanced as the perfection of that form of versification, — not to be excelled in sweetness of modulation, and grace and freedom of language, — without a single harsh inversion, or any of that clumsy stiffening which Pope so disapproved, yet seemed to think so necessary. The other dramatists of the Elizabethan period also supply examples of the same noble simplicity of language and construction, suited to the highest poetry. In this translation the natural order of the words has been carefully preserved, as far as the exigencies of versification would allow, and I have ventured only upon those easy

deviations from it which form no interruptions to the sense, and at most only remind the reader that he is reading verse.

“I have chosen blank-verse for this reason among others, that it enabled me to keep more closely to the original in my rendering, without any sacrifice either of ease or of spirit in the expression. The use of rhyme in a translation is a constant temptation to petty infidelities, and to the employment of expressions which have an air of constraint, and do not the most adequately convey the thought. I had my reasons also for not adopting the ballad measure, which some have thought to allow the nearest approach to the manner of Homer. There are, it is true, certain affinities between the style of Homer and that of the old ballad poems of Great Britain. Both were the productions of a rude age; both were composed to be sung to public audiences; and this gave occasion to certain characteristics in which they resemble each other. But the Homeric poems, as it seems to me, are beyond the popular ballads of any modern nation in reach of thought and in richness of phraseology; and if I had adopted that form of poetry there would have been, besides the disadvantage of rhyme, a temptation to make the version conform in style and spirit to the old ballads of our own literature, in a degree which the original does not warrant, and which, as I think, would lead to some sacrifice of its dignity. I did not adopt the hexameter verse, principally for the reason that in our language it is confessedly an imperfect form of versification, the true rhythm of which it is difficult for those whose ear is accustomed only to our ordinary metres to perceive. I found that I could not possibly render the Greek hexameters line for line, like Voss in his marvellous German version, in which he has not only done this, but generally preserved the pauses in the very

part of the line in which Homer placed them. We have so many short words in English, and so few of the connective particles which are lavishly used by Homer, that often when I reached the end of the Greek line I found myself only in the middle of my line in English. This difficulty of subduing the thought—by compression or expansion of phrase—to the limits it must fill would alone have been sufficient to deter me from attempting a translation in hexameters. I therefore fell back upon blank-verse, which has been the vehicle of some of the noblest poetry in our language; both because it seemed to me by the flexibility of its construction best suited to a narrative poem, and because, while it enabled me to give the sense of my author more perfectly than any other form of verse, it allowed me also to avoid in a greater degree the appearance of constraint which is too apt to belong to a translation.

“I make no apology for employing in my version the names Jupiter, Juno, Venus, and others of Latin origin, for Zeus, Here, Aphrodite, and other Greek names of the deities of whom Homer speaks. The names which I have adopted have been naturalized in our language for centuries, and some of them, as Mercury, Vulcan, and Dian, have even been provided with English terminations. I was translating from Greek into English, and I therefore translated the names of the gods, as well as the other parts of the poem.”

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THE ILIAD.



BOOK I.

O GODDESS! sing the wrath of Peleus' son,
Achilles; sing the deadly wrath that brought
Woes numberless upon the Greeks, and swept
To Hades many a valiant soul, and gave
Their limbs a prey to dogs and birds of air, — 5
For so had Jove appointed, — from the time
When the two chiefs, Atrides, king of men,
And great Achilles, parted first as foes.

Which of the gods put strife between the chiefs,
That they should thus contend? Latona's son 10
And Jove's. Incensed against the king, he bade
A deadly pestilence appear among
The army, and the men were perishing.
For Atreus' son with insult had received
Chryses the priest, who to the Grecian fleet 15
Came to redeem his daughter, offering
Uncounted ransom. In his hand he bore
The fillets of Apollo, archer-god,
Upon the golden sceptre, and he sued

To all the Greeks, but chiefly to the sons
Of Atreus, the two leaders of the host : —

“Ye sons of Atreus, and ye other chiefs,
Well-greaved Achaïans, may the gods who dwell
Upon Olympus give you to o’erthrow
The city of Priam, and in safety reach
Your homes ; but give me my beloved child,
And take her ransom, honoring him who sends
His arrows far, Apollo, son of Jove.”

Then all the other Greeks, applauding, bade
Revere the priest and take the liberal gifts
He offered, but the counsel did not please
Atreides Agamemnon ; he dismissed
The priest with scorn, and added threatening words : —

“Old man, let me not find thee loitering here,
Beside the roomy ships, or coming back
Hereafter, lest the fillet thou dost bear
And sceptre of thy god protect thee not.
This maiden I release not till old age
Shall overtake her in my Argive home,
Far from her native country, where her hand
Shall throw the shuttle and shall dress my couch
Go, chafe me not, if thou wouldst safely go.”

He spake ; the aged man in fear obeyed
The mandate, and in silence walked apart,
Along the many-sounding ocean-side,
And fervently he prayed the monarch-god,
Apollo, golden-haired Latona’s son : —

“Hear me, thou bearer of the silver bow,

Who guardest Chrysa, and the holy isle
Of Cilla, and art lord in Tenedos, 5
O Smintheus! if I ever helped to deck
Thy glorious temple, if I ever burned
Upon thy altar the fat thighs of goats
And bullocks, grant my prayer, and let thy shafts
Avenge upon the Greeks the tears I shed." 55

So spake he supplicating, and to him
Phœbus Apollo hearkened. Down he came,
Down from the summit of the Olympian mount,
Wrathful in heart; his shoulders bore the bow
And hollow quiver; there the arrows rang 60
Upon the shoulders of the angry god,
As on he moved. He came as comes the night,
And, seated from the ships aloof, sent forth
An arrow; terrible was heard the clang
Of that resplendent bow. At first he smote 65
The mules and the swift dogs, and then on man
He turned the deadly arrow. All around
Glared evermore the frequent funeral piles.
Nine days already had his shafts been showered
Among the host, and now, upon the tenth, 70
Achilles called the people of the camp
To council. Juno, of the snow-white arms,
Had moved his mind to this, for she beheld
With sorrow that the men were perishing.
And when the assembly met and now was full, 75
Stood swift Achilles in the midst and said:—

“To me it seems, Atrides, that ’t were well,

Since now our aim is baffled, to return
 Homeward, if death o'ertake us not ; for war
 And pestilence at once destroy the Greeks. 82
 But let us first consult some seer or priest,
 Or dream-interpreter, — for even dreams
 Are sent by Jove, — and ask him by what cause
 Phœbus Apollo has been angered thus ;
 If by neglected vows or hecatombs, 84
 And whether savor of fat bulls and goats
 May move the god to stay the pestilence.”

He spake, and took again his seat ; and next
 Rose Calchas, son of Thestor, and the chief
 Of augurs, one to whom were known things past 90
 And present and to come. He, through the art
 Of divination, which Apollo gave,
 Had guided Iliumward the ships of Greece.
 With words well ordered courteously he spake : —

“ Achilles, loved of Jove, thou biddest me 95
 Explain the wrath of Phœbus, monarch-god,
 Who sends afar his arrows. Willingly
 Will I make known the cause ; but covenant thou,
 And swear to stand prepared, by word and hand,
 To bring me succor. For my mind misgives 100
 That he who rules the Argives, and to whom
 The Achaian race are subject, will be wroth.
 A sovereign is too strong for humbler men,
 And though he keep his choler down awhile,
 It rankles, till he sate it, in his heart. 105
 And now consider : wilt thou hold me safe ? ”

Achilles, the swift-footed, answered thus : —
“ Fear nothing, but speak boldly out whate’er
Thou knowest, and declare the will of Heaven.
For by Apollo, dear to Jove, whom thou,
Calchas, dost pray to, when thou givest forth
The sacred oracles to men of Greece,
No man, while yet I live, and see the light
Of day, shall lay a violent hand on thee
Among our roomy ships ; no man of all 115
The Grecian armies, though thou name the name
Of Agamemnon, whose high boast it is
To stand in power and rank above them all.”

Encouraged thus, the blameless seer went on : —
“ ’T is not neglected vows or hecatombs 120
That move him, but the insult shown his priest,
Whom Agamemnon spurned, when he refused
To set his daughter free, and to receive
Her ransom. Therefore sends the archer-god
These woes, and still will send them on the Greeks, 125
Nor ever will withdraw his heavy hand
From our destruction, till the dark-eyed maid
Freely, and without ransom, be restored
To her beloved father, and with her
A sacred hecatomb to Chrysa sent. 130
So may we haply pacify the god.”

Thus having said, the augur took his seat.
And then the hero-son of Atreus rose,
Wide-ruling Agamemnon, greatly chafed.
His gloomy heart was full of wrath, his eyes 135

Sparkled like fire ; he fixed a menacing look
Full on the augur Calchas, and began :—

“ Prophet of evil ! never hadst thou yet
A cheerful word for me. To mark the signs
Of coming mischief is thy great delight. 140
Good dost thou ne’er foretell nor bring to pass.
And now thou pratest, in thine auguries,
Before the Greeks, how that the archer-god
Afflicts us thus, because I would not take
The costly ransom offered to redeem 145
The virgin child of Chryses. ’T was my choice
To keep her with me, for I prize her more
Than Clytemnestra, bride of my young years,
And deem her not less nobly graced than she,
In form and feature, mind and pleasing arts. 150
Yet will I give her back, if that be best ;
For gladly would I see my people saved
From this destruction. Let meet recompense,
Meantime, be ready, that I be not left,
Alone of all the Greeks, without my prize. 155
That were not seemly. All of you perceive
That now my share of spoil has passed from me.”

To him the great Achilles, swift of foot,
Replied : “ Renowned Atrides, greediest
Of men, where wilt thou that our noble Greeks 160
Find other spoil for thee, since none is set
Apart, a common store ? The trophies brought
From towns which we have sacked have all been
shared

Among us, and we could not without shame
Bid every warrior bring his portion back. 165
Yield, then, the maiden to the god, and we,
The Achaians, freely will appoint for thee
Threefold and fourfold recompense, should Jove
Give up to sack this well-defended Troy."

Then the king Agamemnon answered thus :— 170
"Nay, use no craft, all valiant as thou art,
Godlike Achilles ; thou hast not the power
To circumvent nor to persuade me thus.
Think'st thou that, while thou keepest safe thy prize,
I shall sit idly down, deprived of mine ? 175
Thou bid'st me give the maiden back. 'Tis well,
If to my hands the noble Greeks shall bring
The worth of what I lose, and in a shape
That pleases me. Else will I come myself,
And seize and bear away thy prize, or that 180
Of Ajax or Ulysses, leaving him
From whom I take his share with cause for rage.
Another time we will confer of this.
Now come, and forth into the great salt sea
Launch a black ship, and muster on the deck 185
Men skilled to row, and put a hecatomb
On board, and let the fair-cheeked maid embark,
Chryseis. Send a prince to bear command, —
Ajax, Idomeneus, or the divine
Ulysses ;— or thyself, Pelides, thou 190
Most terrible of men, that with due rites
Thou soothe the anger of the archer-god."

Achilles the swift-footed, with stern look,
Thus answered : “ Ha, thou mailed in impudence
And bent on lucre ! Who of all the Greeks 195
Can willingly obey thee, on the march,
Or bravely battling with the enemy ?
I came not to this war because of wrong
Done to me by the valiant sons of Troy.
No feud had I with them ; they never took 200
My beeves or horses, nor, in Phthia’s realm,
Deep-soiled and populous, spoiled my harvest fields.
For many a shadowy mount between us lies,
And waters of the wide-resounding sea.
Man unabashed ! we follow thee that thou 205
Mayst glory in avenging upon Troy
The grudge of Menelaus and thy own,
Thou shameless one ! and yet thou hast for this
Nor thanks nor care. Thou threatenest now to take
From me the prize for which I bore long toils 210
In battle ; and the Greeks decreed it mine.
I never take an equal share with thee
Of booty when the Grecian host has sacked
Some populous Trojan town. My hands perform
The harder labors of the field in all 215
The tumult of the fight ; but when the spoil
Is shared, the largest share of all is thine,
While I, content with little, seek my ships,
Wearied with combat. I shall now go home
To Phthia ; better were it to return 220
With my beaked ships ; but here, where I am held

In little honor, thou wilt fail, I think,
To gather, in large measure, spoil and wealth."

Him answered Agamemnon, king of men :—

"Desert, then, if thou wilt ; I ask thee not 225

To stay for me ; there will be others left

To do me honor yet, and, best of all,

The all-providing Jove is with me still.

Thee I detest the most of all the men

Ordained by him to govern ; thy delight 235

Is in contention, war, and bloody frays.

If thou art brave, some deity, no doubt,

Hath thus endowed thee. Hence, then, to thy home,

With all thy ships and men ! there domineer

Over thy Myrmidons ; I heed thee not, 235

Nor care I for thy fury. Thus, in turn,

I threaten thee ; since Phœbus takes away

Chryseis, I will send her in my ship

And with my friends, and, coming to thy tent,

Will bear away the fair-cheeked maid, thy prize, 240

Briseis, that thou learn how far I stand

Above thee, and that other chiefs may fear

To measure strength with me, and brave my power."

The rage of Peleus' son, as thus he spake,

Grew fiercer ; in that shaggy breast his heart 245

Took counsel, whether from his thigh to draw

The trenchant sword, and, thrusting back the rest,

Smite down Atrides, or subdue his wrath

And master his own spirit. While he thus

Debated with himself, and half unsheathed 250

The ponderous blade, Pallas Athene came,
 Sent from on high by Juno, the white-armed,
 Who loved both warriors and made both her care.
 She came behind him, seen by him alone,
 And plucked his yellow hair. The hero turned 255
 In wonder, and at once he knew the look
 Of Pallas and the awful-gleaming eye,
 And thus accosted her with winged words :—
 “ Why com’st thou hither, daughter of the god
 Who bears the ægis? Art thou here to see 260
 The insolence of Agamemnon, son
 Of Atreus? Let me tell thee what I deem
 Will be the event. That man may lose his life,
 And quickly too, for arrogance like this.”

Then thus the goddess, blue-eyed Pallas, spake :—
 “ I came from heaven to pacify thy wrath, 265
 If thou wilt heed my counsel. I am sent
 By Juno the white-armed, to whom ye both
 Are dear, who ever watches o’er you both.
 Refrain from violence ; let not thy hand 270
 Unsheathe the sword, but utter with thy tongue
 Reproaches, as occasion may arise,
 For I declare what time shall bring to pass ;
 Threefold amends shall yet be offered thee,
 In gifts of princely cost, for this day’s wrong. 275
 Now calm thy angry spirit, and obey.”

Achilles, the swift-footed, answered thus :—
 “ O goddess, be the word thou bring’st obeyed,
 However fierce my anger ; for to him

Who hearkens to the gods, the gods give ear." 280

So speaking, on the silver hilt he stayed
His strong right hand, and back into its sheath
Thrust his good sword, obeying. She, meantime,
Returned to heaven, where ægis-bearing Jove
Dwells with the other gods. And now again 285
Pelides, with opprobrious words, bespake
The son of Atreus, venting thus his wrath :—

“ Wine-bibber, with the forehead of a dog
And a deer’s heart ! Thou never yet hast dared
To arm thyself for battle with the rest, 290
Nor join the other chiefs prepared to lie
In ambush, — such thy craven fear of death.
Better it suits thee, midst the mighty host
Of Greeks, to rob some warrior of his prize
Who dares withstand thee. King thou art, and yet 295
Devourer of thy people. Thou dost rule
A spiritless race, else this day’s insolence,
Atrides, were thy last. And now I say,
And bind my saying with a mighty oath :
By this my sceptre, which can never bear 300
A leaf or twig, since first it left its stem
Among the mountains, — for the steel has pared
Its boughs and bark away, to sprout no more, —
And now the Achaian judges bear it, — they
Who guard the laws received from Jupiter, — 305
Such is my oath, — the time shall come when all
The Greeks shall long to see Achilles back,
While multitudes are perishing by the hand

Of Hector, the man-queller ; thou, meanwhile,
 Though thou lament, shalt have no power to help, ³¹⁶
 And thou shalt rage against thyself to think
 That thou hast scorned the bravest of the Greeks."

As thus he spake, Pelides to the ground
 Flung the gold-studded wand, and took his seat.
 Fiercely Atrides raged ; but now uprose ³¹⁵
 Nestor, the master of persuasive speech,
 The clear-toned Pylian orator, whose tongue
 Dropped words more sweet than honey. He had seen
 Two generations that grew up and lived
 With him on sacred Pylos pass away, ³²⁰
 And now he ruled the third. With prudent words
 He thus addressed the assembly of the chiefs :—

"Ye gods ! what new misfortunes threaten Greece!
 How Priam would exult and Priam's sons,
 And how would all the Trojan race rejoice, ³²⁵
 Were they to know how furiously ye strive, —
 Ye who in council and in fight surpass
 The other Greeks. Now hearken to my words, —
 Ye who are younger than myself, — for I
 Have lived with braver men than you, and yet ³³⁰
 They held me not in light esteem. Such men
 I never saw, nor shall I see again, —
 Men like Pirithoüs and like Druas, lord
 Of nations, Cæneus and Exadius,
 And the great Polypheme, and Theseus, son ³³⁵
 Of Ægeus, likest to the immortal gods.
 Strongest of all the earth-born race they fought —

The strongest with the strongest of their time —
With Centaurs, the wild dwellers of the hills,
And fearfully destroyed them. With these men 340
Did I hold converse, coming to their camp
From Pylos in a distant land. They sent
To bid me join the war, and by their side
I fought my best, but no man living now
On the wide earth would dare to fight with them. 345
Great as they were, they listened to my words
And took my counsel. Hearken also ye,
And let my words persuade you for the best.
Thou, powerful as thou art, take not from him
The maiden ; suffer him to keep the prize 35
Decreed him by the sons of Greece ; and thou,
Pelides, strive no longer with the king,
Since never Jove on sceptred prince bestowed
Like eminence to his. Though braver thou,
And goddess-born, yet hath he greater power 355
And wider sway. Atrides, calm thy wrath —
'T is I who ask — against the chief who stands
The bulwark of the Greeks in this fierce war."

To him the sovereign Agamemnon said : —
"The things which thou hast uttered, aged chief, 360
Are fitly spoken ; but this man would stand
Above all others ; he aspires to be
The master, over all to domineer,
And to direct in all things ; yet, I think,
There may be one who will not suffer this. 365
For if by favor of the immortal gods

He was made brave, have they for such a cause
Given him the liberty of insolent speech?"

Hereat the great Achilles, breaking in,
Answered : " Yea, well might I deserve the name 370
Of coward and of wretch, should I submit
In all things to thy bidding. Such commands
Lay thou on others, not on me ; nor think
I shall obey thee longer. This I say, —
And bear it well in mind, — I shall not lift 375
My hand to keep the maiden whom ye gave
And now take from me ; but whatever else
May be on board that swift black ship of mine,
Beware thou carry not away the least
Without my leave. Come, make the trial now, 380
That these may see thy black blood bathe my spear."

Then, rising from that strife of words, the twain
Dissolved the assembly at the Grecian fleet.
Pelides to his tents and well-manned ships
Went with Patrocius and his warrior friends, 385
While Agamemnon bade upon the sea
Launch a swift bark with twenty chosen men
To ply the oar, and put a hecatomb
Upon it for the god. He thither led
The fair-cheeked maid Chryseis ; the command 390
He gave to wise Ulysses ; forth they went,
Leader and crew, upon their watery path.
Meanwhile, he bade the camp be purified ;
And straight the warriors purified the camp,
And, casting the pollutions to the waves, 395

They burned to Phœbus chosen hecatombs
Of bulls and goats beside the barren main,
From which the savor rose in smoke to heaven.

So was the host employed. But not the less
Did Agamemnon persevere to urge 400
His quarrel with Pelides ; and he thus
Addressed Talthybius and Eurybates.
His heralds and his faithful ministers : —

“ Go ye to where Achilles holds his tent,
And take the fair Briseis by the hand, 405
And bring her hither. If he yield her not,
I shall come forth to claim her with a band
Of warriors, and it shall be worse for him.”

He spake, and sent them forth with added words
Of menace. With unwilling steps they went 410
Beside the barren deep, until they reached
The tents and vessels of the Myrmidons,
And found Achilles seated by his tent
And his black ship ; their coming pleased him not.
They, moved by fear and reverence of the king, 415
Stopped, and bespoke him not, nor signified
Their errand ; he perceived their thought and said : —

“ Hail, heralds, messengers of Jove and men !
Draw near ; I blame you not. I only blame
Atrides, who hath sent you for the maid. 420
Noble Patroclus ! bring the damsel forth,
And let them lead her hence. My witnesses
Are ye, before the blessed deities,
And mortal men, and this remorseless king,

If ever he shall need me to avert 426
 The doom of utter ruin from his host.
 Most sure it is, he madly yields himself
 To fatal counsels, thoughtless of the past
 And of the future, nor forecasting how
 The Greeks may fight, unvanquished, by their fleet.⁷⁵

He spake. Meantime Patroclus had obeyed 431
 The word of his beloved friend. He brought
 The fair-cheeked maid Briseis from the tent,
 And she was led away. The messengers
 Returned to where their barks were moored, and she 435
 Unwillingly went with them. Then in tears
 Achilles, from his friends withdrawing, sat
 Beside the hoary ocean-marge, and gazed
 On the black deep beyond, and stretched his hands,
 And prayed to his dear mother, earnestly : — 440

“ Mother ! since thou didst bring me forth to dwell
 Brief space on earth, Olympian Jupiter,
 Who thunders in the highest, should have filled
 That space with honors, but he grants them not.
 Wide-ruling Agamemnon takes and holds 445
 The prize I won, and thus dishonors me.”

Thus, shedding tears, he spake. His mother heard,
 Sitting within the ocean deeps, beside
 Her aged father. Swiftly from the waves
 Of the gray deep emerging like a cloud, 450
 She sat before him as he wept, and smoothed
 His brow with her soft hand, and kindly said : —

“ My child, why weepest thou ? What grief is this ?

Speak, and hide nothing, so that both may know."

Achilles, swift of foot, sighed heavily, 455
And said : " Thou know'st already. Why relate
These things to thee, who art apprised of all ?

" To Thebè, to Eëtion's sacred town,
We marched, and plundered it, and hither brought
The booty, which was fairly shared among 460
The sons of Greece, and Agamemnon took
The fair-cheeked maid Chryseis as his prize.
But Chryses, priest of Phœbus, to the fleet
Of the Achaian warriors, brazen-mailed,
Came, to redeem his daughter, offering 465
Ransom uncounted. In his hand he bore
The fillets of Apollo, archer-god,
Upon the golden sceptre, and he sued
To all the Greeks, but chiefly to the sons
Of Atreus, the two leaders of the host. 470
Then all the other chiefs, applauding, bade
Revere the priest and take the liberal gifts
He offered ; but the counsel did not please
Atrides Agamemnon : he dismissed
The priest with scorn, and added threatening
words. 475

The aged man indignantly withdrew ;
And Phœbus — for the priest was dear to him —
Granted his prayer and sent among the Greeks
A deadly shaft. The people of the camp
Were perishing in heaps. His arrows flew 480
Among the Grecian army, far and wide.

A seer expert in oracles revealed
The will of Phœbus, and I was the first
To counsel that the god should be appeased.
But Agamemnon rose in sudden wrath, 485
Uttering a threat, which he has since fulfilled.
And now the dark-eyed Greeks are taking back
His child to Chryses, and with her they bear
Gifts to the monarch-god ; while to my tent
Heralds have come, and borne away the maid 490
Briseis, given me by the sons of Greece.
But succor thou thy son, if thou hast power ;
Ascend to heaven and bring thy prayer to Jove,
If e'er by word or act thou gav'st him aid.
For I remember, in my father's halls 495
I often heard thee, glorying, tell how thou,
Alone of all the gods, didst interpose
To save the cloud-compeller, Saturn's son,
From shameful overthrow, when all the rest
Who dwell upon Olympus had conspired 500
To bind him, — Juno, Neptune, and with them
Pallas Athene. Thou didst come and loose
His bonds, and call up to the Olympian heights
The hundred-handed, whom the immortal gods
Have named Briareus, but the sons of men 505
Ægeon, mightier than his sire in strength ;
And he, rejoicing in the honor, took
His seat by Jove, and all the immortals shrank
Aghast before him, and let fall the chains.
Remind him of all this, and, sitting down, 510

Embrace his knees, and pray him to befriend
The Trojans, that the Greeks, hemmed in and slain
Beside their ships and by the shore, may learn
To glory in their king, and even he,
Wide-ruling Agamemnon, may perceive 515
How grievous was his folly when he dared
To treat with scorn the bravest of the Greeks."

And Thetis answered, weeping as she spake : —
"Alas, my son, why did I rear thee, born
To sorrow as thou wert? O would that thou 520
Unwronged, and with no cause for tears, couldst dwell
Beside thy ships, since thou must die so soon.
I brought thee forth in an unhappy hour,
Short-lived and wronged beyond all other men.
Yet will I climb the Olympian height among 525
Its snows and make my suit to Jupiter
The Thunderer, if haply he may yield
To my entreaties. Thou, meanwhile, abide
By thy swift ships, incensed against the Greeks,
And take no part in all their battles more. 530
But yesterday did Jove depart to hold
A banquet far in Ocean's realm, among
The blameless Ethiopians, and with him
Went all the train of gods. Twelve days must pass
Ere he return to heaven, and I will then 535
Enter his brazen palace, clasp his knees,
And hope to move his purpose by my prayers."

So saying, she departed, leaving him
In anger for the shapely damsel's sake,

Whom forcibly they took away. Meantime 540
Ulysses, with the sacred hecatomb,
Arrived at Chrysa. Entering the deep port,
They folded up the sails and laid them down
In the black ship, and lowering the mast,
With all its shrouds, they brought it to its place. 545
Then to the shore they urged the bark with oars,
And cast the anchors and secured the prow
With fastenings. Next, they disembarked and stood
Upon the beach and placed the hecatomb
In sight of Phœbus, the great archer. Last, 550
Chryseis left the deck, and, leading her
Up to the altar, wise Ulysses gave

The maid to her dear father, speaking thus :—
“ O Chryses ! Agamemnon, king of men,
Sends me in haste to bring this maid to thee 555
And offer up this hallowed hecatomb
To Phœbus, for the Greeks ; that so the god,
Whose wrath afflicts us sore, may be appeased.

So speaking, to her father's hands he gave
The maiden ; joyfully the priest received 560
The child he loved. Then did the Greeks array
The noble hecatomb in order round
The sculptured altar, and with washen hands
They took the salted meal, while Chryses stood
And spread abroad his hands and prayed aloud :— 565

“ Hear me, thou bearer of the glittering bow,
Who guardest Chrysa and the pleasant isle
Of Cilla and art lord in Tenedos !

Already hast thou listened to my prayer
And honored me, and terribly hast scourged 574
The Achaian people. Hear me yet again,
And cause the plague that wastes the Greeks to
cease."

So spake he, supplicating, and to him
Phœbus Apollo hearkened. When the prayers
Were ended, and the salted meal was flung, 575
Backward they turned the necks of the fat beæves,
And cut their throats, and flayed the carcasses,
And hewed away the thighs, and covered them
With caul in double folds; and over this
They laid raw fragments of the other parts. 580
O'er all the aged priest poured dark red wine,
And burned them on dry wood. A band of youths
With five-pronged spits, beside him, thrust these
through

The entrails, which they laid among the flames.
And when the thighs were all consumed, and next 585
The entrails tasted, all the rest was carved
Into small portions and transfixed with spits
And roasted with nice care and then withdrawn
From the hot coals. This task performed, they made
The banquet ready. All became its guests 590
And all were welcome to the equal feast.
And when their thirst and hunger were allayed,
Boys crowned the ample urns with wreaths, and served
The wine to all, and poured libations forth.
Meantime the Argive youths, that whole day long, 595

Sang to appease the god ; they chanted forth
High anthems to the archer of the skies.
He listened to the strain, and his stern mood
Was softened. When, at length, the sun went down
And darkness fell, they gave themselves to sleep ⁶⁰⁰
Beside the fastenings of their ships, and when
Appeared the rosy-fingered Dawn, the child
Of Morning, they returned to the great host
Of the Achaians. Phœbus deigned to send
A favoring breeze ; at once they reared the mast ⁶⁰⁵
And opened the white sails ; the canvas swelled
Before the wind, and hoarsely round the keel
The dark waves murmured as the ship flew on.
So ran she, cutting through the sea her way.
But when they reached the great Achaian host, ⁶¹⁰
They drew their vessel high upon the shore
Among the sands, and underneath its sides
They laid long beams to prop the keel, and straight
Dispersed themselves among the tents and ships.

The goddess-born Achilles, swift of foot, ⁶¹⁵
Beside his ships still brooded o'er his wrath,
Nor came to council with the illustrious chiefs,
Nor to the war, but suffered idleness
To eat his heart away ; for well he loved
Clamor and combat. But when now, at length, ⁶²⁰
The twelfth day came, the ever-living gods
Returned together to the Olympian mount
With Jove, their leader. Thetis kept in mind
Her son's desire, and, with the early morn,

Emerging from the depths of ocean, climbed 625
To the great heaven and the high mount, and found
All-seeing Jove, who, from the rest apart,
Was seated on the loftiest pinnacle
Of many-peaked Olympus. She sat down
Before the son of Saturn, clasped his knees 630
With her left arm, and lifted up her right
In supplication to the Sovereign One :—

“O Jupiter, my father, if among
The immortals I have ever given thee aid
By word or act, deny not my request. 635
Honor my son, whose life is doomed to end
So soon ; for Agamemnon, king of men,
Hath done him shameful wrong : he takes from him
And keeps the prize he won in war. But thou,
Olympian Jupiter, supremely wise, 640
Honor him thou, and give the Trojan host
The victory, until the humbled Greeks
Heap large increase of honors on my son.”

She spake, but cloud-compelling Jupiter
Answered her not ; in silence long he sat. 645
But Thetis, who had clasped his knees at first,
Clung to them still, and prayed him yet again :—

“O promise me, and grant my suit ; or else
Deny it, — for thou need'st not fear, — and I
Shall know how far below the other gods 650
Thou holdest me in honor.” As she spake,
The Cloud-compeller, sighing heavily,
Answered her thus : “Hard things dost thou require,

And thou wilt force me into new disputes
 With Juno, who will anger me again 655
 With contumelious words ; for ever thus,
 In presence of the immortals, doth she seek
 Cause of contention, charging that I aid
 The Trojans in their battles. Now depart,
 And let her not perceive thee. Leave the rest 660
 To be by me accomplished ; and that thou
 Mayst be assured, behold, I give the nod ;
 For this, with me, the immortals know, portends
 The highest certainty : no word of mine
 Which once my nod confirms can be revoked, 665
 Or prove untrue, or fail to be fulfilled."

As thus he spake, the son of Saturn gave
 The nod with his dark brows. The ambrosial curls
 Upon the Sovereign One's immortal head
 Were shaken, and with them the mighty mount 670
 Olympus trembled. Then they parted, she
 Plunging from bright Olympus to the deep,
 And Jove returning to his palace home ;
 Where all the gods, uprising from their thrones,
 At sight of the Great Father, waited not 675
 For his approach, but met him as he came.

And now upon his throne the Godhead took
 His seat, but Juno knew — for she had seen —
 That Thetis of the silver feet, and child
 Of the gray Ancient of the Deep, had held 680
 Close council with her consort. Therefore she
 Bespake the son of Saturn harshly, thus :—

“O crafty one, with whom, among the gods,
 Plottest thou now? Thus hath it ever been
 Thy pleasure to devise, apart from me, 685
 Thy plans in secret ; never willingly
 Dost thou reveal to me thy purposes.”

Then thus replied the Father of the gods
 And mortals : “Juno, do not think to know
 All my designs, for thou wilt find the task 690
 Too hard for thee, although thou be my spouse.
 What fitting is to be revealed, no one
 Of all the immortals or of men shall know
 Sooner than thou ; but when I form designs
 Apart from all the gods, presume thou not 695
 To question me or pry into my plans.”

Juno, the large-eyed and august, rejoined :—
 “What words, stern son of Saturn, hast thou said !
 It never was my wont to question thee
 Or pry into thy plans, and thou art left 700
 To form them as thou wilt ; yet now I fear
 The silver-footed Thetis has contrived —
 That daughter of the Ancient of the Deep —
 To o’ersuade thee, for, at early prime,
 She sat before thee and embraced thy knees ; 705
 And thou hast promised her, I cannot doubt,
 To give Achilles honor and to cause
 Myriads of Greeks to perish by their fleet.”

Then Jove, the cloud-compeller, spake again :—
 “Harsh-tongued ! thou ever dost suspect me thus,
 Nor can I act unwatched ; and yet all this 717

Profits thee nothing, for it only serves
To breed dislike, and is the worse for thee.
But were it as thou deemest, 't is enough
That such has been my pleasure. Sit thou down
In silence, and obey, lest all the gods 716
Upon Olympus, when I come and lay
These potent hands on thee, protect thee not."

He spake, and Juno, large-eyed and august,
O'erawed, and curbing her high spirit, sat 720
In silence ; meanwhile all the gods of heaven
Within the halls of Jove were inly grieved.
But Vulcan, the renowned artificer,
Sought to console his mother in her grief, —
The white-armed Juno, — and thus interposed : —

"Great will the evil be and hard to bear, 726
If, for the sake of mortals, ye are moved
To such contention and the assembled gods
Disturbed with discord. Even the pleasant feast
Will lose its flavor when embittered thus. 730
And let me warn my mother while I speak,
Wise as she is, that she defer to Jove,
Lest the All-Father angrily again
Reply, and spoil the banquet of the day.
The Thunderer of Olympus, if he choose 735
To make a wreck of all things, wields a power
Far greater than we all. Accost him thou
With gentle speeches, and the Lord of heaven
Will then regard us in a kindly mood."

As thus he spake, he gave into the hands 740

Of his beloved mother the round cup
Of double form, and thus he spake again :—

“ Mother, be patient and submit, although
In sadness, lest these eyes behold thee yet
Beaten with stripes, and though I hold thee dear 745
And grieve for thee, I cannot bring thee help ;
For hard it is to strive with Jupiter.

Already once, when I took part with thee,
He seized me by the foot and flung me o’er
The battlements of heaven. All day I fell, 750
And with the setting sun I struck the earth
In Lemnos. Little life was left in me,
What time the Sintians took me from the ground.”

He spake, and Juno, the white-shouldered, smiled,
And smiling took the cup her son had brought ; 755
And next he poured to all the other gods
Sweet nectar from the jar, beginning first
With those at the right hand. As they beheld
Lame Vulcan laboring o’er the palace-floor,
An inextinguishable laughter broke 760
From all the blessed gods. So feasted they
All day till sunset. From that equal feast
None stood aloof, nor from the pleasant sound
Of harp, which Phœbus touched, nor from the voice
Of Muses singing sweetly in their turn. 765

But when the sun’s all-glorious light was down,
Each to his sleeping-place betook himself ;
For Vulcan, the lame god, with marvellous art,
Had framed for each the chamber of his rest.

And Jupiter, the Olympian Thunderer, 770
 Went also to his couch, where 't was his wont,
 When slumber overtook him, to recline.
 And there, beside him, slept the white-armed queen
 Juno, the mistress of the golden throne.

BOOK II.

ALL other deities, all mortal men,
 Tamers of war-steeds, slept the whole night
 through ;

But no sweet slumber came to Jove ; his thoughts
 Were ever busy with the anxious care
 To crown with honor Peleus' son, and cause
 Myriads to perish at the Grecian fleet.

At last, this counsel seemed the best, — to send
 A treacherous dream to Agamemnon, son
 Of Atreus. Then he called a Dream, and thus
 Addressing it with winged words, he said : — 20

“ Go, fatal Vision, to the Grecian fleet,
 And, entering Agamemnon's tent, declare
 Faithfully what I bid thee. Give command
 That now he arm, with all the array of war,
 The long-haired Greeks, for lo, the hour is come 15
 That gives into his hands the city of Troy
 With all its spacious streets. The powers who dwell
 In the celestial mansions are no more

At variance ; Juno's prayers have moved them all,
And o'er the Trojans hangs a fearful doom." 20

So spake the God ; the Vision heard, and went
At once to where the Grecian barks were moored,
And entered Agamemnon's tent and found
The king reposing, with the balm of sleep
Poured all around him. At his head the Dream 25
Took station in the form of Neleus' son,
Nestor, whom Agamemnon honored most
Of all the aged men. In such a shape
The heaven-sent Dream to Agamemnon spake : —

“ O warrior-son of Atreus, sleepest thou ? 30
Tamer of steeds ! It ill becomes a chief,
Who has the charge of nations and sustains
Such mighty cares, to sleep the livelong night.
Give earnest heed to me, for I am come
A messenger from Jove, who, though far off, 35
Takes part in thy concerns and pities thee.
He bids thee arm, with all the array of war,
The long-haired Greeks, for now the hour is come
Which gives into thy hands the city of Troy
With all its spacious streets. The powers that dwell
In the celestial mansions are no more 41
At variance ; Juno's prayers have moved them all,
And o'er the Trojans hangs a fearful doom,
Decreed by Jove. Bear what I say in mind,
And when thy sleep departs forget it not.” 45

He spake, and, disappearing, left the king
Musing on things that never were to be ;

For on that very day he thought to take
The city of Priam. Fool ! who little knew
What Jupiter designed should come to pass, 50
And little thought by his own act to bring
Great woe and grief on Greeks and Trojans both
In hard-fought battles. From his sleep he woke,
The heavenly voice still sounding in his ears,
And sat upright, and put his tunic on, 55
Soft, fair, and new, and over that he cast
His ample cloak, and round his shapely feet
Laced the becoming sandals. Next, he hung
Upon his shoulders and his side the sword
With silver studs, and took into his hand 60
The ancestral sceptre, old, but undecayed,
And with it turned his footsteps toward the fleet
Of the Achaian warriors brazen-mailed.

Now Dawn, the goddess, climbed the Olympian
height,
Foretelling Day to Jupiter and all 65
The immortal gods, when Agamemnon bade
The shrill-voiced heralds call the long-haired Greeks
Together ; they proclaimed his will, and straight
The warriors came in throngs. But first he bade
A council of large-minded elders meet 70
On Pylian Nestor's royal bark, and there
Laid his well-pondered thought before them thus :--

“ My friends, give ear : a Vision from above
Came to me sleeping in the balmy night ;
Most like to noble Nestor was its look, — 75

Its face, its stature, and its garb. It stood
Beside me at my head, and thus it spake : —

“ ‘ O warrior-son of Atreus, sleepest thou?
Tamer of steeds! It ill becomes a chief,
Who has the charge of nations and sustains 80
Such mighty cares, to sleep the livelong night.
Give earnest heed to me, for I am come
A messenger from Jove, who, though far off,
Takes part in thy concerns and pities thee.
He bids thee arm, with all the array of war, 85
The long-haired Greeks, for now the hour is come
Which gives into thy hands the city of Troy
With all its spacious streets. The powers who dwell
In the celestial mansions are no more
At variance ; Juno’s prayers have moved them all, 90
And o’er the Trojans hangs a fearful doom,
Decreed by Jove. Bear what I say in mind.’ ”

“ It spake and passed away, and with it fled
My slumbers. Now must we devise a way
To bring into the field the sons of Greece. 95
I first will try, as best I may, with words,
And counsel flight from Troy with all our ships.
Ye each, with different counsels, do your part.”

He spake, and took his seat, and after him
Nestor, the king of sandy Pylus, rose, 100
With well-considered words. “ O friends,” he said
“ Leaders and princes of the Grecian race,
Had any other of the Argive host
Related such a dream, we should have said

The tale is false, and spurned the counsel given. 105
But he has seen it who in rank and power
Transcends us all, and ours it is to see
How we may arm for war the sons of Greece."

He spake, and left the council, and the rest,
All sceptred kings, arose, prepared to obey 110
The shepherd of the people. All the Greeks
Meanwhile came thronging to the appointed place.
As, swarming forth from cells within the rock,
Coming and coming still, the tribe of bees
Fly in a cluster o'er the flowers of spring, 115
And some are darting out to right and left,
So from the ships and tents a multitude
Along the spacious beach, in mighty throngs,
Moved toward the assembly. Rumor went with them,
The messenger of Jove, and urged them on. 120
And now, when they were met, the place was stunned
With clamor ; earth, as the great crowd sat down,
Groaned under them ; a din of mingled cries
Arose ; nine shouting heralds strove to hush
The noisy crowd to silence, that at length 125
The heaven-descended monarchs might be heard.

And when the crowd was seated and had paused
From clamor, Agamemnon rose. He held
The sceptre ; Vulcan's skill had fashioned it,
And Vulcan gave it to Saturnian Jove, 130
And Jove bestowed it on his messenger,
The Argus-queller Hermes. He in turn
Gave it to Pelops, great in horsemanship ;

And Pelops passed the gift to Atreus next,
The people's shepherd. Atreus, when he died, 135
Bequeathed it to Thyestes, rich in flocks ;
And last, Thyestes left it to be borne
By Agamemnon, symbol of his rule
O'er many isles and all the Argive realm.
Leaning on this, he spake these winged words :—

“ Friends, Grecian heroes, ministers of Mars, 141
Saturnian Jove hath in an evil net
Entangled me most cruelly. He gave
His promise and his nod, that, having razed
Troy with her strong defences, I should see 145
My home again ; but now he meditates
To wrong me, and commands me to return,
With lessened glory and much people lost,
To Argos. Thus hath it seemed good to Jove
The mighty, who hath overthrown the towers 150
Of many a city, and will yet o'erthrow.
The ages yet to come will hear with shame
That such a mighty army of the Greeks
Have waged a fruitless war, and fought in vain
A foe less numerous ; yet no end appears 155
To this long strife. Should Greeks and Trojans make
A treaty, faithfully to number each,
And should the Trojans count their citizens,
And we the Greeks, disposed in rows of tens,
Should call the Trojans singly to pour out 160
The wine for us, full many a company
Of ten would lack its cup-bearer ; so far,

I judge, the sons of Greece outnumber those
Who dwell in Troy. But they have yet allies
From many a city, men who wield the spear, 165
Withstanding my attempt to overthrow
That populous town. Nine years of mighty Jove
Have passed already, and the planks that form
Our barks are mouldering, and the cables drop
In pieces, and our wives within their homes, 170
With their young children, sit expecting us ;
Yet is the enterprise for which we came
Still unperformed. Now let us all obey
The mandate I reveal, and hasten hence,
With all our fleet, to our beloved homes ; 175
For Troy with her broad streets we cannot take."

He spake, and in the bosoms of the crowd
Stirred every heart ; even those who heard him not
Were moved : the assembly wavered to and fro
Like the long billows of the Icarian Sea, 180
Roused by the East wind and the South, that rush
Forth from the cloudy seat of Father Jove ;
Or like the harvest-field, when west winds stoop
Suddenly from above, and toss the wheat.
So was the whole assembly swayed ; they ran 185
With tumult to the ships ; beneath their feet
Rose clouds of dust, and each exhorted each
To seize the ships and drag them to the deep.
They cleared the channels mid the clamorous cries
Of multitudes, who hastened to return, 190
And drew the props from underneath their barks.

Then had the Greeks returned before their time
If Juno had not to Minerva said : —

“Unconquerable child of Jove! What change
Is this? Shall then the Argive army thus 195
Flee to their homes across the deep and leave
Glory to Priam, and to Ilium's sons
The Argive Helen, for whose sake have died
So many Greeks upon the Trojan strand,
Far from the land they loved? But hasten thou 200
To the host of Argive warriors mailed in brass,
And with persuasive words restrain their men.
Nor let them launch their barks upon the sea.”

She spake ; nor did the blue-eyed Pallas fail
To heed the mandate, but with quick descent 205
She left the Olympian height and suddenly
Stood by the swift ships of the Grecian host.
She found Ulysses there, the man endowed
With wisdom like to Jove's ; he had not touched
His well-appointed bark, for grief had seized 210
The hero's heart. The blue-eyed goddess took
Her place beside him, and addressed him thus : —

“Son of Laertes, nobly born and sage
Ulysses, will ye, entering your good ships,
Return in flight to your own land and leave 215
Glory to Priam, and to Ilium's sons
The Argive Helen, for whose sake have died
So many Greeks upon the Trojan strand,
Far from the land they loved? Go thou at once
And seek the Argive warriors and restrain 220

With thy persuasive words the impatient men,
Nor let them launch their well-appointed ships."

She spake ; Ulysses knew the heavenly voice,
And hastened back, and as he ran cast by
His cloak. Eurybates of Ithaca, 225
The herald, caught it as he followed him.
And now before Atrides, king of men,
The warrior stood, and from his hand received
The ancestral sceptre, old, but undecayed ;
And bearing this, he went among the ships 230
Which brought the Achaian army, mailed in brass ;
And whomsoe'er he met upon his way,
Monarch or eminent among the host,
He stopped him, and addressed him blandly, thus : --

" Good friend, this eager haste as if from fear 235
Befits thee not. Sit down, and cause the rest
To sit. What Agamemnon's will may be
Thou canst not yet be certain ; he intends
To try the Greeks, and soon will punish those
Who act amiss. We cannot all have heard 240
What he has said ; beware, then, lest his wrath
Fall heavily upon the sons of Greece.
The monarch, foster-child of Jupiter,
Is terrible enraged. Authority
Is given by Jove, all-wise, who loves the king." 245

But when he found one of the lower sort
Shouting and brawling, with the royal wand
He smote him, and reproved him sharply, thus : —

" Friend, take thy seat in quiet, and attend

To what thy betters say ; thou art not strong 250
 Nor valiant, and thou art of mean repute
 In combat and in council. We, the Greeks,
 Cannot be all supreme in power. The rule
 Of the many is not well. One must be chief
 In war, and one the king, to whom the son 255
 Of Saturn gives the sceptre, making him
 The lawgiver, that he may rule the rest."

Thus did he act the chief, and make the host
 Obey his word ; they to the council ground
 Came rushing back from all the ships and tents 260
 With tumult, as, on the long-stretching shore
 Of ocean many-voiced, his billows fling
 Themselves in fury, and the deep resounds.

All others took their seats and kept their place ;
 Thersites only, clamorous of tongue, 265
 Kept brawling. He, with many insolent words,
 Was wont to seek unseemly strife with kings,
 Uttering whate'er it seemed to him might move
 The Greeks to laughter. Of the multitude
 Who came to Ilium, none so base as he, — 270
 Squint-eyed, with one lame foot, and on his back
 A lump, and shoulders curving towards the chest ;
 His head was sharp, and over it the hairs
 Were thinly scattered. Hateful to the chiefs
 Achilles and Ulysses, he would oft 275
 Revile them. He to Agamemnon now
 Called with shrill voice and taunting words.

.

But great Ulysses, coming quickly up,
Rebuked him with a frown.

. . . and with his sceptre smote the back
And shoulders of the scoffer, who crouched low 330
And shed a shower of tears. A bloody whelk
Rose where the golden sceptre fell. He took
His seat, dismayed, and still in pain wiped off
The tears from his smutched face.

Ulysses then,
Holding the sceptre, rose, and by his side 345
The blue-eyed Pallas, in a herald's form,
Commanded silence, that the Argive host —
The mightiest and the meanest — might attend
To what should now be said, and calmly weigh
The counsel given them. With a prudent art 350
Ulysses framed his speech, and thus he spake : —

“The Greeks, O Atreus' son, would bring on thee
Dishonor in the eyes and speech of men,
Breaking the promise made when first they came
From Argos, famed for steeds, that, having spoiled
This well-defended Troy, thou shouldst return 356
A conqueror. And now, like tender boys
Or widowed women, all give way to grief
And languish to return. 'T were hard to bear
If, after all our sufferings and our toils, 360
We go back now. And yet, whoe'er remains
A single month away from wife and home
Chafes if the winter storms and angry sea

Detain him still on board his well-oared bark ;
And we have seen the ninth full year roll round 365
Since we came hither. Therefore blame I not
The Greeks if they in their beaked ships repine
At this delay. But then it were disgrace
To linger here so long and journey home
With empty hands. Bear with us yet, and wait 370
Till it be certain whether Calchas speaks
Truly or not. For we remember well,
And all of you whom cruel death has spared
Are witnesses with me, that when the ships
Of Greece — it seems as if but yesterday — 375
Mustered in Aulis on their way to bring
Woe upon Priam and the town of Troy,
And we, beside a fountain, offered up
On sacred altars chosen hecatombs,
Under a shapely plane-tree, from whose root 380
Flowed the clear water, there appeared to us
A wondrous sign. A frightful serpent, marked
With crimson spots, which Jupiter sent forth
To daylight from beneath the altar-stone,
Came swiftly gliding toward the tree, whereon 385
A sparrow had her young — eight unfledged birds —
Upon the topmost bough and screened by leaves ;
The mother was the ninth. The serpent seized
The helpless brood and midst their piteous cries
Devoured them, while the mother fluttered round,
Lamenting, till he caught her by the wing ; 39
And when he had destroyed the parent bird

And all her brood, the god who sent him forth
Made him a greater marvel still. The son
Of crafty Saturn changed the snake to stone ; 395
And we who stood around were sore amazed.
Such was the awful portent which the gods
Showed at that sacrifice. But Calchas thus
Instantly spake, interpreting the sign : —

“ ‘ O long-haired Greeks,’ he said, ‘ why stand ye
thus 400

In silence? All-foreseeing Jupiter
Hath sent this mighty omen ; late it comes
And late will be fulfilled, yet gloriously,
And with a fame that never shall decay.
For as the snake devoured the sparrow’s brood, 405
Eight nestlings, and the mother-bird the ninth, —
So many years the war shall last ; the tenth
Shall give into our hands the stately Troy.’

“ So spake the seer ; thus far his words are true.
Bide ye then here, ye well-greaved sons of Greece,
Until the city of Priam shall be ours.” 411

He spake, and loud applause thereon ensued
From all the Greeks, and fearfully the ships
Rang with the clamorous voices uttering
The praises of Ulysses and his words. 415
Then Nestor, the Gerenian knight, arose
And thus addressed them : “ Strangely ye behave,
Like boys unwonted to the tasks of war.
Where now are all your promises and oaths?
Shall all our councillings and all our cares, 420

Leagues made with wine, religiously outpoured,
And plightings of the strong right hand, be cast
Into the flames? Idly we keep alive
A strife of words, which serves no end though long
We loiter here! But thou, Atrides, firm 425
Of purpose, give command that now the Greeks
Move to the war, and leave to meet their fate
Those — one or more — who, parting from our host,
Meditate — but I deem in vain — to flee
Homeward to Argos ere they are assured 430
Whether the word of Jove omnipotent
Be false or true. For when the Greeks embarked
In their swift ships, to carry death and fate
To Ilium's sons, almighty Jupiter
Flung down his lightnings on the right and gave 435
Propitious omens. Therefore let no Greek
Go home till he possess a Trojan wife
And ye have signally avenged the wrongs
And griefs of Helen. Yet, if one be here
Who longs to go, let him but lay his hand 440
On his black ship, prepared to cross the deep,
And he shall die before the rest. But thou,
O king, be wisely counselled, lend an ear
To others, nor neglect what I propose.
Marshal the Greeks by tribes and brotherhoods, 445
That tribe may stand by tribe, and brotherhoods
Succor each other; if thou thus command
And they obey, thou shalt discern which chief
Or soldier is faint-hearted, which is brave,

For each will fight his best, and thou shalt know 450
Whether through favor of the gods to Troy,
Or our own cowardice and shameful lack
Of skill in war, the town is not o'erthrown."

In turn the monarch Agamemnon spake : —
"O aged warrior, thou excellest all 455
The Greeks in council. Would to Jupiter,
To Pallas and Apollo, that with me
There were but ten such comrades. Priam's town
Would quickly fall before us and be made
A desolation. But the god who bears 460
The ægis, Saturn's son, hath cast on me
Much grief, entangling me in idle strifes
And angry broils. Achilles and myself
Have quarrelled for a maid with bitter words,
And I was first incensed. But if again 465
We meet and act as friends, the overthrow
That threatens Ilium will not be delayed, —
Not for an hour. Now all to your repast !
And then prepare for battle. First let each
See that his spear be sharp, and put his shield 470
In order, give to his swift-footed steeds
Their ample forage, and o'erlook his car
That it be strong for war ; for all the day
Shall we maintain the stubborn fight, nor cease
Even for a moment, till the night come down 475
To part the wrathful combatants. The band
Of each broad buckler shall be moist with sweat
On every breast, and weary every arm

✓
That wields the spear, and every horse that drags
The polished chariot o'er the field shall smoke 430
With sweat. But whosoever shall be found
By the beaked ships and skulking from the fray
Shall be the feast of birds of prey and dogs ! ”

He spake ; the Argives raised a mighty shout,
Loud as when billows lash the beetling shore, 435
Rolled by the south-wind toward some jutting rock
On which the waves, whatever wind may blow,
Beat ceaselessly. In haste the people rose
And went among the ships, and kindled fires
Within their tents and took their meal. And one
Made offerings to one god ; another paid 491
Vows to another of the immortal race ;
And all implored deliverance from death
And danger. Agamemnon, king of men,
Offered a fatted ox of five years old 495
To Jupiter Almighty, summoning
The elder princes of the Grecian host, —
Nestor the first, the king Idomeneus,
And then the warriors Ajax and the son
Of Tydeus, with Ulysses, like to Jove 500
In council, sixth and last. Unbidden came
The valiant Menelaus, for he knew
The cares that weighed upon his brother's heart.
Then, as they stood around the fatted ox
And took in hand the salted barley-meal, 505
King Agamemnon in the circle prayed : —

“ O Jove, most great and glorious ! who dost rule

The tempest, — dweller of the ethereal space !
Let not the sun go down and night come on
Ere I shall lay the halls of Priam waste 510
With fire, and give their portals to the flames,
And hew away the coat of mail that shields
The breast of Hector, splitting it with steel.
And may his fellow-warriors, many a one,
Fall round him to the earth and bite the dust.” 515

He spake ; the son of Saturn hearkened not,
But took the sacrifice and made more hard
The toils of war. And now when they had prayed,
And strown the salted meal, they drew the neck
Of the victim back and cut the throat and flayed 520
The carcass, hewed away the thighs and laid
The fat upon them in a double fold,
On which they placed raw strips of flesh, and these
They burned with leafless billets. Then they fixed
The entrails on the spits and held them forth 525
Above the flames, and when the thighs were burned
And entrails tasted, all the rest was carved
Into small portions and transfixed with spits
And roasted carefully and drawn away.
And when these tasks were finished and the board
Was spread, they feasted ; from that equal feast 531
None went unsated. When they had appeased
Their thirst and hunger, the Gerenian knight
Nestor stood forth and spake : “ Most glorious son
Of Atreus, Agamemnon, king of men ! 535
Waste we no time in prattle, nor delay

The work appointed by the gods, but send
The heralds of the Achaians, brazen-mailed,
To call the people to the fleet, while we
Pass in a body through their vast array 540
And wake the martial spirit in their breasts."

He spake, and Agamemnon, king of men,
Followed the counsel. Instantly he bade
The loud-voiced herald summon to the war
The long-haired Argives. At the call they came, 545
Quickly they came together, and the kings,
Nurslings of Jupiter, who stood beside
Atrides, hastened through the crowd to form
The army into ranks. Among them walked
The blue-eyed Pallas, bearing on her arm 550
The priceless ægis, ever fair and new,
And undecaying; from its edge there hung
A hundred golden fringes, fairly wrought,
And every fringe might buy a hecatomb.
With this and fierce, defiant looks she passed 555
Through all the Achaian host, and made their hearts
Impatient for the march and strong to endure
The combat without pause, — for now the war
Seemed to them dearer than the wished return,
In their good galleys, to the land they loved. 560

As when a forest on the mountain-top
Is in a blaze with the devouring flame
And shines afar, so, while the warriors marched,
The brightness of their burnished weapons flashed
On every side and upward to the sky. 565

And as when water-fowl of many tribes —
 Geese, cranes, and long-necked swans — disport
 themselves

In Asia's fields beside Cayster's streams,
 And to and fro they fly with screams, and light,
 Flock after flock, and all the fields resound ; 570
 So poured, from ships and tents, the swarming tribes
 Into Scamander's plain, where fearfully
 Earth echoed to the tramp of steeds and men ;
 And there they mustered on the river's side,
 Numberless as the flowers and leaves of spring. 575
 And as when flies in swarming myriads haunt
 The herdsman's stalls in spring-time, when new milk
 Has filled the pails, — in such vast multitudes
 Mustered the long-haired Greeks upon the plain,
 Impatient to destroy the Trojan race. 580

Then, as the goatherds, when their mingled flocks
 Are in the pastures, know and set apart
 Each his own scattered charge, so did the chiefs,
 Moving among them, marshal each his men.
 There walked King Agamemnon, like to Jove 585
 In eye and forehead, with the loins of Mars,
 And ample chest like him who rules the sea.
 And as a bull amid the hornèd herd
 Stands eminent and nobler than the rest,
 So Jove to Agamemnon on that day 590
 Gave to surpass the chiefs in port and mien.

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Say, Muse, who most excelled among the kings,
And which the noblest steeds, of all that came
With the two sons of Atreus to the war? 955

The noblest steeds were those in Pheræ bred,
That, guided by Eumelus, flew like birds, —
Alike in hue and age; the plummet showed
Their height the same, and both were mares, and,
reared

By Phœbus of the silver bow among 960
The meadows of Pieria, they became
The terror of the bloody battle-field.

The mightiest of the chiefs, while yet in wrath
Achilles kept aloof, was Ajax, son
Of Telamon; yet was Pelides far 965

The greater warrior, and the steeds which bore
That perfect hero were of noblest breed.

In his beaked galleys, swift to cut the sea,
Achilles lay, meanwhile, and nursed the wrath
He bore to Agamemnon, Atreus' son, 970

The shepherd of the people. On the beach
His warriors took their sport with javelins
And quoits and bows, while near the chariots tied
The horses, standing, browsed on lotus-leaves
And parsley from the marshes. But beneath 975

The tents the closely covered chariots stood,
While idly through the camp the charioteers,
Hither and thither sauntering, missed the sight
Of their brave lord and went not to the field.

The army swept the earth as when a fire 980

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Devours the herbage of the plains. The ground
 Groaned under them as when the Thunderer Jove
 In anger with his lightnings smites the earth
 About Typhœus — where they say he lies —
 In Arimi. So fearfully the ground 985
 Groaned under that swift army as it moved.

Now to the Trojans the swift Iris came
 A messenger from ægis-bearing Jove,
 Tidings of bale she brought. They all had met —
 Old men and youths — in council at the gates 990
 Of Priam's mansion. There did Iris take
 Her station near the multitude, and spake,
 In voice and gesture like Polites, son
 Of Priam, who, confiding in his speed,
 Had stood a watcher for the sons of Troy 995
 On aged Æsyeta's lofty tomb,
 To give them warning when the Achaian host
 Should issue from their galleys. Thus disguised,
 Swift Iris spake her message from the skies : —

“Father! thou art delighted with much speech,
 As once in time of peace, but now't is war, 1001
 Inevitable war, and close at hand.
 I have seen many battles, yet have ne'er
 Beheld such armies, and so vast as these, —
 In number like the sands and summer leaves. 1005
 They march across the plain, prepared to give
 Battle beneath the city walls. To thee,
 O Hector, it belongs to heed my voice
 And counsel. Many are the allies within

The walls of this great town of Priam, men 1010
 Of diverse race and speech. Let every chief
 Of these array his countrymen for war,
 And give them orders for the coming fight."

She spake, and Hector heeded and obeyed
 The counsel of the goddess; he dismissed 1015
 The assembly; all the Trojans rushed to arms,
 And all the gates were opened. Horse and foot
 Poured forth together in tumultuous haste.

In the great plain before the city stands
 A mount of steep ascent on every side; 1020
 Men named it Batia, but the gods
 Called it the swift Myrinna's tomb; and here
 Mustered the sons of Troy and their allies.

Great Hector of the beamy helm, the son
 Of Priam, led the Trojan race. The host 1025
 Of greatest multitude was marshalled there,
 And there the bravest, mighty with the spear.

Æneas marshalled the Dardanian troops,—
 The brave son of Anchises. Venus bore
 The warrior to Anchises on the heights 1030
 Of Ida, where the mortal lover met
 The goddess. Yet he ruled them not alone;
 Two chiefs, Antenor's sons Archelochus
 And Acamas, were with him in command,
 Expert in all the many arts of war. 1035

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BOOK III.

NOW when both armies were arrayed for war,
Each with its chiefs, the Trojan host moved on
With shouts and clang of arms, as when the cry
Of cranes is in the air, that, flying south
From winter and its mighty breadth of rain, 5
Wing their way over ocean, and at dawn
Bring fearful battle to the pygmy race,
Bloodshed and death. But silently the Greeks
Went forward, breathing valor, mindful still
To aid each other in the coming fray. 10

As when the south wind shrouds a mountain-top
In vapors that awake the shepherd's fear, —
A surer covert for the thief than night, —
And round him one can only see as far
As one can hurl a stone, — such was the cloud 15
Of dust that from the warriors' trampling feet
Rose round their rapid march and filled the air.

Now drew they near each other, face to face,
And Paris in the Trojan van pressed on,
In presence like a god. A leopard's hide 20
Was thrown across his shoulders, and he bore
A crooked bow and falchion. Brandishing
Two brazen-pointed javelins, he defied
To mortal fight the bravest of the Greeks.

Him, Menelaus, loved of Mars, beheld 25
Advancing with large strides before the rest ;

And as a hungry lion who has made
 A prey of some large beast — a hornèd stag
 Or mountain goat — rejoices, and with speed
 Devours it, though swift hounds and sturdy youths ³⁰
 Press on his flank, so Menelaus felt
 Great joy when Paris, of the godlike form,
 Appeared in sight, for now he thought to wreak
 His vengeance on the guilty one, and straight
 Sprang from his car to earth with all his arms. ³⁵

But when the graceful Paris saw the chief
 Come toward him from the foremost ranks, his heart
 Was troubled, and he turned and passed among
 His fellow-warriors and avoided death.

As one, who meets within a mountain glade ⁴⁰
 A serpent, starts aside with sudden fright,
 And takes the backward way with trembling limbs
 And cheeks all white, — the graceful Paris thus
 Before the son of Atreus shrank in fear,
 And mingled with the high-souled sons of Troy. ⁴⁵
 Hector beheld and thus upbraided him
 Harshly: "O luckless Paris!

. Thou
 Shouldst never have been born, or else at best
 Have died unwedded ; better were it far, ⁵⁰
 Than thus to be a scandal and a scorn
 To all who look on thee. The long-haired Greeks,
 How they will laugh, who for thy gallant looks
 Deemed thee a hero, when there dwells in thee
 No spirit and no courage? Wast thou such ⁵⁵

When, crossing the great deep in thy stanch ships
 With chosen comrades, thou didst make thy way
 Among a stranger-people and bear off
 A beautiful woman from that distant land,
 Allied by marriage-ties to warrior-men, — 60
 A mischief to thy father and to us
 And all the people, to our foes a joy,
 And a disgrace to thee? Why couldst thou not
 Await Atrides? Then hadst thou been taught
 From what a valiant warrior thou didst take 65
 His blooming spouse. Thy harp will not avail,
 Nor all the gifts of Venus, nor thy locks,
 Nor thy fair form, when thou art laid in dust.
 Surely the sons of Troy are faint of heart,
 Else hadst thou, for the evil thou hast wrought, 70
 Been laid beneath a coverlet of stone.”

Then Paris, of the godlike presence, spake
 In answer: “Hector, thy rebuke is just;
 Thou dost not wrong me. Dauntless is thy heart;
 ’T is like an axe when, wielded by the hand 75
 That hews the shipwright’s plank, it cuts right
 through,

Doubling the wielder’s force. Such tameless heart
 Dwells in thy bosom. Yet reproach me not
 With the fair gifts which golden Venus gave.
 Whatever in their grace the gods bestow 80
 Is not to be rejected: ’t is not ours
 To choose what they shall give us. But if thou
 Desirest to behold my prowess shown

In combat, cause the Trojans and the Greeks
 To pause from battle, while, between the hosts, 85
 I and the warlike Menelaus strive
 In single fight for Helen and her wealth.
 Whoever shall prevail and prove himself
 The better warrior, let him take with him
 The treasure and the woman, and depart ; 90
 While all the other Trojans, having made
 A faithful league of amity, shall dwell
 On Ilium's fertile plain, and all the Greeks
 Return to Argos, famed for noble steeds,
 And to Achaia, famed for lovely dames." 95

He spake, and Hector, hearing him, rejoiced,
 And went between the hosts, and with his spear,
 Held by the middle, pressed the phalanxes
 Of Trojans back, and made them all sit down.
 The long-haired Greeks meanwhile, with bended
 bows, 100

Took aim against him, just about to send
 Arrows and stones ; but Agamemnon, king
 Of men, beheld, and thus he cried aloud :—

“ Restrain yourselves, ye Argives ; let not fly
 Your arrows, ye Achaians ; Hector asks — 105
 He of the beamy helmet asks to speak.”

He spake, and they refrained, and all, at once,
 Were silent. Hector then stood forth and said :—

“ Hearken, ye Trojans and ye nobly-armed
 Achaians, to what Paris says by me. 110
 He bids the Trojans and the Greeks lay down

Their shining arms upon the teeming earth,
 And he and Menelaus, loved of Mars,
 Will strive in single combat, on the ground
 Between the hosts, for Helen and her wealth ; 115
 And he who shall o'ercome, and prove himself
 The better warrior, to his home shall bear
 The treasure and the woman, while the rest
 Shall frame a solemn covenant of peace."

He spake, and both the hosts in silence heard. 120
 Then Menelaus, great in battle, said :—

"Now hear me also, — me whose spirit feels
 The wrong most keenly. I propose that now
 The Greeks and Trojans separate reconciled,
 For greatly have ye suffered for the sake 125
 Of this my quarrel, and the original fault
 Of Paris. Whomsoever fate ordains
 To perish, let him die ; but let the rest
 Be from this moment reconciled, and part.
 And bring an offering of two lambs — one white, 130
 The other black — to Earth and to the Sun,
 And we ourselves will offer one to Jove.
 And be the mighty Priam here, that he
 May sanction this our compact, — for his sons
 Are arrogant and faithless, — lest some hand 135
 Wickedly break the covenant of Jove.
 The younger men are of a fickle mood ;
 But when an elder shares the act he looks
 Both to the past and future, and provides
 What is most fitting and the best for all." 140

He spake, and both the Greeks and Trojans heard
 His words with joy, and hoped the hour was come
 To end the hard-fought war. They reined their
 steeds

Back to the ranks, alighted, and put off
 Their armor, which they laid upon the ground 24st
 Near them in piles, with little space between.

Then Hector sent two heralds forth with speed
 Into the town, to bring the lambs and call
 King Priam. Meanwhile Agamemnon bade
 Talthibius seek the hollow ships and find 15^c
 A lamb for the altar. He obeyed the words
 Of noble Agamemnon, king of men.

Meanwhile to white-armed Helen Iris came
 A messenger. She took a form that seemed 15^e
 Laodice, the sister of Paris, whom
 Antenor's son, King Helicaon, wed, —
 Fairest of Priam's daughters. She drew near
 To Helen, in the palace, weaving there
 An ample web, a shining double-robe,
 Whereon were many conflicts fairly wrought, 16
 Endured by the horse-taming sons of Troy
 And brazen-mailed Achaïans for her sake
 Upon the field of Mars. Beside her stood
 Swift-footed Iris, and addressed her thus : —

“Dear lady, come and see the Trojan knights 17
 And brazen-mailed Achaïans doing things
 To wonder at. They who, in this sad war,
 Eager to slay each other, lately met

In murderous combat on the field, are now
Seated in silence, and the war hath ceased. 170

They lean upon their shields, their massive spears
Are near them, planted in the ground upright.
Paris, and Menelaus, loved of Mars,
With their long lances will contend for thee,
And thou wilt be declared the victor's spouse." 175

She said, and in the heart of Helen woke
Dear recollections of her former spouse
And of her home and kindred. Instantly
She left her chamber, robed and veiled in white,
And shedding tender tears; yet not alone, 180
For with her went two maidens,—Æthra, child
Of Pitheus, and the large-eyed Clymene.

Straight to the Scæan gates they walked, by which
Panthoüs, Priam, and Thymœtes sat,
Lampus and Clytiüs, Hicetaon sprung 185
From Mars, Antenor and Ucalegon,
Two sages, — elders of the people all.

Beside the gates they sat, unapt, through age,
For tasks of war, but men of fluent speech,
Like the cicadas that within the wood 190

Sit on the trees and utter delicate sounds.
Such were the nobles of the Trojan race
Who sat upon the tower. But when they marked
The approach of Helen, to each other thus
With winged words, but in low tones, they said: — 195

“Small blame is theirs, if both the Trojan knights
And brazen-mailed Achæians have endured

So long so many evils for the sake
 Of that one woman. She is wholly like
 In feature to the deathless goddesses. 206
 So be it : let her, peerless as she is,
 Return on board the fleet, nor stay to bring
 Disaster upon us and all our race."

So spake the elders. Priam meantime called
 To Helen : "Come, dear daughter, sit by me. 207
 Thou canst behold thy former husband hence,
 Thy kindred and thy friends. I blame thee not ;
 The blame is with the immortals who have sent
 These pestilent Greeks against me. Sit and name
 For me this mighty man, the Grecian chief, 216
 Gallant and tall. True, there are taller men ;
 But of such noble form and dignity
 I never saw : in truth, a kingly man."

And Helen, fairest among women, thus
 Answered : "Dear second father, whom at once 225
 I fear and honor, would that cruel death
 Had overtaken me before I left,
 To wander with thy son,
 the company
 Of friends I loved. But that was not to be ; 226
 And now I pine and weep. Yet will I tell
 What thou dost ask. The hero whom thou seest
 Is the wide-ruling Agamemnon, son
 Of Atreus, and is both a gracious king
 And a most dreaded warrior. He was once 227
 Brother-in-law to me, if I may speak —

Lost as I am to shame — of such a tie."

She said, the aged man admired, and then
He spake again : " O son of Atreus, born
Under a happy fate, and fortunate 230
Among the sons of men ! A mighty host
Of Grecian youths obey thy rule. I went
To Phrygia once, — that land of vines, — and there
Saw many Phrygians, heroes on fleet steeds,
The troops of Otreus, and of Mygdon, shaped 235
Like one of the immortals. They encamped
By the Sangarius. I was an ally ;
My troops were ranked with theirs upon the day
When came the unsexed Amazons to war.
Yet even there I saw not such a host 240
As this of black-eyed Greeks who muster here."

Then Priam saw Ulysses, and inquired : —
" Dear daughter, tell me also who is that,
Less tall than Agamemnon, yet more broad
In chest and shoulders. On the teeming earth 245
His armor lies, but he, from place to place,
Walks round among the ranks of soldiery,
As when the thick-fleeced father of the flocks
Moves through the multitude of his white sheep."

And Jove-descended Helen answered thus : — 25
" That is Ulysses, man of many arts,
Son of Laertes, reared in Ithaca,
That rugged isle, and skilled in every form
Of shrewd device and action wisely planned."

Then spake the sage Antenor : " Thou hast said 251

The truth, O lady. This Ulysses once
Came on an embassy, concerning thee,
To Troy with Menelaus, great in war ;
And I received them as my guests, and they
Were lodged within my palace, and I learned 260
The temper and the qualities of both.
When both were standing 'mid the men of Troy,
I marked that Menelaus's broad chest
Made him the more conspicuous, but when both
Were seated, greater was the dignity 265
Seen in Ulysses. When they both addressed
The council. Menelaus briefly spake
In pleasing tones, though with few words, — as one
Not given to loose and wandering speech, — although
The younger. When the wise Ulysses rose, 270
He stood with eyes cast down, and fixed on earth,
And neither swayed his sceptre to the right
Nor to the left, but held it motionless,
Like one unused to public speech. He seemed
An idiot out of humor. But when forth 275
He sent from his full lungs his mighty voice,
And words came like a fall of winter snow,
No mortal then would dare to strive with him
For mastery in speech. We less admired
The aspect of Ulysses than his words." 280

Beholding Ajax then, the aged king
Asked yet again : " Who is that other chief
Of the Achaians, tall, and large of limb, —
Taller and broader-chested than the rest ? "

Helen, the beautiful and richly-robed, 285
 Answered : " Thou seest the mighty Ajax there,
 The bulwark of the Greeks. On the other side,
 Among his Cretans, stands Idomeneus,
 Of godlike aspect, near to whom are grouped
 The leaders of the Cretans. Oftentimes 290
 The warlike Menelaus welcomed him
 Within our palace, when he came from Crete.
 I could point out and name the other chiefs
 Of the dark-eyed Achaïans. Two alone,
 Princes among their people, are not seen, — 295
 Castor the fearless horseman, and the skilled
 In boxing, Pollux, — twins ; one mother bore
 Both them and me. Came they not with the rest
 From pleasant Lacedæmon to the war ?
 Or, having crossed the deep in their good ships, 300
 Shun they to fight among the valiant ones
 Of Greece, because of my reproach and shame ? "

She spake ; but they already lay in earth
 In Lacedæmon, their dear native land.

And now the heralds through the city bore 305
 The sacred pledges of the gods, — two lambs,
 And joyous wine, the fruit of Earth, within
 A goat-skin. One of them — Idæus — brought
 A glistening vase and golden drinking-cups,
 And summoned, in these words, the aged king : — 310

" Son of Laomedon, arise ! The chiefs
 Who lead the Trojan knights and brazen-mailed
 Achaïans pray thee to descend at once

Into the plain, that thou mayst ratify
A faithful compact. Alexander now 325
And warlike Menelaus will contend
With their long spears for Helen. She and all
Her treasures are to be the conqueror's prize ;
While all the other Trojans, having made
A faithful league of amity, shall dwell 320
On Ilium's fertile plain, and all the Greeks
Return to Argos, famed for noble steeds,
And to Achaia, famed for lovely dames."

He spake, and Priam, shuddering, heard and bade
The attendants yoke the horses to his car. 325
Soon were they yoked ; he mounted first and drew
The reins ; Antenor took a place within
The sumptuous car, and through the Scæan gates
They guided the fleet coursers toward the field.

Now when the twain had come where lay the
hosts 330

Of Trojans and Achæians, down they stepped
Upon the teeming earth, and went among
The assembled armies. Quickly, as they came,
Rose Agamemnon, king of men, and next
Uprose the wise Ulysses. To the spot 335
The illustrious heralds brought the sacred things
That bind a treaty, and with mingled wine
They filled a chalice, and upon the hands
Of all the kings poured water. Then the son
Of Atreus drew a dagger which he wore 340
Slung by his sword's huge sheath, and clipped away

The forelocks of the lambs, and parted them
Among the Trojan and Achaian chiefs,
And stood with lifted hands and prayed aloud : —

“ O Father Jupiter, who rulest all 345
From Ida, mightiest, most august ! and thou,
O all-beholding and all-hearing Sun !
Ye Rivers, and thou Earth, and ye who dwell
Beneath the earth and punish after death
Those who have sworn false oaths, bear witness ye, 350
And keep unbroken this day's promises.
If Alexander in the combat slay
My brother Menelaus, he shall keep
Helen and all her wealth, while we return
Homeward in our good ships. If, otherwise, 355
The bright-haired Menelaus take the life
Of Alexander, Helen and her wealth
Shall be restored, and they of Troy shall pay
Such fine as may be meet, and may be long
Remembered in the ages yet to come. 360
And then if, after Alexander's fall,
Priam and Priam's sons refuse the fine,
I shall make war for it, and keep my place
By Troy until I gain the end I seek.”

So spake the king, and with the cruel steel 365
Cut the lambs' throats, and laid them on the ground,
Panting and powerless, for the dagger took
Their lives away. Then over them they poured
Wine from the chalice, drawn in golden cups,
And prayed to the ever-living gods ; and thus 370

Were Trojans and Achaians heard to say :—

“ O Jupiter most mighty and august !
Whoever first shall break these solemn oaths,
So may their brains flow down upon the earth,—
Theirs and their children’s,—like the wine we pour,
And be their wives the wives of other men.” 376

Such was the people’s vow. Saturnian Jove
Confirmed it not. Then Priam, of the line
Of Dardanus, addressed the armies thus :—

“ Hear me, ye Trojans, and ye well-greaved
Greeks ! 380

For me I must return to wind-swept Troy.
I cannot bear, with these old eyes, to look
On my dear son engaged in desperate fight
With Menelaus, the beloved of Mars.
Jove and the ever-living gods alone 385
Know which of them shall meet the doom of death.”

So spake the godlike man, and placed the lambs
Within his chariot, mounted, and drew up
The reins. Antenor by him took his place
Within the sumptuous chariot. Then they turned
The horses and retraced their way to Troy. 39

But Hector, son of Priam, and the great
Ulysses measured off a fitting space,
And in a brazen helmet, to decide
Which warrior first should hurl the brazen spear,
They shook the lots, while all the people round
Lifted their hands to heaven and prayed the gods ;
And thus the Trojans and Achaians said :—

"O Father Jove, who rulest from the top
Of Ida, mightiest one and most august! 400
Whichever of these twain has done the wrong,
Grant that he pass to Pluto's dwelling, slain,
While friendship and a faithful league are ours."

So spake they. Hector of the beamy helm
Looked back and shook the lots. Forth leaped at
once 405

The lot of Paris. Then they took their seats
In ranks beside their rapid steeds, and where
Lay their rich armor. Paris the divine,
Husband of bright-haired Helen, there put on
His shining panoply, — upon his legs 410
Fair greaves, with silver clasps, and on his breast
His brother's mail, Lycaon's, fitting well
His form. Around his shoulders then he hung
His silver-studded sword, and stout, broad shield,
And gave his glorious brows the dreadful helm, 415
Dark with its horse-hair plume. A massive spear
Filled his right hand. Meantime the warlike son
Of Atreus clad himself in like array.

And now when both were armed for fight, and each
Had left his host, and, coming forward, walked 420
Between the Trojans and the Greeks, and frowned
Upon the other, a mute wonder held
The Trojan cavaliers and well-greaved Greeks.
There near each other in the measured space
They stood in wrathful mood with lifted spears. 425
First Paris hurled his massive spear; it smote

The round shield of Atrides, but the brass
Broke not beneath the blow ; the weapon's point
Was bent on that strong shield. The next assault
Atrides Menelaus made, but first 430
Offered this prayer to Father Jupiter : —

“O sovereign Jove! vouchsafe that I avenge
On guilty Paris wrongs which he was first
To offer ; let him fall beneath my hand,
That men may dread hereafter to requite 435
The friendship of a host with injury.”

He spake, and flung his brandished spear ; it
smote

The round shield of Priamides ; right through
The shining buckler went the rapid steel,
And, cutting the soft tunic near the flank, 440
Stood fixed in the fair corselet. Paris bent
Sideways before it and escaped his death.
Atrides drew his silver-studded sword,
Lifted it high and smote his enemy's crest.
The weapon, shattered to four fragments, fell. 445
He looked to the broad heaven, and thus ex-
claimed : —

“O Father Jove ! thou art of all the gods
The most unfriendly. I had hoped to avenge
The wrong by Paris done me, but my sword
Is broken in my grasp, and from my hand 450
The spear was vainly flung and gave no wound.”

He spake, and, rushing forward, seized the helm
Of Paris by its horse-hair crest, and turned

And dragged him toward the well-armed Greeks.

Beneath

His tender throat the embroidered band that held ⁴⁵⁵

The helmet to the chin was choking him.

And now had Menelaus dragged him thence,

And earned great glory, if the child of Jove,

Venus, had not perceived his plight in time.

She broke the ox-hide band ; an empty helm ⁴⁶⁰

Followed the powerful hand ; the hero saw,

Swung it aloft and hurled it toward the Greeks,

And there his comrades seized it. He again

Rushed with his brazen spear to slay his foe.

But Venus — for a goddess easily ⁴⁶⁵

Can work such marvels — rescued him, and, wrapped

In a thick shadow, bore him from the field

And placed him in his chamber, where the air

Was sweet with perfumes. Then she took her way

To summon Helen. On the lofty tower ⁴⁷⁰

She found her, midst a throng of Trojan dames,

And plucked her perfumed robe. She took the form

And features of a spinner of the fleece,

An aged dame, who used to comb for her

The fair white wool in Lacedæmon's halls, ⁴⁷⁵

And loved her much. In such an humble guise

The goddess Venus thus to Helen spake : —

“ Come hither, Alexander sends for thee ;

He now is in his chamber and at rest

On his carved couch ; in beauty and attire ⁴⁸⁰

Resplendent, not like one who just returns

From combat with a hero, but like one
 Who goes to mingle in the choral dance,
 Or, when the dance is ended, takes his seat."

She spake, and Helen heard her, deeply moved;
 Yet when she marked the goddess's fair neck, 486
 Beautiful bosom, and soft, lustrous eyes,
 Her heart was touched with awe, and thus she said:—

"Strange being! why wilt thou delude me still?
 Wouldst thou decoy me further on among 490
 The populous Phrygian towns, or those that stud
 Pleasant Mæonia, where there haply dwells
 Some one of mortal race whom thou dost deign
 To make thy favorite. Hast thou seen, perhaps,
 That Menelaus, having overpowered 495
 The noble Alexander, seeks to bear
 Me, hated as I must be, to his home?
 And hast thou therefore fallen on this device?
 Go to him, sit by him, renounce for him
 The company of gods, and never more 500
 Return to heaven, but suffer with him; watch
 Beside him till he take thee for his wife
 Or handmaid. Thither I shall never go,
 To adorn his couch and to disgrace myself.
 The Trojan dames would taunt me. O, the griefs 505
 That press upon my soul are infinite!"

Displeased, the goddess Venus answered: "Wretch,
 Incense me not, lest I abandon thee
 In anger, and detest thee with a zeal
 As great as is my love, and lest I cause 510

Trojans and Greeks to hate thee, so that thou
 Shalt miserably perish." Thus she spake ;
 And Helen, Jove-begotten, struck with awe,
 Wrapped in a robe of shining white, went forth
 In silence from amidst the Trojan dames, 515
 Unheeded, for the goddess led the way.

When now they stood beneath the sumptuous roof
 Of Alexander, straightway did the maids
 Turn to their wonted tasks, while she went up,
 Fairest of women, to her chamber. There 520
 The laughing Venus brought and placed a seat
 Right opposite to Paris. Helen sat,
 Daughter of ægis-bearing Jove, with eyes
 Averted, and reproached her husband thus :—

"Com'st thou from battle? Rather would that
 thou 525

Hadst perished by the mighty hand of him
 Who was my husband. It was once, I know,
 Thy boast that thou wert more than peer in strength
 And power of hand, and practice with the spear,
 To warlike Menelaus. Go then now, 530
 Defy him to the combat once again.
 And yet I counsel thee to stand aloof,
 Nor rashly seek a combat, hand to hand,
 With fair-haired Menelaus, lest perchance
 He smite thee with his spear and thou be slain." 535

Then Paris answered : "Woman, chide me not
 Thus harshly. True it is, that, with the aid
 Of Pallas, Menelaus hath obtained

The victory ; but I may vanquish him
 In turn, for we have also gods with us. 540
 Give we the hour to dalliance ; never yet
 Have I so strongly proved the power of love, ---
 Not even when I bore thee from thy home
 In pleasant Lacedæmon, traversing
 The deep in my good ships, and in the isle 545
 Of Cranaë made thee mine.

.
 Meantime Atrides, like a beast of prey, 550
 Went fiercely ranging through the crowd in search
 Of godlike Alexander. None of all
 The Trojans, or of their renowned allies,
 Could point him out to Menelaus, loved
 Of Mars ; and had they known his lurking-place 555
 They would not for his sake have kept him hid,
 For like black death they hated him. Then stood
 Among them Agamemnon, king of men,
 And spake : " Ye Trojans and Achaïans, hear,
 And ye allies. The victory belongs 560
 To warlike Menelaus. Ye will then
 Restore the Argive Helen and her wealth,
 And pay the fitting fine, which shall remain
 A memory to men in future times."

Thus spake the son of Atreus, and the rest 565
 Of the Achaïan host approved his words.

BOOK IV.

MEANTIME the immortal gods with Jupiter
 Upon his golden pavement sat and held
 A council. Hebe, honored of them all,
 Ministered nectar, and from cups of gold
 They pledged each other, looking down on Troy. 5
 When, purposely to kindle Juno's mood
 To anger, Saturn's son, with biting words
 That well betrayed his covert meaning, spake :—

“ Two goddesses — the Argive Juno one,
 The other Pallas, her invincible friend — 10
 Take part with Menelaus, yet they sit
 Aloof, content with looking on, while still
 Venus, the laughter-loving one, protects
 Her Paris, ever near him, warding off
 The stroke of fate. Just now she rescued him 15
 When he was near his death. The victory
 Belongs to Menelaus, loved of Mars.
 Now let us all consider what shall be
 The issue, — whether we allow the war,
 With all its waste of life, to be renewed, 20
 Or cause the warring nations to sit down
 In amity. If haply it shall be
 The pleasure and the will of all the gods,
 Let Priam's city keep its dwellers still,
 And Menelaus lead his Helen home.” 25

He spake, but Juno and Minerva sat,

And with closed lips repined, for secretly
They plotted evil for the Trojan race.
Minerva held her peace in bitterness
Of heart and sore displeased with Father Jove. 30
But Juno could not curb her wrath, and spake : —

“What words, austere Saturnius, hast thou said;
Wilt thou then render vain the toils I bear,
And all my sweat? My very steeds even now
Are weary with the mustering of the host 35
That threaten woe to Priam and his sons.
Yet do thy will ; but be at least assured
That all the other gods approve it not.”

The cloud-compelling Jupiter replied
In anger : “Pestilent one ! what grievous wrong 40
Hath Priam done to thee, or Priam’s sons,
That thou shouldst persevere to overthrow
His noble city? Shouldst thou through the gates
Of Ilium make thy way, and there devour,
Within the ramparts, Priam and his sons 45
And all the men of Troy alive, thy rage
Haply might be appeased. Do as thou wilt,
So that this difference breed no lasting strife
Between us. Yet I tell thee this, — and thou
Bear what I say in mind : In time to come, 50
Should I design to level in the dust
Some city where men dear to thee are born,
Seek not to thwart my vengeance, but submit.
For now I fully yield me to thy wish,
Though with unwilling mind. Wherever dwell 55

The race of humankind beneath the sun
And starry heaven, of all their cities Troy
Has been by me most honored, — sacred Troy, —
And Priam, and the people who obey
Priam, the wielder of the ashen spear; 60
For there my altars never lacked their rites, —
Feasts, incense, and libations duly paid."

Then Juno, the majestic, with large eyes,
Rejoined : "The cities most beloved by me
Are three, — Mycenæ, with her spacious streets, 65
Argos, and Sparta. Raze them to the ground,
If they be hateful to thee. I shall ne'er
Contend to save them, nor repine to see
Their fall ; for, earnestly as I might seek
To rescue them from ruin, all my aid 70
Would not avail, so much the mightier thou.
Yet doth it ill become thee thus to make
My efforts vain. I am a goddess, sprung
From the same stock with thee ; I am the child
Of crafty Saturn, and am twice revered, — 75
Both for my birth and that I am the spouse
Of thee who rulest over all the gods.
Now let us each yield somewhat, — I to thee
And thou to me ; the other deathless gods
Will follow us. Let Pallas be despatched 80
To that dread battle-field on which are ranged
The Trojans and Achaians, and stir up
The Trojan warriors first to lift their hands
Against the elated Greeks and break the league."

She ended, and the Father of the gods
 And mortals instantly complied, and called
 Minerva, and in wingèd accents said : —
 “Haste to the battle-field, and there, among
 The Trojan and Achaian armies, cause
 The Trojan warriors first to lift their hands 90
 Against the elated Greeks and break the league.”

So saying, Jupiter to Pallas gave
 The charge she wished already. She in haste
 Shot from the Olympian summits, like a star
 Sent by the crafty Saturn’s son to warn 95
 The seamen or some mighty host in arms, —
 A radiant meteor scattering sparkles round.
 So came and lighted Pallas on the earth
 Amidst the armies. All who saw were seized
 With wonder, — Trojan knights and well-armed
 Greeks ; 100

And many a one addressed his comrade thus : —

“Sure we shall have the wasting war again,
 And stubborn combats ; or, it may be, Jove,
 The arbiter of wars among mankind,
 Decrees that the two nations dwell in peace.” 105

So Greeks and Trojans said. The goddess went
 Among the Trojan multitude disguised ;
 She seemed Laodocus, Antenor’s son,
 A valiant warrior, seeking through the ranks
 For godlike Pandarus. At length she found 110
 Lycaon’s gallant and illustrious son,
 Standing with bucklered warriors ranged around,

Who followed him from where Æsepus flows ;
And, standing near, she spake these wingèd words :—

“ Son of Lycaon ! wilt thou hear my words, 115
Brave as thou art ? Then wilt thou aim a shaft
At Menelaus ; thus wilt thou have earned
Great thanks and praise from all the men of Troy,
And chiefly from Prince Paris, who will fill,
Foremost of all, thy hands with lavish gifts, 120
When he shall look on Menelaus slain —
The warlike son of Atreus — by thy hand,
And laid upon his lofty funeral pile.
Aim now at Menelaus the renowned
An arrow, while thou offerest a vow 125
To Lycian Phœbus, mighty with the bow,
That thou wilt bring to him a hecatomb
Of firstling lambs, when thou again shalt come
Within thine own Zeleia's sacred walls.”

So spake Minerva, and her words o'ercame 130
The weak one's purpose. He uncovered straight
His polished bow, made of the elastic horns
Of a wild goat, which, from his lurking-place,
As once it left its cavern lair, he smote,
And pierced its breast, and stretched it on the rock.
Full sixteen palms in length the horns had grown 135
From the goat's forehead. These an artisan
Had smoothed, and, aptly fitting each to each,
Polished the whole and tipped the work with gold.
To bend that bow, the warrior lowered it 140
And pressed an end against the earth. His friends

Held up, meanwhile, their shields before his face,
Lest the brave sons of Greece should lift their spears
Against him ere the champion of their host,
The warlike Menelaus, should have felt 145
The arrow. Then the Lycian drew aside
The cover from his quiver, taking out
A well-fledged arrow that had never flown, —
A cause of future sorrows. On the string
He laid that fatal arrow, while he made 150
To Lycian Phœbus, mighty with the bow,
A vow to sacrifice before his shrine
A noble hecatomb of firstling lambs
When he should come again to his abode
Within his own Zeleia's sacred walls. 155
Grasping the bowstring and the arrow's notch,
He drew them back, and forced the string to meet
His breast, the arrow-head to meet the bow,
Till the bow formed a circle. Then it twanged.
The cord gave out a shrilly sound ; the shaft 160
Leaped forth in eager haste to reach the host.
Yet, Menelaus, then the blessed gods,
The deathless ones, forgot thee not ; and first,
Jove's daughter, gatherer of spoil, who stood
Before thee, turned aside the deadly shaft. 165
As when a mother, while her child is wrapped
In a sweet slumber, scares away the fly,
So Pallas turned the weapon from thy breast,
And guided it to where the golden clasps
Made fast the belt, and where the corselet's mail 170

Was doubled. There the bitter arrow struck
The belt, and through its close contexture passed,
And fixed within the well-wrought corselet stood,
Yet reached the plated quilt which next his skin
The hero wore, — his surest guard against 175
The weapon's force, — and broke through that
alike ;

And there the arrow gashed the part below,
And the dark blood came gushing from the wound.
As when some Carian or Mæonian dame
Tinges with purple the white ivory, 180
To form a trapping for the cheeks of steeds, —
And many a horseman covets it, yet still
It lies within her chamber, to become
The ornament of some great monarch's steed
And make its rider proud, — thy shapely thighs, 185
Thy legs, and thy fair ankles thus were stained,
O Menelaus ! with thy purple blood.

When Agamemnon, king of men, beheld
The dark blood flowing from his brother's wound,
He shuddered. Menelaus, great in war, 190
Felt the like horror ; yet, when he perceived
That still the arrow, neck and barb, remained
Without the mail, the courage rose again
That filled his bosom. Agamemnon, then,
The monarch, sighing deeply, took the hand 195
Of Menelaus, — while his comrades round
Like him lamented, — sighing as he spake : —
“ Dear brother, when I sent thee forth alone

To combat with the Trojans for the Greeks,
I ratified a treaty for thy death, — 200
Since now the Trojans smite and under foot
Trample the league. Yet not in vain shall be
The treaty, nor the blood of lambs, nor wine
Poured to the gods, nor right hands firmly pledged ;
For though it please not now Olympian Jove 205
To make the treaty good, he will in time
Cause it to be fulfilled, and they shall pay
Dearly with their own heads and with their wives
And children for this wrong. And this I know
In my undoubting mind, — a day will come 210
When sacred Troy and Priam and the race
Governed by Priam, mighty with the spear,
Shall perish all. Saturnian Jove, who sits
On high, a dweller of the upper air,
Shall shake his dreadful ægis in the sight 215
Of all, indignant at this treachery.
Such the event will be ; but I shall grieve
Bitterly, Menelaus, if thou die,
Thy term of life cut short. I shall go back
To my dear Argos with a brand of shame 220
Upon me. For the Greeks will soon again
Bethink them of their country ; we shall then
Leave Argive Helen to remain the boast
Of Priam and the Trojans, — while thy bones
Shall moulder, mingling with the earth of Troy, — 225
Our great design abandoned. Then shall say
Some haughty Trojan, leaping on the tomb

Of Menelaus : ' So in time to come
May Agamemnon wreak his wrath, as here
He wreaked it, whither he had vainly led 30
An army, and now hastens to his home
And his own land, with ships that bear no spoil,
And the brave Menelaus left behind.'
So shall some Trojan say ; but, ere that time,
May the earth open to receive my bones ! " 235

The fair-haired Menelaus cheerfully
Replied : " Grieve not, nor be the Greeks alarmed
For me, since this sharp arrow has not found
A vital part, but, ere it reached so far,
The embroidered belt, the quilt beneath, and plate 240
Wrought by the armorer's cunning, broke its force."

King Agamemnon took the word and said : —
" Dear Menelaus ! would that it were so,
Yet the physician must explore thy wound,
And with his balsams soothe the bitter pain." 245
Then turning to Talthybius, he addressed
The sacred herald : " Hasten with all speed,
Talthybius ; call Machaon, warrior-son
Of Æsculapius, that much-honored leech,
And bring him to the Achaian general, 250
The warlike Menelaus, whom some hand
Of Trojan or of Lycian, skilled to bend
The bow, hath wounded with his shaft, — a deed
For him to exult in, but a grief to us."

He spake ; nor failed the herald to obey, 255
But hastened at the word and passed among

The squadrons of Achaia, mailed in brass,
 In search of great Machaon. Him he found
 As midst the valiant ranks of bucklered men
 He stood, — the troops who followed him to war 26
 From Triccæ, nurse of steeds. Then, drawing near,
 The herald spake to him in wingèd words :—

“O son of Æsculapius, come in haste.
 King Agamemnon calls thee to the aid
 Of warlike Menelaus, whom some hand 26½
 Of Trojan or of Lycian, skilled to bend
 The bow, hath wounded with his shaft, — a deed
 For him to exult in, but a grief to us.”

Machaon's heart was touched, and forth they went
 Through the great throng, the army of the Greeks. 270
 And when they came where Atreus' warlike son
 Was wounded, they perceived the godlike man
 Standing amid a circle of the chiefs,
 The bravest of the Achaians, who at once
 Had gathered round. Without delay he drew 275
 The arrow from the fairly-fitted belt.
 The barbs were bent in drawing. Then he loosed
 The embroidered belt, the quilted vest beneath,
 And plate, — the armorer's work, — and carefully
 O'erlooked the wound where fell the bitter shaft, 280
 Cleansed it from blood, and sprinkled over it
 With skill the soothing balsams which of yore
 The friendly Chiron to his father gave.

While round the warlike Menelaus thus
 The chiefs were busy, all the Trojans moved 28½

Into array of battle ; they put on
Their armor, and were eager for the fight.
Then wouldst thou not have seen, hadst thou been
there,

King Agamemnon slumbering, or in fear,
And skulking from the combat, but alert, 290
Preparing for the glorious tasks of war.

His horses, and his chariot bright with brass,
He left, and bade Eurymedon, his groom,
The son of Ptolemy Piraides,
Hold them apart still panting, yet with charge 295

To keep them near their master, till the hour
When he should need them, weary with the toil
Of such a vast command. Meantime he went
On foot among his files of soldiery,

And whomsoe'er he found with fiery steeds 300
Hasting to battle, thus he cheered them on : —

“ O Argives ! let not your hot courage cool,
For Father Jove will never take the part
Of treachery. Whosoe'er have been the first
To break the league, upon their lifeless limbs 305
Shall vultures feast ; and doubt not we shall bear
Away in our good ships the wives they love
And their young children, when we take their town.”

But whomsoe'er he saw that kept afar
From the dread field, he angrily rebuked : — 310

“ O Argives ! who with arrows only fight,
Base as ye are, have ye no sense of shame ?
Why stand ye stupefied, like fawns, that, tired

With coursing the wide pastures, stop at last,
Their strength exhausted ! Thus ye stand amazed,
Nor think of combat. Wait ye for the hour 316
When to your ships, with their fair-sculptured prows,
Moored on the borders of the hoary deep,
The Trojans come, that haply ye may see
If the great hand of Jove will shield you then ? ” 320

Thus Agamemnon, as supreme in power,
Threaded the warrior-files, until he came
Where stood the Cretans. All in arms they stood
Around Idomeneus, the great in war.
Like a wild boar in strength, he led the van, 325
And, in the rear, Meriones urged on
His phalanxes. The king of men rejoiced,
And blandly thus bespake Idomeneus : —

“ Idomeneus ! I honor thee above
The other knights of Greece, as well in war 330
As in all other labors, and no less
In banquets, when the Achaian nobles charge
Their goblets with the dark-red mingled wine
In sign of honor. All the other Greeks
Drink by a certain measure, but thy cup 335
Stands ever full, like mine, that thou mayst drink
When thou desirest. Hasten to the war
With all the valor thou dost glory in.”

The Cretan chief, Idomeneus, replied : —
“ Atrides, I remain thy true ally, 340
As I have pledged my faith. But thou exhort
The other long-haired Greeks, and bid them rush

To combat, since the Trojans break their oath.
For woe and death must be the lot of those
Who broke the peace they vowed so solemnly." 345

He spake. The son of Atreus, glad at heart,
Passed on among the squadrons, till he came
To where the warriors Ajax formed their ranks
For battle, with a cloud of infantry.

As when some goatherd from the hill-top sees 350

A cloud that traverses the deep before
A strong west wind, — beholding it afar,
Pitch-black it seems, and bringing o'er the waves
A whirlwind with it ; he is seized with fear,
And drives his flock to shelter in a cave, — 355

So with the warriors Ajax to the war
Moved, dense and dark, the phalanxes of youths
Trained for the combat, and their serried files
Bristling with spears and shields. The king of men
Saw with delight, and spake these wingèd words : —

“ O warriors Ajax, leaders of the Greeks 361

In brazen armor, I enjoin you not
To rouse the courage of your soldiery.
Such word would ill become me, for yourselves
Have made your followers eager to engage 365
In manful combat. Would to Jupiter,
To Pallas, and Apollo, that there dwelt
In every bosom such a soul as yours !
Then would the city of King Priam fall
At once, o'erthrown and levelled by our hands.” 370

Thus having said, he left them and went on

To others. There he found the smooth of speech,
 Nestor, the Pylian orator, employed
 In marshalling his squadrons. Near to him
 Alastor and the large-limbed Pelagon, 375
 Chromius, and Hæmon, prince among his tribe,
 And Bias, shepherd of the people, stood.
 The cavalry with steeds and cars he placed
 In front. A vast and valiant multitude
 Of infantry he stationed in the rear, 380
 To be the bulwark of the war. Between
 He made the faint of spirit take their place,
 That, though unwillingly, they might be forced
 To combat with the rest. And first he gave
 His orders to the horsemen, bidding them 385
 To keep their coursers reined, nor let them range
 At random through the tumult of the crowd : —

“ And let no man, too vain of horsemanship,
 And trusting in his valor, dare advance
 Beyond the rest to attack the men of Troy, 390
 Nor let him fall behind the rest, to make
 Our ranks the weaker. Whoso from his car
 Can reach an enemy's, let him stand and strike
 With his long spear, for 't is the shrewder way.
 By rules like these, which their brave hearts obeyed,
 The men of yore laid level towns and towers.” 396

The aged man, long versed in tasks of war,
 Counsell'd them thus. King Agamemnon heard,
 Delighted, and in wingèd words he said : —

“ C aged man, would that thy knees were firm 400

As is thy purpose, and thy strength as great !
But age, the common fate of all, has worn
Thy frame : would that some others had thy age,
And thou wert of the number of our youths ! ”

Then answered Nestor, the Gerenian knight : —

“ O son of Atreus, I myself could wish 406
That I were now as when of yore I struck
The high-born Ereuthalion down. The gods
Bestow not all their gifts on man at once.
If I were then a youth, old age in turn 410
Is creeping o’er me. Still I keep among
The knights, and counsel and admonish them, —
The office of the aged. Younger men,
They who can trust their strength, must wield the
spear.”

He spake. The son of Atreus passed him by, 415
Pleased with his words, and, moving onward, came
Where — with the Athenians, ever prompt to raise
The war-cry, grouped around him — stood the
knight

Menestheus, son of Peteus. Near to these
Was wise Ulysses, with his sturdy band 420
Of Cephalonians. None of these had heard
The clamor of the battle, for the hosts
Of Trojan knights and Greeks had just begun
To move, and there they waited for the advance
Of other squadrons marching on to charge 425
The Trojans and begin the war anew.
The king of men, Atrides, was displeased,

And spake, and chid them thus with wingèd words :—

“ O son of Peteus, foster-child of Jove,
And thou, the man of craft and evil wiles ! 430
Why stand ye here aloof, irresolute,
And wait for others ? Ye should be the first
To meet the foe and stem the battle's rage.
I bid you first to banquets which the Greeks
Give to their leaders, where ye feast at will 435
On roasted meats and bowls of pleasant wine.
Now, ere ye move, ye willingly would see
Ten Grecian squadrons join the deadly strife.”

The man of many arts, Ulysses, spake, 437
And frowned : “ O Atreus' son ! what words are these
Which pass thy lips ? How canst thou say that we
Avoid the battle ? Ever when the Greeks
Seek bloody conflict with the Trojan knights,
Thou, if thou wilt, and if thou givest heed
To things like these, shalt with thine eyes behold 445
The father of Telemachus engaged
In combat with the foremost knights that form
The Trojan van. Thou utterest empty words.”

King Agamemnon, when he saw the chief
Offended, changed his tone, and, smiling, said : — 450

“ Son of Laertes, nobly-born and wise
Ulysses ! It is not for me to chide
Nor to exhort thee, for thy heart, I know,
Counsels thee kindly toward me, and thy thought
Agrees with mine. We will discuss all this 455
Hereafter. If just now too harsh a word

Was uttered, may the immortals make it vain ! ”

So saying, he departed, and went on
To others. By his steeds and by his car,
That shone with fastenings of brass, he found 460
The son of Tydeus, large-souled Diomed,
And Sthenelus, the son of Capaneus,
Standing beside him. Looking at them both,
King Agamemnon to Tydides spake
In wingèd words, and thus reproved the chief :— 465

“ O son of Tydeus, that undaunted knight !
What is there to appall thee ? Why look through
The spaces that divide the warlike ranks ?
Not thus did Tydeus feel the touch of fear,
But ever foremost of his warriors fought. 470
So they declare who saw his deeds, for I
Was never with him, nor have ever seen
The hero. Yet they say that he excelled
All others. Certain is it that he once
Entered Mycenæ as a friendly guest, 475
With no array of soldiery, but came
With godlike Polynices. ’T was the time
When warrior-bands were gathered to besiege
The sacred walls of Thebes, and earnestly
They prayed that from Mycenæ they might lead 480
Renowned auxiliars to the war, and we
Would willingly have given the aid they asked, —
For we approved the prayer, — but Jove, with signs
Of angry omen, changed our purposes.
The chiefs departed, journeying on to where 485

Asopus flows through reeds and grass, and thence
 The Achaians sent an embassy to Thebes
 By Tydeus. There he met the many sons
 Of Cadmus at the banquets in the hall
 Of valiant Eteocles. Though alone 490
 Among so many, and a stranger-guest,
 The hero feared them not, but challenged them
 To vie with him in games ; and easily
 He won the victory, such aid was given
 By Pallas. Then the sons of Cadmus, skilled 495
 In horsemanship, were wroth, and privily
 Sent fifty armèd youths to lie in wait
 For his return. Two leaders had the band, —
 Maion, the son of Hæmon, like a god
 In form, and Lycophontes, brave in war, 500
 Son of Autophonos. A bloody death
 Did Tydeus give the youths. He slew them all
 Save Maion, whom he suffered to return,
 Obedient to an omen from the gods.
 Such was Ætolian Tydeus ; but his son, 505
 A better speaker, is less brave in war.”

He spake ; and valiant Diomed, who heard
 The king's reproof with reverence, answered not.
 Then spake the son of honored Capaneus : —

“ Atrides, speak not falsely, when thou know'st 510
 The truth so well. Assuredly we claim
 To be far braver than our fathers were.
 We took seven-gated Thebes with fewer troops
 Than theirs, when, trusting in the omens sent

From heaven, and in the aid of Jupiter, 515
 We led our men beneath the city walls
 Sacred to Mars. Our fathers perished there
 Through their own folly. Therefore never seek
 To place them in the same degree with us."

The brave Tydides with a frown replied : — 520
 "Nay, hold thy peace, my friend, and heed my words.
 Of Agamemnon I will not complain, —
 The shepherd of the people ; it is his
 To exhort the well-armed Greeks to gallant deeds.
 Great glory will attend him if the Greeks 525
 Shall overcome the Trojans, and shall take
 The sacred Ilium ; but his grief will be
 Bitter if we shall fail and be destroyed.
 Hence think we only of the furious charge !"

He spake, and from his chariot leaped to earth 530
 All armed ; the mail upon the monarch's breast
 Rang terribly as he marched swiftly on.
 The boldest might have heard that sound with fear.

As when the ocean-billows, surge on surge,
 Are pushed along to the resounding shore 535
 Before the western wind, and first a wave
 Uplifts itself, and then against the land
 Dashes and roars, and round the headland peaks
 Tosses on high and spouts its spray afar,
 So moved the serried phalanxes of Greece 540
 To battle, rank succeeding rank, each chief
 Giving command to his own troops ; the rest
 Marched noiselessly : you might have thought no
 voice

Was in the breasts of all that mighty throng,
So silently they all obeyed their chiefs, 545
Their showy armor glittering as they moved
In firm array. But, as the numerous flock
Of some rich man, while the white milk is drawn
Within his sheepfold, hear the plaintive call
Of their own lambs, and bleat incessantly, — 550
Such clamors from the mighty Trojan host
Arose ; nor was the war-cry one, nor one
The voice, but words of mingled languages,
For they were called from many different climes.
These Mars encouraged to the fight ; but those 555
The blue-eyed Pallas. Terror too was there,
And Fright, and Strife that rages unappeased, —
Sister and comrade of man-slaying Mars, —
Who rises small at first, but grows, and lifts
Her head to heaven and walks upon the earth. 560
She, striding through the crowd and heightening
The mutual rancor, flung into the midst
Contention, source of bale to all alike.

And now, when met the armies in the field,
The ox-hide shields encountered, and the spears, 565
And might of warriors mailed in brass ; then clashed
The bossy bucklers, and the battle-din
Was loud ; then rose the mingled shouts and groans
Of those who slew and those who fell ; the earth
Ran with their blood. As when the winter streams
Rush down the mountain-sides, and fill, below, 571
With their swift waters, poured from gushing springs,

Some hollow vale, the shepherd on the heights
Hears the far roar, — such was the mingled din
That rose from the great armies when they met. 575

Then first Antilochus, advancing, struck
The Trojan champion Echeolus down,
Son of Thalysius, fighting in the van.
He smote him on the helmet's cone, where streamed
The horse-hair plume. The brazen javelin stood 580
Fixed in his forehead, piercing through the bone,
And darkness gathered o'er his eyes. He fell
As falls a tower before some stubborn siege.

Then Elephenor, son of Chalcodon,
Prince of the brave Abrantes, by the foot 585
Seized the slain chieftain, dragging him beyond
The reach of darts, to strip him of his arms ;
Yet dropped him soon, for brave Agenor saw,
And, as he stooped to drag the body, hurled
His brazen spear and pierced the uncovered side 590
Seen underneath the shield. At once his limbs
Relaxed their hold, and straight the spirit fled.
Then furious was the struggle of the Greeks
And Trojans o'er the slain ; they sprang like wolves
Upon each other, and man slaughtered man. 595

Then by the hand of Ajax Telamon
Fell Simoïsïus, in the bloom of youth,
Anthemion's son. His mother once came down
From Ida, with her parents, to their flocks
Beside the Simoïs ; there she brought him forth 600
Upon its banks, and gave her boy the name

Of Simoïsius. Unrequited now
 Was all the care with which his parents nursed
 His early years, and short his term of life, —
 Slain by the hand of Ajax, large of soul. 605

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He fell among the dust of earth, as falls
 A poplar growing in the watery soil 610
 Of some wide marsh, — a fair, smooth bole, with
 boughs

Only on high, which with his gleaming axe
 Some artisan has felled to bend its trunk
 Into the circle of some chariot-wheel ;
 Withering it lies upon the river's bank. 615
 So did the high-born Ajax spoil the corpse
 Of Simoïsius, Anthemion's son.

But Antiphus, the son of Priam, clad
 In shining armor, saw, and, taking aim,
 Cast his sharp spear at Ajax through the crowd. 620
 The weapon struck him not, but pierced the groin
 Of one who was Ulysses' faithful friend, —
 Leucus, — as from the spot he dragged the dead ;
 He fell, the body dropping from his hold.

Ulysses, stung with fury at his fall, 625
 Rushed to the van, arrayed in shining brass,
 Drew near the foe, and, casting a quick glance
 Around him, hurled his glittering spear. The host
 Of Trojans, as it left his hand, shrank back

Upon each other. Not in vain it flew,
 But struck Democoön, the spurious son
 Of Priam, who, to join the war, had left
 Abydos, where he tended the swift mares.
 Ulysses, to revenge his comrade's death,
 Smote him upon the temple with his spear. 635
 Through both the temples passed the brazen point,
 And darkness gathered o'er his eyes ; he fell,
 His armor clashing round him with his fall.
 Then did the foremost bands, and Hector's self,
 Fall back. The Argives shouted, dragging off 640
 The slain, and rushing to the ground they won.
 Then was Apollo angered, looking down
 From Pergamus, and thus he called aloud :—

“ Rally, ye Trojans ! tamers of fleet steeds !
 Yield not the battle to the Greeks. Their limbs 645
 Are not of stone or iron, to withstand
 The trenchant steel ye wield. Nor does the son
 Of fair-haired Thetis now, Achilles, take
 Part in the battle, but sits, brooding o'er
 The choler that devours him, in his ships.” 650

Thus from the city spake the terrible god.
 Meantime Tritonian Pallas, glorious child
 Of Jupiter, went through the Grecian ranks
 Where'er they wavered, and revived their zeal.

Diores, son of Amarynceus, then 655
 Met his hard fate. The fragment of a rock
 Was thrown by hand at his right leg, and struck
 The ankle. Piroüs, son of Imbrasus,

Who came from Ænus, leading to the war
His Thracian soldiers, flung it ; and it crushed 660
Tendons and bones, and down the warrior fell
In dust, and toward his comrades stretched his hands,
And gasped for breath. But he who gave the wound,
Piroüs, came up and pierced him with his spear.
Forth gushed the entrails, and the eyes grew dark. 665

But Piroüs by Ætolian Thoas fell,
Who met him with his spear and pierced his breast
The brazen weapon stood
Fixed in the lungs. Then Thoas came and plucked
The massive spear away, and drew his sword, 670
And thrusting through him the sharp blade, he took
His life away. Yet could he not despoil
The slain man of his armor, for around
His comrades thronged, the Thracians, with their
tufts

Of streaming hair, and, wielding their long spears, 675
Drove him away. And he, though huge of limb,
And valiant and renowned, was forced to yield
To numbers pressing on him, and withdrew.
Thus near each other stretched upon the ground
Piroüs, the leader of the Thracian band, 680
And he who led the Epeans, brazen-mailed
Diores, lay with many others slain.

Then could no man, who near at hand beheld
The battle of that day, see cause of blame
In aught, although, unwounded and unbruised 685
By weapons, Pallas led him by the hand

In safety through the midst, and turned aside
 The violence of javelins ; for that day
 Saw many a Trojan slain, and many a Greek,
 Stretched side by side upon the bloody field. 600

BOOK V.

THEN Pallas to Tydides Diomed
 Gave strength and courage, that he might
 appear

Among the Achaïans greatly eminent,
 And win a glorious name. Upon his head
 And shield she caused a constant flame to play, 5
 Like to the autumnal star that shines in heaven
 Most brightly when new-bathed in ocean tides.
 Such light she caused to beam upon his crest
 And shoulders, as she sent the warrior forth
 Into the thick and tumult of the fight. 10

Among the Trojans, Dares was the priest
 Of Vulcan, rich and blameless. His two sons
 Were Phegeus and Idæus, trained in all
 The arts of war. They left the host and came
 To meet Tydides, — on the chariot they, 15
 And he on foot ; and now, as they drew near,
 First Phegeus hurled his massive lance. It flew
 O'er Diomed's left shoulder and struck not.
 Tydides cast his spear, and not in vain :

It smote the breast of Phegeus in the midst, 24
And dashed him from his seat. Idæus leaped
To earth, and left the sumptuous car, nor dared
To guard the slain, yet would have met his death
If Vulcan had not borne him swiftly thence
Concealed in darkness, that he might not leave 25
The aged man, his father, desolate.

The son of Tydeus took the steeds, and bade
His comrades lead them to the fleet. Aghast
The valiant sons of Troy beheld the sons
Of Dares, one in flight, the other slain. 30

Meantime the blue-eyed Pallas took the hand
Of Mars, and thus addressed the fiery god : —

“ Mars, Mars, thou slayer of men, thou steeped
in blood,

Destroyer of walled cities ! should we not
Leave both the Greeks and Trojans to contend, 35
And Jove to crown with glory whom he will,
While we retire, lest we provoke his wrath ? ”

Thus having said, she led the violent Mars
From where the battle raged, and made him sit
Beside Scamander, on its grassy bank. 40

And then the Achaians put the sons of Troy
To flight : each leader slew a foe ; and first
The king of men, Atrides, from his car
Struck down the huge-limbed Hodius, who was chief
Among the Halizonians. As he turned 45
To flee, the Achaian, smiting him between
The shoulders, drove the javelin through his breast.

Heavily clashed his armor as he fell.

Then by Idomeneus was Phæstus slain,
Son of Meonian Borus, who had come 50
From Tarna, rich in harvests. As he sprang
Into his car, Idomeneus, expert
To wield the ponderous javelin, thrust its blade
Through his right shoulder. From the car he fell,
And the dark night of death came over him. 55
The Achaian warriors following spoiled the slain.

The son of Atreus, Menelaus, slew
With his sharp spear Scamandrius, the son
Of Strophius, practised in the forest chase,
A mighty hunter. Him had Dian taught 60
To strike whatever beast the woody wild
Breeds on the hills ; but now availed him not
The favor of Diana, archer-queen,
Nor skill to throw the javelin afar ;
For Menelaus, mighty with the spear, 65
Followed him as he fled, and in the back
Smote him, between the shoulder-blades, and drove
The weapon through. He fell upon the ground
Headlong, his armor clashing as he fell.

And then Meriones slew Phereclus, 70
Son of Harmonius, the artificer,
Who knew to shape all works of rare device,
For Pallas loved him. It was he who built
The fleet for Paris, — cause of many woes
To all the Trojans and to him, — for ill 75
He understood the oracles of heaven.

Him did Meriones, pursuing long,
O'ertake, and, smiting him on the right hip,
Pierced through the part beneath the bone.
On his knees with sad lament 80

He fell, and death involved him in its shade.

And then by Meges was Pedæus slain,
Antenor's base-born son, whose noble wife,
Theano, reared him with as fond a care
As her own children, for her husband's sake. 85

And now the mighty spearman, Phyleus' son,
Drew near and smote him with his trenchant lance
Where meet the head and spine, and pierced the neck
Beneath the tongue ; and forth the weapon came
Between the teeth. He fell, and in the fall 90
Gnashed with his teeth upon the cold bright blade.

Then did Evæmon's son Eurypylus
Strike down Hypsenor, nobly born, the son
Of great Dolopion, Scamander's priest,
Whom all the people honored as a god. 95
Evæmon's gallant son, o'ertaking him
In flight, with one stroke of his falchion hewed
His brawny arm away. The bloody limb
Dropped to the ground, and the dark night of death
Came o'er his eyes : so cruel fate decreed. 100

Thus toiled the heroes in that stubborn fight.
Nor would you now have known to which array —
Trojan or Greek — Tydides might belong ;
For through the field he rushed with furious speed,
Like a swollen river when its current takes 105

The torrent's swiftness, scattering with a sweep
The bridges ; nor can massive dikes withstand
Its fury, nor embankments raised to screen
The grassy meadows, while the rains of Jove
Fall heavily, and harvests, late the joy 110
Of toiling youth, are beaten to the ground.
Thus by Tydides the close phalanxes
Of Troy were scattered, nor could they endure,
All numerous as they were, his strong assault.
As Pandarus, Lycaon's eminent son, 115
Beheld Tydides rush athwart the field,
Breaking the ranks, he drew his crooked bow
And smote the chief's left shoulder as he came,
Striking the hollow corselet. The sharp point
Broke through, and blood came gushing o'er the mail.
Then called aloud Lycaon's eminent son : — 121

“ Brave Trojans, great in mastery of steeds,
Press on ; the bravest of the Grecian host
Is smitten, nor, I think, can long survive
The grievous wound, if it be true that I, 125
At the command of Phœbus, son of Jove,
Have left my home upon the Lycian shore.”

Thus boastfully he spake ; but his swift shaft
Slew not Tydides, who had now withdrawn.
And, standing by his steeds and chariot, spake 130
To Sthenelus, the son of Capaneus : —

“ Haste down, kind Sthenelus, and with thy hand
Draw the sharp arrow from my shoulder here.”

He spake, and Sthenelus at once leaped down,

Stood by his side, and from his shoulder drew 135
The wingèd arrow deeply fixed within.

The blood flowed forth upon the twisted rings
Of mail, while Diomed, the valiant, prayed :—

“Hear me, O child of ægis-bearing Jove,
Goddess invincible! if ever thou 140
Didst aid me or my father in the heat
Of battle, aid me, Pallas, yet again.
Give me to slay this Trojan; bring him near,
Within my javelin’s reach, who wounded me,
And now proclaims — the boaster — that not long
Shall I behold the brightness of the sun.” 145

So prayed he, and Minerva heard his prayer
And lightened all his limbs, — his feet, his hands, —
And, standing near him, spake these wingèd
words :—

“War boldly with the Trojans, Diomed; 150
For even now I breathe into thy frame
The ancestral might and fearless soul that dwelt
In Tydeus, peerless with the steed and shield.
Lo! I remove the darkness from thine eyes,
That thou mayst well discern the gods from men; 155
And if a god should tempt thee to the fight,
Beware to combat with the immortal race;
Only, should Venus, child of Jupiter,
Take part in battle, wound her with thy spear.”

The blue-eyed Pallas spake, and disappeared; 160
And Diomed went back into the field
And mingled with the warriors. If before

His spirit moved him fiercely to engage
The men of Troy, a threefold courage now
Inspired him. As a lion who has leaped 165
Into a fold — and he who guards the flock
Has wounded but not slain him — feels his rage
Waked by the blow ; — the affrighted shepherd then
Ventures not near, but hides within the stalls,
And the forsaken sheep are put to flight, 170
And, huddling, slain in heaps, till o'er the fence
The savage bounds into the fields again ; —
Such was Tydides midst the sons of Troy.
Astynöus first he slew, Hypenor next,
The shepherd of the people. One he pierced 175
High on the bosom with his brazen spear,
And smote the other on the collar-bone
With his good sword, and hewed from neck and spine
The shoulder. There he left the dead, and rushed
To Abas and to Polyeidus, sons 180
Of old Eurydamas, interpreter
Of visions. Ill the aged man had read
His visions when they joined the war. They died,
And Diomed, the valiant, spoiled the slain.
Xanthus and Thoön he encountered next, 185
The sons of Phænops, born in his old age.
No other child had he, to be his heir,
And he was worn with length of years. These two
Tydides smote and took their lives, and left
Grief to their father and regretful cares, 190
Since he no more should welcome their return

From war, and strangers should divide his wealth.
Then smote he Chromius and Echemon, sons
Of Dardan Priam, in one chariot both.

As on a herd of beeves a lion springs 195
While midst the shrubs they browse, and breaks
their necks, —

Heifer or ox, — so sprang he on the twain
And struck them, vainly struggling, from their car,
And spoiled them of their arms, and took their
steeds,

And bade his comrades lead them to the fleet. 200

Æneas, who beheld him scattering thus
The embattled ranks before him, straightway went
Through the thick fight, amid encountering spears,
In search of godlike Pandarus. He found

Lycaon's blameless and illustrious son, 205
And stood before him, and addressed him thus : —

“Where is thy bow, O Pandarus, and where
Thy wingèd arrows? Where the old renown
In which no warrior here can vie with thee,
And none upon the Lycian shore can boast 210
That he excels thee? Hasten, and lift up
Thy hands in prayer to Jupiter, and send
An arrow at this man, whoe'er he be,
Who thus prevails, and thus afflicts our host,
And makes the knees of many a strong man weak.
Strike him, — unless he be some god incensed 216
At Troy for sacrifice withheld, since hard
It is to bear the anger of a god.”

Lycaon's son, the far-renowned, replied : —

“ Æneas, leader of the Trojans mailed 220
 In brass, to me this man in all things seems
 Like warlike Diomed. I know his shield,
 High helm, and steeds, and yet I may not say
 That this is not a god. But if he be
 The chief of whom I speak, the warlike son 225
 Of Tydeus, not thus madly would he fight,
 Without some god to aid him. By his side
 Is one of the immortals, with a cloud
 About his shoulders, turning from its aim
 The swiftly flying arrow. 'T was but late 230
 I aimed a shaft that pierced the hollow mail
 On his left shoulder, and I thought him sent
 To Pluto, but I slew him not. Some god
 Must be offended with me. I have here
 No steeds or car to mount. Far off at home 235
 There stand within Lycaon's palace-walls
 Eleven chariots, fair and fresh and new :
 Each has an ample cover, and by each
 Are horses yoked in pairs, that champ their oats
 And their white barley. When I left my home, 240
 Lycaon, aged warrior, counselled me,
 Within his sumptuous halls, that with my steeds
 And chariot I should lead the sons of Troy
 In the fierce battle. I obeyed him not :
 Far better if I had. I wished to spare 245
 My horses, lest, so largely fed at home,
 They might want food in the beleaguered town.

So, leaving them, I came on foot to Troy,
Confiding in my bow, which yet was doomed
To avail me little, for already I 237
Have smitten with my arrows the two chiefs,
Tydides and Atrides, and from both
Drew the red blood, but only made their rage
To flame the fiercer. In an evil hour
I took my bow and quiver from the wall 255
And came to lead the Trojans for the sake
Of Hector. But if ever I return
To see my native country and my wife
And my tall spacious mansion, may some foe
Strike off my head if with these hands I fail 260
To break my bow in pieces, casting it
Into the flames, a useless weapon now."

The Trojan chief Æneas, answering, said :—
"Nay, talk not so ; it cannot but be thus,
Until upon a chariot, and with steeds, 265
We try our prowess with this man in war.
Haste, mount my chariot here, and thou shalt see
How well are Trojan horses trained to range
The field of battle, in the swift pursuit
Hither and thither, or in rapid flight ; 270
And they shall bring us safely to the town
Should Jove a second time bestow the meed
Of glory on Tydides. Haste, and take
The lash and well-wrought reins, while I descend
To fight on foot ; or haply thou wilt wait 274
The foe's advance while I direct the steeds."

Then spake again Lycaon's eminent son : —

“Keep thou the reins, Æneas, and still guide
The horses. With their wonted charioteer,
The better shall they bear away the cat 280
Should we be forced to fly before the arm
Of Diomed ; lest, taking flight, they range
Unmastered when they hear thy voice no more,
Nor bear us from the combat, and the son
Of Tydeus, having slain us, shall lead thence 285
Thy firm-hoofed coursers. Therefore guide them still,
Them and the chariot, while, with this keen spear,
I wait the Greek, as he is rushing on.”

They spake, and, climbing the magnificent car,
Turned toward Tydides the swift-footed steeds. 290
The noble son of Capaneus beheld,
And said in wingèd words to Diomed : —

“Tydides Diomed, most dear of men !
I see two warriors, strong, immensely strong,
Coming to combat with thee. Pandarus 295
Is one, the skilled in archery, who boasts
To be Lycaon's son ; and by his side
There comes Æneas, glorying that he sprang
From the large-souled Anchises, — borne to him
By Venus. Mount we now our car and leave 300
The ground, nor in thy fury rush along
The van of battle, lest thou lose thy life.”

The brave Tydides, with a frown, replied : —
“Speak not of flight ; thou canst not yet persuade
My mind to that. To skulk or shrink with fear 305

In battle ill becomes me, and my strength
Is unexhausted yet. It suits me not
To mount the chariot ; I will meet the foe
Just as I am. Minerva will not let
My spirit falter. Ne'er shall those swift steeds 310
Bear the two warriors hence, — if even one
Escapes me. One thing more have I to say ;
And keep it well in mind. Should Pallas deign —
The wise, forecasting Pallas — to bestow
On me the glory of o'ercoming both, 315
Stop thy swift horses, and tie fast the reins
To our own chariot, and make haste to seize
The horses of Æneas, guiding them
Hence from the Trojan to the Grecian host ;
For they are of the stock which Jupiter 320
The Thunderer gave to Tros. It was the price
He paid for Ganymede, and they, of all
Beneath the eye of morning and the sun,
Are of the choicest breed. The king of men,
Anchises, stealthily and unobserved, 325
Brought to the coursers of Laomedon
His brood-mare, and obtained the race. Six colts,
Their offspring, in his courts were foaled. Of these,
Four for himself he kept, and in his stalls
Reared them, and two of them, both apt for war, 330
He gave Æneas. If we make them ours,
The exploit will bring us honor and renown."

Thus they conferred. Meantime their foes drew
near,

Urging their fiery coursers on, and first
Lycaon's eminent son addressed the Greek :— 335

“My weapon, swift and sharp, the arrow, failed
To slay thee ; let me try the javelin now,
And haply that, at least, may reach its mark.”

He spake, and, brandishing his massive spear,
Hurled it against the shield of Diomed. 340

The brazen point broke through, and reached the
mail.

Then shouted with loud voice Lycaon's son : —

“Ha ! thou art wounded in thy flank ; my spear
Bites deep ; nor long, I think, canst thou survive,
And great will be my glory gained from thee.” 345

But thus the valiant Diomed replied,
Incapable of fear : “Thy thought is wrong.
I am not wounded, and I well perceive
That ye will never give the conflict o'er
Till one of you, laid low amid the dust, 350
Pour out his blood to glut the god of war.”

He spake, and cast his spear. Minerva kept
The weapon faithful to its aim. It struck
The nose, and near the eye ; then passing on
Betwixt the teeth, the unrelenting edge 355
Cleft at its root the tongue ; the point came out
Beneath the chin. The warrior from his car
Fell headlong ; his bright armor, fairly wrought,
Clashed round him as he fell ; his fiery steeds
Started aside with fright ; his breath and strength 360
Were gone at once. Æneas, with his shield

And his long spear, leaped down to guard the
slain,

That the Achaians might not drag him thence.

There, lion-like, confiding in his strength,

He stalked around the corpse, and over it 365

Held his round shield and lance, prepared to slay

Whoever came, and shouting terribly.

Tydidēs raised a stone, — a mighty weight,

Such as no two men living now could lift ;

But he, alone, could swing it round with ease. 370

With this he smote Æneas on the hip,

Where the thigh joins its socket. By the blow

He brake the socket and the tendons twain,

And tore the skin with the rough, jagged stone.

The hero fell upon his knees, but stayed 375

His fall with his strong palm upon the ground ;

And o'er his eyes a shadow came like night.

Then had the king of men, Æneas, died,

But for Jove's daughter, Venus, who perceived

His danger instantly, — his mother, she 380

Who bore him to Anchises when he kept

His beeves, a herdsman. Round her son she cast

Her white arms, spreading over him in folds

Her shining robe, to be a fence against

The weapons of the foe, lest some Greek knight 385

Should at his bosom aim the steel to take

His life. And thus the goddess bore away

From that fierce conflict her belovèd son.

Nor did the son of Capaneus forget

The bidding of the warlike Diomed, 390
But halted his firm-footed steeds apart
From the great tumult, with the long reins stretched
And fastened to the chariot. Next, he sprang
To seize the horses with fair-flowing manes,
That drew the chariot of Æneas. These 395
He drave away, far from the Trojan host,
To the well-greaved Achæians, giving them
In charge, to lead them to the hollow ships,
To his beloved friend Deïpylus,
Whom he of all his comrades honored most, 400
As likest to himself in years and mind.
And then he climbed his car and took the reins,
And, swiftly drawn by his firm-footed steeds,
Followed Tydides, who with cruel steel
Sought Venus, knowing her unapt for war, 405
And all unlike the goddesses who guide
The battles of mankind, as Pallas does,
Or as Bellona, ravager of towns.
O'ertaking her at last, with long pursuit,
Amid the throng of warring men, the son 410
Of warlike Tydeus aimed at her his spear,
And wounded in her hand the delicate one
With its sharp point. It pierced the ambrosial robe,
Wrought for her by the Graces, at the spot
Where the palm joins the wrist, and broke the skin,
And drew immortal blood, — the ichor, — such 415
As from the blessed gods may flow ; for they
Eat not the wheaten loaf, nor drink dark wine ;

And therefore they are bloodless, and are called
Immortal. At the stroke the goddess shrieked, 424
And dropped her son. Apollo in his arms
Received and in a dark cloud rescued him,
Lest any of the Grecian knights should aim
A weapon at his breast to take his life.

Meantime the brave Tydides cried aloud : — 425

“Leave wars and battle, goddess. Is it not
Enough that thou delude weak womankind?
Yet, if thou ever shouldst return, to bear
A part in battle, thou shalt have good cause
To start with fear, when war is only named.” 430

He spake ; and she departed, wild with pain,
For grievously she suffered. Instantly
Fleet-footed Iris took her by the hand
And led her from the place, her heart oppressed
With anguish and her fair cheek deathly pale. 435
She found the fiery Mars, who had withdrawn
From that day’s combat to the left, and sat,
His spear and his swift coursers hid from sight,
In darkness. At his feet she fell, and prayed
Her brother fervently, that he would lend 440
His steeds that stood in trappings wrought of gold : —

“Dear brother, aid me ; let me have thy steeds
To bear me to the Olympian mount, the home
Of gods, for grievously the wound I bear
Afflicts me. ’T was a mortal gave the wound, — 445
Tydides, who would even fight with Jove.”

She spake ; and Mars resigned to her his steeds

With trappings of bright gold. She climbed the car,
Still grieving, and, beside her, Iris took
Her seat, and caught the reins and plied the lash. 450
On flew the coursers, on, with willing speed, •
And soon were at the mansion of the gods
On high Olympus. There the active-limbed,
Fleet Iris stayed them, loosed them from the car,
And fed them with ambrosial food. Meanwhile, 455
The goddess Venus at Dione's feet
Had cast herself. The mother round her child
Threw tenderly her arms, and with her hand
Caressed her brow, and spake, and thus inquired:—

“Which of the dwellers of the skies, dear child, 460
Has dealt thus cruelly with thee, as one
Caught in the doing of some flagrant wrong?”

And thus did Venus, queen of smiles, reply:—
“The son of Tydeus, arrogant Diomed,
Wounded me as I sought to bear away 465
From battle's dangers my beloved son
Æneas, dear beyond all other men :
For now no longer does the battle rage
Between the Greeks and Trojans, but the Greeks
Venture to combat even with the gods.” 470

Dione, great among the goddesses,
Rejoined: “Submit, my daughter, and endure,
Though inly grieved; for many of us who dwell
Upon the Olympian mount have suffered much
From mortals, and have brought great miseries 475
Upon each other. First, it was the fate

Of Mars to suffer, when Aloëus' sons,
Otus and mighty Ephialtes, made
Their fetters fast upon his limbs. He lay
Chained thirteen months within a brazen cell ; 484
And haply there the god, whose thirst of blood
Is never cloyed, had perished, but for aid
Which Eribœa gave, the beautiful,
His step-mother. She made his miseries known
To Mercury, who set him free by stealth, 485
Withered and weak with long imprisonment.
And Juno suffered when Amphitryon's son,
The valiant, dared to plant in her right breast
A three-pronged arrow, and she writhed with pain.
And Pluto suffered, when the hero-son 490
Of ægis-bearing Jove, with a swift shaft,
Smote him beside the portals of the dead,
And left him filled with pain. He took his way
To high Olympus and the home of Jove,
Grieving and racked with pain, for deep the dart 495
Had pierced his brawny shoulder, torturing him.
There Pæan with his pain-dispelling balms
Healed him, for he was not of mortal race.
O daring man and reckless, to make light
Of such impieties and violate 500
The sacred persons of the Olympian gods !
It was the blue-eyed Pallas who stirred up
Tydides to assail thee thus. The fool !
He knew not that the man who dares to meet
The gods in combat lives not long. No child 505

Shall prattling call him father when he comes
 Returning from the dreadful tasks of war.
 Let then Tydides, valiant though he be,
 Beware lest a more potent foe than thou
 Encounter him, and lest the nobly-born 510
 Ægialeia, in some night to come —
 Wise daughter of Adrastus, and the spouse
 Of the horse-tamer Diomed — call up
 The servants of her household from their sleep,
 Bewailing him to whom in youth she gave 515
 Her maiden troth, — the bravest of the Greeks.”

She spake, and wiped the ichor from the hand
 Of Venus ; at her touch the hand was healed
 And the pain left it. Meantime Pallas stood,
 With Juno, looking on, both teasing Jove 520
 With words of sarcasm. Blue-eyed Pallas thus
 Addressed the god : “ O Father Jupiter,
 Wilt thou be angry at the word I speak ? —
 As Venus, wheedling some Achaian dame
 To join the host she loves, the sons of Troy, 525
 Caressed the fair, arrayed in gay attire,
 A golden buckle scratched her tender hand.”

As thus she spake, the Father of the gods
 And mortals, calling golden Venus near,
 Said, with a smile : “ Nay, daughter, not for thee 530
 Are tasks of war ; be gentle marriage-rites
 Thy care ; the labors of the battle-field
 Pertain to Pallas and the fiery Mars.”

Thus with each other talked the gods, while still

The great in battle, Diomed, pursued 535
Æneas, though he knew that Phœbus stretched
His arm to guard the warrior. Small regard
Had he for the great god, and much he longed
To strike Æneas down and bear away
The glorious arms he wore ; and thrice he rushed 540
To slay the Trojan, thrice Apollo smote
Upon his glittering shield. But when he made
The fourth assault, as if he were a god,
The archer of the skies, Apollo, thus
With menacing words rebuked him : “ Diomed, 545
Beware ; desist, nor think to make thyself
The equal of a god. The deathless race
Of gods is not as those who walk the earth.”

He spake ; the son of Tydeus, shrinking back,
Gave way before the anger of the god 550
Who sends his shafts afar. Then Phœbus bore
Æneas from the tumult to the height
Of sacred Pergamus, where stands his fane ;
And there Latona and the archer-queen,
Diana, in the temple's deep recess, 555
Tended him and brought back his glorious strength.
Meantime the bowyer-god, Apollo, formed
An image of Æneas, armed like him,
Round which the Trojans and Achæians thronged
With many a heavy weapon-stroke that fell 560
Upon the huge orbs of their ox-hide shields
And lighter bucklers. Now to fiery Mars
Apollo spake : “ Mars, Mars, thou plague of men,

Thou steeped in blood, destroyer of walled towns!
 Wilt thou not force this man to leave the field? 565
 Wilt thou not meet in arms this daring son
 Of Tydeus, who would even fight with Jove?
 Already has he wounded, in close fight,
 The goddess Venus at the wrist, and since
 Assaulted me as if he were a god." 570

He said, and on the heights of Pergamus
 Sat down, while the destroyer Mars went forth
 Among the embattled Trojan ranks, to rouse
 Their valor. In the form of Acamus,
 The gallant Thracian leader, he bespake 575
 The sons of Jove-descended Priam thus : —

"O sons of Priam, him who claims descent
 From Jupiter ! how long will ye submit
 To see your people slaughtered by the Greeks ?
 Is it until the battle-storm shall reach 580
 Your city's stately portals? Even now
 A hero whom we honor equally
 With the great Hector, our Æneas, son
 Of the large-souled Anchises, is struck down.
 Haste, let us rescue our beloved friend." 585

He spake, and into every heart his words
 Carried new strength and courage. In that hour
 Sarpedon chid the noble Hector thus : —

"Where is the prowess, Hector, which was thine
 So lately? Thou hast said that thou alone, 590
 Thy kindred and thy brothers, could defend
 The city, without armies or allies.

Now I see none of these ; they all, like hounds
Before a lion, crouch and slink away,
While the confederates bear the brunt of war. 595
I am but an auxiliar come from far,
From Lycia, where the eddying Xanthus runs.
There left I a beloved wife, and there
An infant child, and large possessions, such
As poor men covet. Yet do I exhort 600
My Lycians to the combat, and myself
Would willingly engage this foe of Troy,
Although I here have nothing which the Greeks
Might bear or drive away. Thou standest still,
Meanwhile, nor dost thou bid the rest to keep 605
Their ground and bear the battle for their wives.
Yet have a care, lest, as if caught at length
In the strong meshes of a mighty net,
Ye find yourselves the captives and the prey
Of enemies, who quickly will destroy 610
Your nobly-peopled city. These are thoughts
That should engage thy mind by night and day,
And thou shouldst beg the chiefs of thine allies,
Called to thy aid from far, that manfully
They meet the foe, and foil his fierce attack, 615
And take the cause of this reproach away."

Sarpedon spake ; and Hector, all in arms,
Stung by his words, and leaping from his car,
Brandished his spears, and went among the hosts
And rallied them to battle. Terrible 620
The conflict that ensued. The men of Troy

Made head against the Greeks : the Greeks stood
firm,

Nor ever thought of flight. As when the wind
Strews chaff about the sacred threshing-floors
While wheat is winnowed, and before the breeze 625
The yellow Ceres separates the grain

From its light husk, which gathers in white heaps, —
Even so the Greeks were whitened o'er with dust
Raised in that tumult by the horses' hoofs
And rising to the brazen firmament, 630

As toward the fight the charioteers again
Urged on their coursers. Yet the Greeks withstood
The onset, and struck forward with strong arms.
Meantime the furious Mars involved the field

In darkness, to befriend the sons of Troy, 635
And went through all the ranks, and well fulfilled
The mandate which Apollo gave the god
Who wields the golden falchion, bidding him
Kindle the courage of the Trojan host

Whene'er he saw the auxiliar of the Greeks, 640
Minerva, leave the combat. Then the god
Brought from the sanctuary's inner shrine
Æneas, — filling with recovered strength
That shepherd of the people. He beside

His comrades placed himself, and they rejoiced 645
To see him living and unharmed and strong
As ever ; yet they questioned not ; their task
Was different, set them by the god who bears
The silver bow, and Mars the slayer of men,

And raging Strife that never is appeased.

650

The Ajaces and Ulysses and the son
Of Tydeus roused the Achaians to the fight.
For of the strength and clamor of the foe
They felt no fear, but calmly stood, to bide
The assault ; as stand in air the quiet clouds 655
Which Saturn's son upon the mountain-tops
Piles in still volumes when the north wind sleeps,
And every ruder breath of blustering air
That drives the gathered vapors through the sky.
Thus calmly waited they the Trojan host, 660
Nor thought of flight. And now Atrides passed
In haste along their ranks, and gave command : —

“ O friends, be men, and let your hearts be strong,
And let no warrior in the heat of fight
Do what may bring him shame in others' eyes ; 665
For more of those who shrink from shame are safe
Than fall in battle, while with those who flee
Is neither glory nor reprieve from death.”

So spake the king, and hurled his spear and smote
Deïcoön, the son of Pergasis, 670
A chief, and a companion in the war
Of the great-souled Æneas. He in Troy
Was honored as men honored Priam's sons,
For he was ever foremost in the fight. 674
The weapon struck his shield, yet stopped not there,
But, breaking through its folds and through the belt,
Transfixed the part beneath. The Trojan fell
To earth, his armor clashing with his fall.

Æneas slew the sons of Diocles, —
Orsilochus and Crethon, eminent Greeks. 680
Their father dwelt in Pheræ nobly built,
Amid his riches. From Alpheius he
Derived his race, — a river whose long stream
Flows through the meadows of the Pylian land.
Orsilochus was to Alpheius born, 685
Lord over many men, and he became
The father of great Diocles, to whom
Twin sons were born, well trained in all the arts
Of warfare, — Crethon and Orsilochus.
These, in the prime of youth, with their black ships
Followed the Argives to the coast of Troy 691
Famed for its generous steeds. They left their home
To vindicate the honor of the sons
Of Atreus, — Agamemnon, king of men,
And Menelaus, — but they found their death. 695

As two young lions, nourished by their dam
Amid the thickets of some mighty wood,
Seizing the beeves and fattened sheep, lay waste
The stables, till at length themselves are slain
By trenchant weapons in the shepherd's hand, 700
So by the weapons of Æneas died
These twain ; they fell as lofty fir-trees fall.
But now, when Menelaus saw their fate,
The mighty warrior, deeply sorrowing, rushed
Among the foremost, armed in glittering brass, 705
And brandishing his spear ; for Mars had roused
His soul to fury, trusting he would meet

Æneas, and would perish by his hand.
Antilochus, the generous Nestor's son,
Came also to the van, for anxiously 710
He feared mischance might overtake the king,
To make the toils of their long warfare vain ;
And there he found the combatants prepared
For battle, with their trusty spears in hand,
And standing face to face. At once he took 715
His stand beside the monarch of the Greeks.
At sight of the two warriors side by side,
All valiant as he was, Æneas shunned
The encounter. They, when they had drawn the dead
Among the Grecian ranks, and to their friends 720
Given up the hapless brothers, turned to take
Their place among the foremost in the fight.
Then, too, Pylæmenes, a chief like Mars,
And leader of the Paphlagonian host, —
A valiant squadron armed with shields, — was slain.
Atrides Menelaus, skilled to wield 725
The javelin, gave his death-wound. He transfixed
The shoulder at the collar-bone. Meanwhile
Antilochus against his charioteer,
Mydon, the brave son of Atymnias, hurled 730
A stone that smote his elbow as he wheeled
His firm-paced steeds in flight. He dropped the
reins,
Gleaming with ivory as they trailed in dust.
Antilochus leaped forward, smiting him
Upon the temples with his sword. He fell 735

Gasping amidst the sand, his head immersed
Up to his shoulders, — for the sand was deep, —
And there remained till he was beaten down
Before the horses' hoofs. Antilochus,
Lashing the horses, drave them to the Greeks. 740

Hector beheld, and, springing with loud shouts,
Stood mid the wavering ranks. The phalanxes
Of the brave Trojans followed him, for Mars
And terrible Bellona led them on, —
Bellona bringing Tumult in her train, 745
And Mars with brandished lance — a mighty
weight —

Now stalking after Hector, now before.

Him when the valiant Diomed beheld,
He trembled ; and, as one who, journeying
Along a way he knows not, having crossed 750
A place of drear extent, before him sees
A river rushing swiftly toward the deep,
And all its tossing current white with foam,
And stops and turns, and measures back his way,
So then did Diomed withdraw, and spake : — 755

“ O friends, how greatly must we all admire
This noble Hector, mighty with the spear
And terrible in war. There is some god
Forever near him, warding off the stroke
Of death ; beside him yonder even now 760
Stands Mars in semblance of a mortal man.
Yield, then, and with your faces toward the foe
Fall back, and strive not with the gods of heaven.”

Even as he spake, the Trojan host drew near,
And Hector slew two warriors trained to arms, —
Menesthes and Anchialus, — who came 766
Both in one chariot to the war. Their fall
Ajax, the son of Telamon, beheld,
And pitied, and drew near, and stood, and hurled
His glittering spear. It smote Ampheius, son 770
Of Selagus, who, rich in lands and goods,
Abode in Pæsus. In an evil hour
He joined the cause of Priam and his sons.
Him at the belt the spear of Ajax smote,
With a crash he fell. 775
Then hastened mighty Ajax to strip off
The armor, but the Trojans at him cast
Their pointed spears that glittered as they flew,
And many struck his shield. He pressed his heel
Against the slain, and from the body drew 780
His brazen spear, but could not from the breast
Loose the bright mail, so thick the weapons came,
And such the wary dread with which he saw
The bravest of the Trojans closing round, 784
Many and fierce, and all with spears outstretched ;
And he, though strong and valiant and renowned,
Driven from the ground, gave way to mightier force.
So toiled the warriors through that stubborn fight,
When cruel fate urged on Tlepolemus,
The great and valiant son of Hercules, 790
To meet Sarpedon, mighty as a god.
And now as each to each advanced, — the son.

And grandson of the cloud-compeller Jove, —
Thus first Tlepolemus addressed his foe : —

“ Sarpedon, Lycian monarch, what has brought 795
Thee hither, trembling thus, and inexpert
In battle? Lying flatterers are they
That call thee son of Jupiter who bears
The ægis ; for unlike the heroes thou,
Born to the Thunderer in times of old, 800
Nor like my daring father, Hercules
The lion-hearted, who once came to Troy
To claim the coursers of Laomedon.
With but six ships, and warriors but a few,
He laid the city waste and made its streets 805
A desolation. Thou art weak of heart,
And round thee are thy people perishing ;
Yet, even wert thou brave, thy presence here
From Lycia’s coast would prove of small avail
To Troy ; for, slain in combat here by me, 810
Thou to the gates of Hades shalt go down.”

Sarpedon, leader of the Lycians, thus
Made answer : “ True it is, Tlepolemus,
That he laid waste the sacred city of Troy
For the base dealings of Laomedon, 815
The monarch who with railing words repaid
His great deservings, and kept back the steeds
For which he came so far. But thou — thy fate
Is slaughter and black death from this my spear ;
And fame will come to me, and one more soul 820
Go down to Hades.” As Sarpedon spake,

Tlepolemus upraised his ashen spear,
And from the hands of both the chiefs at once
Their massive weapons flew. Sarpedon smote
Full in the throat his foe ; the cruel point 825
Passed through the neck, and night came o'er his
eyes.

Tlepolemus, in turn, on the left thigh
Had struck Sarpedon with his ponderous lance.
The weapon, cast with vigorous hand and arm,
Pierced deep, and touched the bone ; but Jupiter 830
Averted from his son the doom of death.

His noble comrades raised and bore away
The great Sarpedon from the battle-field,
Trailing the long spear with them. Bitter pain
It gave him ; in their haste they marked it not, 835
Nor thought to draw the ashen weapon forth,
That he might mount the car ; so eagerly
His anxious bearers hurried from the war.

On the other side the well-armed Greeks took up
The slain Tlepolemus, to bear him thence. 840
The great Ulysses, large of soul, beheld,
And felt his spirit moved, as anxiously
He pondered whether to pursue the son
Of Jove the Thunderer, or turn and take
The life of many a Lycian. Yet to slay 845
Jove's mighty son was not his destiny,
And therefore Pallas moved him to engage
The crowd of Lycian warriors. Then he slew
Cœranus and Alastor, Chromius,

Alcander, Halius, and Prytanis 850

Noëmon ; and yet more the noble Greek
Had slain, if crested Hector, mighty chief,
Had not perceived the havoc and, arrayed
In shining armor, hurried to the van
Of battle, carrying terror to the hearts 855
Of the Achaïans. As he saw him near,
Sarpedon was rejoiced, yet sadly said :—

“ O son of Priam, leave me not a prey
To these Achaïans. Aid me, let me breathe
My latest breath in Troy, since I no more 860
Can hope, returning to my native land,
To gladden my dear wife and little son.”

He spake, and crested Hector answered not,
Still pressing forward, eager to drive back
The Greeks in quick retreat, and take the life 865
Of many a foe. Then did the noble band
Who bore the great Sarpedon lay him down
Beneath a shape!y beech, a tree of Jove
The Ægis-bearer. There stout Pelagon,
His well-beloved comrade, from his thigh 870
Drew forth the sharp blade of the ashen spear.
Then the breath left him, and his eyes were closed
In darkness ; but the light came back again
As, breathing over him, the fresh north wind
Revived the spirit in his laboring breast. 875

But not for Mars nor Hector mailed in brass
Fled the Achaïans to their fleet ; nor yet
Advanced they on the foe, but step by step

Gave way before him, for they had perceived
The god of war was with the sons of Troy. 88a

Whom first, whom last did Hector, Priam's son,
And iron Mars lay low? The godlike chief
Teuthras, and — great among the Grecian knights —
Orestes, and the Ætolian Trechus, famed
As spearman, and CEnomaus, and the son
Of CEnops, Helemes, and after these
Belted Oresbius, who in Hyla made
His home, intent on gathering wealth beside
The Lake Cephissus, on whose borders dwelt
Bœotians many, lords of fertile lands. 89a

The white-armed goddess Juno, when she saw
The Argives falling in that cruel fray,
Addressed Minerva with these wingèd words : —

“O thou unconquerable goddess, born
To Jove the Ægis-bearer! what is this? 895
It was an idle promise that we made
To Menelaus, that he should behold
Troy, with its strong defences, overthrown,
And reach his home again, if thus we leave
Mars the destroyer to his ravages. 900
Come, let us bring our friends effectual aid.”

So spake she, and her bidding was obeyed
By blue-eyed Pallas. Juno the august,
Daughter of mighty Saturn, laid in haste
The harness, with its ornaments of gold, 905
Upon the horses. Hebe rolled the wheels,
Each with eight spokes, and joined them to the ends

Of the steel axle, — fellies wrought of gold,
Bound with a brazen rim to last for aye, —
A wonder to behold. The hollow naves 910
Were silver, and on gold and silver cords
Was slung the chariot's seat ; in silver hooks
Rested the reins, and silver was the pole
Where the fair yoke and poitrels, all of gold,
Were fastened. Juno, eager for the strife, 915
Led the swift-footed steeds beneath the yoke.

Then Pallas, daughter of the god who bears
The ægis, on her father's palace-floor
Let fall in dainty folds her flowing robe
Of many colors, wrought by her own hand, 920
And, putting on the mail of Jupiter
The Cloud-compeller, stood arrayed in arms
For the stern tasks of war. Her shoulder bore
The dreadful ægis with its shaggy brim
Bordered with Terror. There was Strife, and there
Was Fortitude, and there was fierce Pursuit, 926
And there the Gorgon's head, a ghastly sight,
Deformed and dreadful, and a sign of woe
When borne by Jupiter. Upon her head
She placed a golden helmet with four crests 930
And fair embossed, of strength that might withstand
The armed battalions of a hundred towns ;
Then stepped into her shining car, and took
Her massive spear in hand, heavy and huge,
With which whole ranks of heroes are o'erthrown 935
Before the daughter of the Mighty One

Incensed against them. Juno swung the lash
And swiftly urged the steeds. Before their way,
On sounding hinges, of their own accord,
Flew wide the gates of heaven, which evermore 940
The Hours are watching, — they who keep the mount
Olympus and the mighty heaven, with power
To open or to close their cloudy veil.
Thus through the gates they drave the obedient
steeds,

And found Saturnius, where he sat apart 945
From other gods, upon the loftiest height
Of many-peaked Olympus. Juno there,
The white-armed goddess, stayed her chariot-wheels,
And, thus accosting Jove, she questioned him : —

“ O Father Jupiter, does not thy wrath 950
Rise at those violent deeds of Mars ? Thou seest
How many of the Achaians he has slain,
And what brave men. Nay, thus it should not be.
Great grief is mine ; but Venus and the god
Phœbus, who bears the silver bow, rejoice 955
To see this lawless maniac range the field,
And urge him on. O Father Jupiter,
Wilt thou be angry with me if I drive
Mars, sorely wounded, from the battle-field ? ”

The cloud-compelling Jupiter replied : — 960
“ Thou hast my leave ; but send to encounter him
Pallas the spoiler, who has many a time
Brought grievous troubles on the god of war.”

He spake, and white-armed Juno instantly

Obeded him. With the scourge she lashed the steeds,
 And not unwillingly they flew between 966
 Earth and the starry heaven. As much of space
 As one who gazes on the dark-blue deep
 Sees from the headland summit where he sits —
 Such space the coursers of immortal breed 970
 Cleared at each bound they made with sounding
 hoofs ;

And when they came to Ilium and its streams,
 Where Simoïs and Scamander's channels meet,
 The white-armed goddess Juno stayed their speed,
 And loosed them from the yoke, and covered them
 With darkness. Simoïs ministered, meanwhile, 976
 The ambrosial pasturage on which they fed.

On went the goddesses, with step as light
 As timid doves, and hastened toward the field
 To aid the Achaian army. When they came 980
 Where fought the bravest warriors in a throng
 Around the great horse-tamer Diomed,
 Like ravenous lions or wild boars whose rage
 Is terrible, the white-armed goddess stood,
 And called aloud, — for now she wore the form 985
 Of gallant Stentor, in whose brazen voice
 Was heard a shout like that of fifty men : —

“Shame on you, Argives, — wretches, who in form,
 And form alone, are heroes. While we yet
 Had great Achilles in the war, the men 990
 Of Ilium dared not pass beyond their gates,
 So much they feared his mighty spear ; but now

They push the battle to our hollow ships,
Far from the town." As thus the goddess spake,
New strength and courage woke in every breast. 99

Then blue-eyed Pallas hastened to the son
Of Tydeus. By his steeds she found the king,
And by his chariot, as he cooled the wound
Made by the shaft of Pandarus. The sweat
Beneath the ample band of his round shield 1000
Had weakened him, and weary was his arm.
He raised the band, and from the wounded limb
Wiped off the clotted blood. The goddess laid
Her hand upon the chariot-yoke, and said : —

"Tydeus hath left a son unlike himself ; 1005
For he, though low in stature, was most brave ;
And when he went, an envoy and alone,
To Thebes, the populous Cadmean town,
And I, enjoining him to keep aloof
From wars and rash encounters, bade him sit 1010
Quietly at the feasts in palace-halls,
Still, to his valiant temper true, he gave
Challenges to the Theban youths, and won
The prize with ease in all their games, such aid
I gave him. Now I stand by thee in turn, 1015
Protect thee, and exhort thee manfully
To fight against the Trojans ; but to-day
Either the weariness of toil unnerves
Thy frame, or withering fear besets thy heart.
Henceforth we cannot deem thee, as of late, 1020
The offspring of CEnides skilled in war."

And then the valiant Diomed replied : —

“ I know thee, goddess, daughter of great Jove
The Ægis-bearer ; therefore will I speak
Freely and keep back nothing. No base fear 1025
Unmans me, nor desire of ease ; but well
I bear in mind the mandate thou hast given.
Thou didst forbid me to contend with gods,
Except that if Jove’s daughter, Venus, joined
The battle, I might wound her with my spear. 1030
But now I have withdrawn, and given command
That all the Greeks come hither ; for I see
That Mars is in the field and leads the war.”

Again the blue-eyed Pallas, answering, said : —

“ Tydides Diomed, most dear of men, 1035
Nay, fear thou nothing from this Mars, nor yet
From any other of the gods ; for I
Will be thy sure defence. First urge thy course
Full against Mars, with thy firm-footed steeds.
Engage him hand to hand ; respect him not, — 1040
The fiery, frantic Mars, the unnatural plague
Of man, the fickle god, who promised me
And Juno, lately, to take part with us
Against the Trojans and befriend the Greeks.
Now he forgets, and joins the sons of Troy.” 1045

She spake, and laid her hand on Sthenelus,
To draw him from the horses ; instantly
He leaped to earth ; the indignant deity
Took by the side of Diomed her place ;
The beechen axle groaned beneath the weight 1050

Of that great goddess and that man of might.
Then Pallas seized the lash and caught the reins,
And, urging the firm-footed coursers, drave
Full against Mars, who at that moment slew
Huge Periphas, the mightiest one of all 1055
The Ætolian band, — Ochesius' famous son.
While bloody-handed Mars was busy yet
About the slain, Minerva hid her face
In Pluto's helmet, that the god might fail
To see her. As that curse of humankind 1060
Beheld the approach of noble Diomed,
He left the corpse of Periphas unspoiled
Where he had fallen, and where he breathed his
last,
And came in haste to meet the Grecian knight.
And now, when they were near, and face to face, 1065
Mars o'er the chariot-yoke and horses' reins
First hurled his brazen spear, in hope to take
His enemy's life ; but Pallas with her hand
Caught it and turned it, so that it flew by
And gave no wound. The valiant Diomed 1070
Made with his brazen spear the next assault,
And Pallas guided it to strike the waist
Where girded by the baldric. In that part
She wounded Mars, and tore the shining skin,
And drew the weapon back. The furious god 1075
Uttered a cry as of nine thousand men,
Or of ten thousand, rushing to the fight.
The Greeks and Trojans stood aghast with fear,

To hear that terrible cry of him whose thirst
Of bloodshed never is appeased by blood. 1080

As when, in time of heat, the air is filled
With a black shadow from the gathering clouds
And the strong-blowing wind, so furious Mars
Appeared to Diomed, as in a cloud
He rose to the broad heaven and to the home 1085
Of gods on high Olympus. Near to Jove
He took his seat in bitter grief, and showed
The immortal blood still dropping from his wound,
And thus, with wingèd words, complaining said : —

“ O Father Jupiter ! does not thy wrath 1090
Rise at these violent deeds ? ’T is ever thus
That we, the gods, must suffer grievously
From our own rivalry in favoring man ;
And yet the blame of all this strife is thine,
For thou hast a mad daughter, ever wrong, 1095
And ever bent on mischief. All the rest
Of the immortals dwelling on this mount
Obey thee and are subject to thy will.
Her only thou hast never yet restrained
By word or act, but dost indulge her freaks 1100
Because the pestilent creature is thy child.
And now she moves the insolent Diomed
To raise his hand against the immortal gods.
And first he wounded Venus in the wrist,
Contending hand to hand ; and then he sought 1105
To encounter me in arms, as if he were
The equal of a god. My own swift feet

Carried me thence, else might I long have lain,
In anguish, under heaps of carcasses,
Or helplessly been mangled by his sword." 1110

The Cloud-compeller, Jove, replied, and frowned :
" Come not to me, thou changeling, to complain.
Of all the gods upon the Olympian mount
I like thee least, who ever dost delight
In broils and wars and battles. Thou art like 1115
Thy mother Juno, headstrong and perverse.
Her I can scarcely rule by strict commands,
And what thou sufferest now, I deem, is due
To her bad counsels. Yet 't is not my will
That thou shouldst suffer longer, who dost share 1120
My lineage, whom thy mother bore to me.
But wert thou born, destroyer as thou art,
To any other god, thou hadst long since
Lain lower than the sons of Uranus."

So spake he, and to Pæon gave command 1125
To heal the wound ; and Pæon bathed the part
With pain-dispelling balsams, and it healed ;
For Mars was not to die. As, when the juice
Of figs is mingled with white milk and stirred,
The liquid gathers into clots while yet 1130
It whirls with the swift motion, so was healed
The wound of violent Mars. Then Hebe bathed
The god, and robed him richly, and he took
His seat, delighted, by Saturnian Jove.

Now, having forced the curse of nations, Mars, 1135
To pause from slaughter, Argive Juno came,

With Pallas, her invincible ally,
Back to the mansion of imperial Jove.

BOOK VI.

NOW from that stubborn conflict of the Greeks
And Trojans had the gods withdrawn. The
fight

Of men encountering men with brazen spears
Still raged from place to place upon the plain
Between the Xanthus and the Simoïs. 5

And first of all did Ajax Telamon,
The bulwark of the Achaïans, break the ranks
Of Troy and raise the hopes of those who fought
Beside him ; for he smote the bravest man
Of all the Thracian warriors, — Acamas, 10
Son of Eussorus, strong and large of limb.

His spear-head, through the plumed helmet's cone
Entering the forehead of the Thracian, pierced
The bone, and darkness gathered o'er his eyes.

The valiant Diomed slew Axylus, 15

The son of Teuthras. To the war he came
From nobly-built Arisba ; great his wealth,
And greatly was he loved, for courteously
He welcomed to his house beside the way
All comers. None of these could interpose 20
Between him and his death, for Diomed

Slew him and his attendant charioteer,
Calysius ; both went down below the earth.

And then Euryalus struck Dresus down,
And smote Opheltius, and went on to slay 25
Æsepus and his brother Pedasus ;—

A river-nymph, Abarbareïa, bore
Both children to Bucolion the renowned.

Bucolion was the eldest of the sons
Of great Laomedon. His mother reared 30

The boy in secret. While he fed his sheep,
He with the river-nymph was joined in love
And marriage, and she bore him twins ; and these,
Brave and of shapely limb, Mecisteus' son
Struck down, and from their shoulders tore the mail.

The warlike Polypoetes overthrew 36
Astyalus ; Ulysses smote to earth

Pidytes the Percosian with the spear,
And Teucer Aretaon, nobly born.

The glittering javelin of Antilochus, 40
The son of Nestor, laid Ablerus low ;

And Agamemnon, king of men, struck down
Elatus, who on lofty Pedasus

Dwelt, by the smoothly flowing Satnio's stream.

Brave Leïtus slew Phylacus in flight, 45
And by Eurypylus Melanthius fell.

Then valiant Menelaus took alive
Adrastus, whose two coursers, as they scoured
The plain in terror, struck against a branch
Of tamarisk, and, there entangled, snapped 50

The chariot pole, and, breaking from it, fled
 Whither were others fleeing. From the car
 Adrastus to the dust beside the wheel
 Fell, on his face. There, lifting his huge spear,
 Atrides Menelaus o'er him stood. 55

Adrastus clasped the warrior's knees and said : —

“O son of Atreus, take me prisoner,
 And thou shalt have large ransom. In the house
 Of my rich father ample treasures lie, —
 Brass, gold, and tempered steel, — and he shall send
 Gifts without end when he shall hear that I 61
 Am spared alive and in the Grecian fleet.”

He spake, and moved the conqueror, who now
 Was minded to give charge that one among
 His comrades to the Grecian fleet should lead 65
 The captive. Agamemnon came in haste,
 And, lifting up his voice, rebuked him thus : —

“O Menelaus, soft of heart, why thus
 Art thou concerned for men like these? In sooth,
 Great are the benefits thy household owes 70
 The Trojans. Nay, let none of them escape
 The doom of swift destruction by our hands.

.

He spake ; the timely admonition changed
 The purpose of his brother, who thrust back
 The suppliant hero with his hand ; and then
 King Agamemnon smote him through the loins,

And prone on earth he fell. Upon the breast 84
Of the slain man Atrides placed his heel,
And from the body drew the ashen spear.

Then Nestor to the Argives called aloud : —
“ Friends, Grecian heroes, ministers of Mars !
Let no man here through eagerness for spoil 85
Linger behind the rest, that he may bear
Much plunder to the ships ; but let us first
Strike down our enemies, and afterward
At leisure strip the bodies of the dead.”

Thus speaking, he revived in every breast 90
Courage and zeal. Then had the men of Troy
Sought refuge from the Greeks within their walls,
O’ercome by abject fear, if Helenus,
The son of Priam, and of highest note
Among the augurs, had not made his way 95
To Hector and Æneas, speaking thus : —

“ O Hector and Æneas, since on you
Is laid the mighty labor to command
The Trojans and the Lycians, — for the first
Are ye in battle, and in council first, — 100
Here make your stand, and haste from side to side,
Rallying your scattered ranks, lest they betake
Themselves to flight, and, rushing to their wives,
Become the scorn and laughter of the foe.
And then, so soon as ye shall have revived 105
The courage of your men, we here will bide
The conflict with the Greeks, though closely pressed ;
For so we must. But, Hector, thou depart

To Troy and seek the mother of us both,
And bid her call the honored Trojan dames 110
To where the blue-eyed Pallas has her fane,
In the high citadel, and with a key
Open the hallowed doors, and let her bring
What she shall deem the fairest of the robes,
And amplest, in her palace, and the one 115
She prizes most, and lay it on the knees
Of the bright-haired Minerva. Let her make
A vow to offer to the goddess there
Twelve yearling heifers that have never borne
The yoke, if she in mercy will regard 120
The city, and the wives and little ones
Of its defenders ; if she will protect
Our sacred Ilium from the ruthless son
Of Tydeus, from whose valor armies flee,
And whom I deem the bravest of the Greeks. 125
For not so greatly have we held in dread
Achilles, the great leader, whom they call
The goddess-born ; but terrible in wrath
Is Diomed, nor hath his peer in might."

He spake, and Hector of his brother's words 130
Was not unmindful. Instantly he leaped,
Armed, from his chariot, shaking his sharp spears ;
And everywhere among the host he went,
Exhorting them to combat manfully ;
And thus he kindled the fierce fight anew. 135
They, turning from the flight, withstood the Greeks.
The Greeks fell back and ceased to slay ; they

That one of the immortals had come down
From out the starry heaven to help the men
Of Troy, so suddenly they turned and fought. 140
Then Hector to the Trojans called aloud : —

“ O valiant sons of Troy, and ye allies
Summoned from far ! Be men, my friends ; call back
Your wonted valor, while I go to Troy
To ask the aged men, our counsellors, 145
And all our wives, to come before the gods
And pray and offer vows of sacrifice.”

So the plumed Hector spake, and then withdrew,
While the black fell that edged his bossy shield
Struck on his neck and ankles as he went. 150

Now came into the midst between the hosts
Glaucus, the offspring of Hippolochus,
And met the son of Tydeus, — both intent
On combat. But when now the twain were near,
And ready to engage, brave Diomed 155
Spake first, and thus addressed his enemy : —

“ Who mayst thou be, of mortal men ? Most brave
Art thou, yet never in the glorious fight
Have I beheld thee. Thou surpassest now
All others in thy daring, since thou com'st 160
Within the reach of my long spear. The sons
Of most unhappy men are they who meet
My arm ; but — if thou comest from above,
A god — I war not with the gods of heaven ;
For even brave Lycurgus lived not long, 165
The son of Dryas, who engaged in strife

With the celestial gods. He once pursued
 The nurses of the frantic Bacchus through
 The hallowed ground of Nyssa. All at once
 They flung to earth their sacred implements, 170
 Lycurgus the man-slayer beating them
 With an ox-driver's goad. Then Bacchus fled
 And plunged into the sea, where Thetis hid
 The trembler in her bosom, for he shook
 With panic at the hero's angry threats. 175
 Thenceforward were the blessed deities
 Wroth with Lycurgus. Him did Saturn's son
 Strike blind, and after that he lived not long,
 For he was held in hate by all the gods.
 So will I never with the gods contend. 180
 But if thou be indeed of mortal race,
 And nourished by the fruits of earth, draw near ;
 And quickly shalt thou pass the gates of death."

Hippolochus's son, the far-renowned,
 Made answer thus : " O large-souled Diomed, 185
 Why ask my lineage ? Like the race of leaves
 Is that of humankind. Upon the ground
 The winds strew one year's leaves ; the sprouting
 grove

Puts forth another brood, that shoot and grow
 In the spring season. So it is with man : 190
 One generation grows while one decays.
 Yet since thou takest heed of things like these,
 And askest whence I sprang, — although to most
 My birth is not unknown, — there is a town

Lapped in the pasture-grounds where graze the
steeds

105

Of Argos, Ephyra by name, and there
Dwelt Sisyphus Æolides, most shrewd
Of men ; his son was Glaucus, and the son
Of Glaucus was the good Bellerophon,
To whom the gods gave beauty and the grace 200
Of winning manners. Prætus sought his death
And banished him, for Prætus was the chief
Among the Argives ; Jupiter had made
That people subject to his rule. The wife
Of Prætus, nobly-born Anteia, sought 205
With passionate desire his secret love,
But failed to entice, with all her blandishments,
The virtuous and discreet Bellerophon.
Therefore went she to Prætus with a lie, —
“ ‘ Die, Prætus, thou, or put Bellerophon 210
To death, for he has offered force to me.’

“The monarch hearkened, and was moved to
wrath ;

And then he would not slay him, for his soul
Revolted at the deed ; he sent him thence
To Lycia, with a fatal tablet, sealed, 215
With things of deadly import writ therein,
Meant for Anteia’s father, in whose hand
Bellerophon must place it, and be made
To perish. So at Lycia he arrived
Under the favoring guidance of the gods ; 220
And when he came where Lycian Xanthus flows,

The king of that broad realm received his guest
With hospitable welcome, feasting him
Nine days, and offering up in sacrifice
Nine oxen. But when rosy-fingered Morn 225
Appeared for the tenth time, he questioned him
And bade him show the token he had brought
From Prætus. When the monarch had beheld
The fatal tablet from his son-in-law,
The first command he gave him was, to slay 230
Heaven-born Chimæra, the invincible.
No human form was hers : a lion she
In front, a dragon in the hinder parts,
And in the midst a goat, and terribly
Her nostrils breathed a fierce, consuming flame ; 235
Yet, trusting in the portents of the gods,
He slew her. Then it was his second task
To combat with the illustrious Solymi, —
The hardest battle he had ever fought —
So he declared — with men ; and then he slew —
His third exploit — the man-like Amazons. 242
Then he returned to Lycia ; on his way
The monarch laid a treacherous snare. He chose
From his wide Lycian realm the bravest men
To lie in ambush for him. Never one 245
Of these came home again, — Bellerophon
The matchless slew them all. And when the king
Saw that he was the offspring of a god,
He kept him near him, giving him to wife
His daughter, and dividing with him all 250

His kingly honors, while the Lycians set
Their richest fields apart — a goodly spot,
Ploughlands and vineyards — for the prince to till.
And she who now became his wife brought forth
Three children to the sage Bellerophon, — 255
Isandrus and Hippolochus ; and, last,
Laodameia, who in secret bore
To all-providing Jupiter a son, —
Godlike Sarpedon, eminent in arms.
But when Bellerophon upon himself 260
Had drawn the anger of the gods, he roamed
The Alcian fields alone, a prey to thoughts
That wasted him, and shunning every haunt
Of humankind. The god whose lust of strife
Is never sated, Mars, cut off his son 265
Isandrus, warring with the illustrious race
Of Solymi ; and Dian, she who guides
Her car with golden reins, in anger slew
His daughter. I am of Hippolochus ;
From him I claim my birth. He sent me forth 270
To Troy with many counsels and commands,
Ever to bear myself like a brave man,
And labor to excel, and never bring
Dishonor on the stock from which I sprang, —
The bravest stock by far in Ephyra 275
And the wide realm of Lycia. 'T is my boast
To be of such a race and such a blood."

He spake. The warlike Diomed was glad,
And, planting in the foodful earth his spear,

Addressed the people's shepherd blandly thus :—

“ Most surely thou art my ancestral guest ; 281
 For noble CENEUS once within his halls
 Received the blameless chief Bellerophon,
 And kept him twenty days, and they bestowed
 Gifts on each other, such as host and guest 285
 Exchange ; a purple baldric CENEUS gave
 Of dazzling color, and Bellerophon
 A double golden goblet ; this I left
 Within my palace when I came to Troy.
 Of TYDEUS I remember nothing, since 290
 He left me, yet a little child, and went
 To Thebes, where perished such a host of Greeks.
 Henceforward I will be thy host and friend
 In Argos ; thou shalt be the same to me
 In Lycia when I visit Lycia's towns ; 295
 And let us in the tumult of the fray
 Avoid each other's spears, for there will be
 Of Trojans and of their renowned allies
 Enough for me to slay whene'er a god
 Shall bring them in my way. In turn for thee 300
 Are many Greeks to smite whomever thou
 Canst overcome. Let us exchange our arms,
 That even these may see that thou and I
 Regard each other as ancestral guests.”

Thus having said, and leaping from their cars, 305
 They clasped each other's hands and pledged their
 faith.

Then did the son of Saturn take away

The judging mind of Glaucus, when he gave
 His arms of gold away for arms of brass
 Worn by Tydides Diomed, — the worth 310
 Of fivescore oxen for the worth of nine.

And now had Hector reached the Scæan gates
 And beechen tree. Around him flocked the wives
 And daughters of the Trojans eagerly ;
 Tidings of sons and brothers they required, 315
 And friends and husbands. He admonished all
 Duly to importune the gods in prayer,
 For woe, he said, was near to many a one.

And then he came to Priam's noble hall, —
 A palace built with graceful porticos, 320
 And fifty chambers near each other, walled
 With polished stone, the rooms of Priam's sons
 And of their wives ; and opposite to these
 Twelve chambers for his daughters, also near
 Each other ; and, with polished marble walls, 325
 The sleeping-rooms of Priam's sons-in-law
 And their unblemished consorts. There he met
 His gentle mother on her way to seek
 Her fairest child, Laodice. She took 329
 His hand and held it fast, while thus she spake : —

“ Why art thou come, my child, and why hast left
 The raging fight ? Full hard these hateful Greeks
 Press us, in fighting round the city-walls.
 Thy heart, I know, hath moved thee to repair
 To our high citadel, and lift thy hands 335
 In prayer to Jupiter. But stay thou here

Till I bring pleasant wine, that thou mayst pour
A part to Jove and to the other gods,
And drink and be refreshed ; for wine restores
Strength to the weary, and I know that thou 340
Art weary, fighting for thy countrymen."

Great Hector of the crested helm replied : —
" My honored mother, bring not pleasant wine,
Lest that unman me, and my wonted might
And valor leave me. I should fear to pour 345
Dark wine to Jupiter with hands unwashed.
Nor is it fitting that a man like me,
Defiled with blood and battle-dust, should make
Vows to the cloud-compeller, Saturn's son.
But thou, with incense, seek the temple reared 350
To Pallas the despoiler, — calling first
Our honored dames together. Take with thee
What thou shalt deem the fairest of the robes,
And amplest, in thy palace, and the one
Thou prizest most, and lay it on the knees 355
Of the bright-haired Minerva. Make a vow
To offer to the goddess in her fane
Twelve yearling heifers that have never borne
The yoke, if she in mercy will regard
The city, and the wives and little ones 360
Of its defenders ; if she will protect
Our sacred Ilium from the ruthless son
Of Tydeus, from whose valor armies flee.
So to the shrine of Pallas, warrior-queen,
Do thou repair, while I depart to seek 365

Paris, if he will listen to my voice.

Would that the earth might open where he stands,
And swallow him ! Olympian Jupiter

Reared him to be the bane of all who dwell
In Troy, to large-souled Priam and his sons. 370
Could I behold him sinking to the shades,
My heart would lose its sense of bitter woe."

He spake. His mother, turning homeward, gave
Charge to her handmaids, who through all the town
Passed, summoning the matrons, while the queen 375
Descended to her chamber, where the air
Was sweet with perfumes, and in which were laid
Her rich embroidered robes, the handiwork
Of Sidon's damsels, whom her son had brought —
The godlike Alexander — from the coast 380
Of Sidon, when across the mighty deep
He sailed and brought the high-born Helen thence.
One robe, most beautiful of all, she chose,
To bring to Pallas, ampler than the rest,
And many-hued ; it glistened like a star, 385
And lay beneath them all. Then hastily
She left the chamber with the matron train.

They reached Minerva's temple, and its gates
Were opened by Theano, rosy-cheeked,
The knight Antenor's wife and Cisseus' child, 390
Made priestess to the goddess by the sons
Of Troy. Then all the matrons lifted up
Their voices and stretched forth their suppliant hands
To Pallas, while the fair Theano took

The robe and spread its folds upon the lap 395
Of fair-haired Pallas, and with solemn vows
Prayed to the daughter of imperial Jove : —

“ O venerated Pallas, Guardian-Power
Of Troy, great goddess ! shatter thou the lance
Of Diomed, and let him fall in death 400
Before the Scæan gates, that we forthwith
May offer to thee in thy temple here
Twelve yearling heifers that have never worn
The yoke, if thou wilt pity us and spare
The wives of Trojans and their little ones.” 405

So spake she, supplicating ; but her prayer
Minerva answered not ; and while they made
Vows to the daughter of Almighty Jove,
Hector was hastening to the sumptuous home
Of Alexander. which that prince had built 410
With aid of the most cunning architects
In Troy the fruitful, by whose hands were made
The bed-chamber and hall and ante-room.
There entered Hector, dear to Jove ; he bore
In hand a spear eleven cubits long : 415
The brazen spear-head glittered brightly, bound
With a gold circle. In his room he there
Found Paris, busied with his shining arms, —
Corselet and shield ; he tried his curvèd bow ;
While Argive Helen with the attendant maids 420
Was sitting, and appointed each a task.
Hector beheld, and chid him sharply thus : —

“ Strange man ! a fitting time indeed is this,

To indulge thy sullen humor, while in fight
Around our lofty walls the men of Troy 425
Are perishing, and for thy sake the war
Is fiercely blazing all around our town.
Thou wouldst thyself reprove him, shouldst thou see
Another warrior as remiss as thou
In time of battle. Rouse thee, then, and act, 430
Lest we behold our city all in flames."

Then answered Paris of the godlike form : —
"Hector ! although thou justly chidest me,
And not beyond my due, yet let me speak.
Attend and hearken. Not in sullenness, 435
Nor angry with the Trojans, sat I here
Within my chamber, but that I might give
A loose to sorrow. Even now my wife
With gentle speeches has besought of me
That I return to battle ; and to me 440
That seems the best, for oft doth victory
Change sides in war. Remain thou yet awhile,
Till I put on my armor ; or go thou,
And I shall follow and rejoin thee soon."

He ended. Hector of the beamy helm 445
Heard him, and answered not ; but Helen spake,
And thus with soothing words addressed the chief : —

"Brother-in-law, — for such thou art, though I
Am lost to shame, and cause of many ills, —
Would that some violent blast when I was born 450
Had whirled me to the mountain wilds, or waves
Of the hoarse sea, that they might swallow me,

Ere deeds like these were done! But since the gods
 Have thus decreed, why was I not the wife
 Of one who bears a braver heart and feels 455
 Keenly the anger and reproach of men?
 For Paris hath not, and will never have,
 A resolute mind, and must abide the effect
 Of his own folly. Enter thou meanwhile,
 My brother; seat thee here, for heavily 460
 Must press on thee the labors thou dost bear
 For one so vile as I, and for the sake
 Of guilty Paris. An unhappy lot,
 By Jupiter's appointment, waits us both, —
 A theme of song for men in time to come." 465

Great Hector of the beamy helm replied : —
 "Nay, Helen, ask me not to sit; thy speech
 Is courteous, but persuades me not. My mind
 Is troubled for the Trojans, to whose aid
 I hasten, for they miss me even now. 470
 But thou exhort this man, and bid him haste
 To overtake me ere I leave the town.
 I go to my own mansion first, to meet
 My household, — my dear wife and little child;
 Nor know I whether I may come once more 475
 To them, or whether the great gods ordain
 That I must perish by the hands of Greeks."

So spake the plumèd Hector, and withdrew,
 And reached his pleasant palace, but found not
 White-armed Andromache within, for she 480
 Was in the tower, beside her little son

And well-robed nurse, and sorrowed, shedding tears
And Hector, seeing that his blameless wife
Was not within, came forth again, and stood
Upon the threshold questioning the maids. 485

“ I pray you, damsels, tell me whither went
White-armed Andromache ? Has she gone forth
To seek my sisters, or those stately dames,
My brothers’ wives ? Or haply has she sought
The temple of Minerva, where are met 495
The other bright-haired matrons of the town
To supplicate the dreaded deity ? ”

Then said the diligent housewife in reply : —
“ Since thou wilt have the truth, — thy wife is gone
Not to thy sisters, nor those stately dames, 495
Thy brothers’ wives ; nor went she forth to join
The other bright-haired matrons of the town,
Where in Minerva’s temple they are met
To supplicate the dreaded deity
But to the lofty tower of Troy she went 500
When it was told her that the Trojan troops
Lost heart, and that the valor of the Greeks
Prevailed. She now is hurrying toward the walls,
Like one distracted, with her son and nurse.”

So spake the matron. Hector left in haste 505
The mansion, and retraced his way between
The rows of stately dwellings, traversing
The mighty city. When at length he reached
The Scæan gates, that issue on the field,
His spouse, the nobly-dowered Andromache. 510

Came forth to meet him, — daughter of the prince
Eëtion, who, among the woody slopes
Of Placos, in the Hypoplacian town
Of Thebè, ruled Cilicia and her sons,
And gave his child to Hector great in arms. 515
She came attended by a maid, who bore
A tender child — a babe too young to speak —
Upon her bosom, — Hector's only son,
Beautiful as a star, whom Hector called
Scamandrius, but all else Astyanax, — 520
The city's lord, — since Hector stood the sole
Defence of Troy. The father on his child
Looked with a silent smile. Andromache
Pressed to his side meanwhile, and, all in tears,
Clung to his hand, and, thus beginning, said : — 525

“ Too brave ! thy valor yet will cause thy death.
Thou hast no pity on thy tender child,
Nor me, unhappy one, who soon must be
Thy widow. All the Greeks will rush on thee
To take thy life. A happier lot were mine, 530
If I must lose thee, to go down to earth,
For I shall have no hope when thou art gone, —
Nothing but sorrow. Father have I none,
And no dear mother. Great Achilles slew
My father when he sacked the populous town 535
Of the Cilicians, — Thebè with high gates.
’T was there he smote Eëtion, yet forbore
To make his arms a spoil ; he dared not that,
But burned the dead with his bright armor on,

And raised a mound above him. Mountain-nymphs,
Daughters of ægis-bearing Jupiter, 541
Came to the spot and planted it with elms.
Seven brothers had I in my father's house,
And all went down to Hades in one day.
Achilles the swift-footed slew them all 545
Among their slow-paced bullocks and white sheep.
My mother, princess on the woody slopes
Of Placos, with his spoils he bore away,
And only for large ransom gave her back.
But her Diana, archer-queen, struck down 550
Within her father's palace. Hector, thou
Art father and dear mother now to me,
And brother and my youthful spouse besides.
In pity keep within the fortress here,
Nor make thy child an orphan nor thy wife 555
A widow. Post thine army near the place
Of the wild fig-tree, where the city-walls
Are low and may be scaled. Thrice in the war
The boldest of the foe have tried the spot, —
The Ajaces and the famed Idomeneus, 560
The two chiefs born to Atreus, and the brave
Tydides, whether counselled by some seer
Or prompted to the attempt by their own minds."

Then answered Hector, great in war : " All this
I bear in mind, dear wife ; but I should stand 565
Ashamed before the men and long-robed dames
Of Troy, were I to keep aloof and shun
The conflict, coward-like. Not thus my heart

Prompts me, for greatly have I learned to dare
And strike among the foremost sons of Troy, 570
Upholding my great father's fame and mine ;
Yet well in my undoubting mind I know
The day shall come in which our sacred Troy,
And Priam, and the people over whom
Spear-bearing Priam rules, shall perish all. 575
But not the sorrows of the Trojan race,
Nor those of Hecuba herself, nor those
Of royal Priam, nor the woes that wait
My brothers many and brave, — who all at last,
Slain by the pitiless foe, shall lie in dust, — 580
Grieve me so much as thine, when some mailed Greek
Shall lead thee weeping hence, and take from thee
Thy day of freedom. Thou in Argos then
Shalt, at another's bidding, ply the loom,
And from the fountain of Messeis draw 585
Water, or from the Hypereian spring,
Constrained unwilling by thy cruel lot.
And then shall some one say who sees thee weep,
' This was the wife of Hector, most renowned
Of the horse-taming Trojans, when they fought 590
Around their city.' So shall some one say,
And thou shalt grieve the more, lamenting him
Who haply might have kept afar the day
Of thy captivity. O, let the earth
Be heaped above my head in death before 595
I hear thy cries as thou art borne away ! ”

So speaking, mighty Hector stretched his arms

To take the boy ; the boy shrank crying back
To his fair nurse's bosom, scared to see
His father helmeted in glittering brass, 600
And eying with affright the horse-hair plume
That grimly nodded from the lofty crest.
At this both parents in their fondness laughed ;
And hastily the mighty Hector took
The helmet from his brow and laid it down 605
Gleaming upon the ground, and, having kissed
His darling son and tossed him up in play,
Prayed thus to Jove and all the gods of heaven : —

“ O Jupiter and all ye deities,
Vouchsafe that this my son may yet become 610
Among the Trojans eminent like me,
And nobly rule in Ilium. May they say,
' This man is greater than his father was !'
When they behold him from the battle-field
Bring back the bloody spoil of the slain foe, — 615
That so his mother may be glad at heart.”

So speaking, to the arms of his dear spouse
He gave the boy ; she on her fragrant breast
Received him, weeping as she smiled. The chief
Beheld, and, moved with tender pity, smoothed 620
Her forehead gently with his hand and said : —

“ Sorrow not thus, beloved one, for me.
No living man can send me to the shades
Before my time ; no man of woman born,
Coward or brave, can shun his destiny. 624
But go thou home, and tend thy labors there, —

The web, the distaff, — and command thy maids
To speed the work. The cares of war pertain
To all men born in Troy, and most to me.”

Thus speaking, mighty Hector took again 63c
His helmet, shadowed with the horse-hair plume,
While homeward his beloved consort went,
Oft looking back, and shedding many tears.
Soon was she in the spacious palace-halls
Of the man-queller Hector. There she found 63s
A troop of maidens, — with them all she shared
Her grief; and all in his own house bewailed
The living Hector, whom they thought no more
To see returning from the battle-field,
Safe from the rage and weapons of the Greeks. 64o

Nor waited Paris in his lofty halls,
But when he had put on his glorious arms,
Glittering with brass, he traversed with quick steps
The city; and as when some courser, fed
With barley in the stall, and wont to bathe 64s
In some smooth-flowing river, having snapped
His halter, gayly scampers o’er the plain,
And in the pride of beauty bears aloft
His head, and gives his tossing mane to stream
Upon his shoulders, while his flying feet 65c
Bear him to where the mares are wont to graze, —
So came the son of Priam — Paris — down
From lofty Pergamus in glittering arms,
And, glorious as the sun, held on his way
Exulting and with rapid feet. He found 65s

His noble brother Hector as he turned
 To leave the place in which his wife and he
 Had talked together. Alexander then —
 Of godlike form — addressed his brother thus : —

“ My elder brother ! I have kept thee here 664
 Waiting, I fear, for me, though much in haste,
 And came less quickly than thou didst desire.”

And Hector of the plumèd helm replied : —
 “ Strange being, no man justly can dispraise
 Thy martial deeds, for thou art truly brave. 665
 But oft art thou remiss and wilt not join
 The combat. I am sad at heart to hear
 The Trojans — they who suffer for thy sake
 A thousand hardships — speak so ill of thee.
 Yet let us go : we will confer of this 670
 Another time, if Jove should e’er vouchsafe
 That to the immortal gods of heaven we pour
 In our own halls the cup of liberty
 When we have chased the well-armed Greeks from
 Troy.”

BOOK VII.

THE illustrious Hector spake, and rapidly
 Passed through the gate, and with him issued
 forth

His brother Alexander, — eager, both,
 For war and combat. As when God bestows,

To glad the long-expecting mariners, 5
A favorable wind while wearily
They beat the ocean with their polished oars,
Their arms all nerveless with their length of toil,—
Such to the expecting Trojans was the sight
Of the two chiefs. First Alexander slew 10
Menesthius, who in Arnè had his home,
A son of Areïthoüs the king.
Large-eyed Philomedusa brought him forth
To the mace-bearer Areïthoüs.
And Hector smote Eïoneus, the spear 15
Piercing his neck beneath the brazen casque,
And straightway he dropped lifeless. Glaucus then—
Son of Hippolochus, and chief among
The Lycians—in that fiery onset slew
Iphinoüs, son of Dexius, with his spear. 20
It pierced the warrior's shoulder as he sprang
To mount his rapid car, and from the place
He fell to earth, his limbs relaxed in death
Now when Minerva of the azure eyes
Beheld them in the furious combat thus 25
Wasting the Grecian host, she left the peaks
Of high Olympus, and came down in haste
To sacred Ilium. Straight Apollo flew
To meet her, for he marked from Pergamus
Her coming, and he greatly longed to give 30
The victory to the Trojans. As they met
Beside the beechen tree, the son of Jove,
The king Apollo, spake to Pallas thus :—

“ Why hast thou, daughter of imperial Jove,
Thus left Olympus in thine eager haste ? 35
Seek'st thou to turn in favor of the Greeks
War's wavering chances ? — for I know too well
Thou hast no pity when the men of Troy
Are perishing. But, if thou wilt give ear
To me, I shall propose a better way. 40
Cause we the conflict for this day to cease,
And be it afterward renewed until
An end be made of Troy, since it hath pleased
You, goddesses, to lay the city waste.”

And blue-eyed Pallas answered : “ Be it so, 45
O mighty Archer. With a like intent
I left Olympus for this battle-field
Of Greeks and Trojans. But by what device
Think'st thou to bring the combat to a pause ? ”

Then spake the king Apollo, son of Jove, 50
In turn to Pallas : “ Let us seek to rouse
The fiery spirit of the Trojan knight
Hector, that he may challenge in the field
Some Greek to meet him, singly and alone,
In mortal combat. Then the well-armed Greeks, 55
Stung by the bold defiance, will send forth
A champion against Priam's noble son.”

He spake. The blue-eyed goddess gave assent :
And straightway Helenus, beloved son
Of Priam, in his secret mind perceived 60
The purpose of the gods consulting thus,
And came and stood by Hector's side and said : —

“ O Hector, son of Priam, and like Jove
In council, wilt thou hearken to my words
Who am thy brother? Cause the Trojans all 65
And all the Greeks to sit, while thou shalt stand
Proclaiming challenge to the bravest man
Among the Achaians to contend with thee
In mortal combat. It is not thy fate
To fall and perish yet, for thus have said 70
The ever-living gods, whose voice I heard.”

He spake ; and Hector, hearing him, rejoiced,
And went between the hosts. He bore his spear,
Holding it in the middle, and pressed back
The ranks of Trojans, and they all sat down. 75
And Agamemnon caused the well-armed Greeks
To sit down also. Meantime Pallas sat,
With Phœbus of the silver bow, in shape
Like vultures, on the boughs of the tall beech, —
The tree of Father Jupiter who bears 80
The ægis, — and they looked with great delight
Upon the array of warriors in thick rows,
Horrid with shields and helms and bristling spears.
As when the west wind, rising fresh, breathes o’er
The deep, and darkens all its face with waves, 85
So seemed the Greeks and Trojans as they sat
In ranks upon the field, while Hector stood
Between the armies and bespake them thus : —

“ Ye Trojans, and ye well-armed Greeks, give ear
To what my spirit bids me speak. The son 90
Of Saturn, throned on high, hath not vouchsafed

To ratify the treaty we have made,
But meditates new miseries for us both,
Till ye possess the towery city of Troy,
Or, vanquished, yield yourselves beside the barks 95
That brought you o'er the sea. With you are found
The bravest sons of Greece. If one of these
Is moved to encounter me, let him stand forth
And fight with noble Hector. I propose,
And call on Jove to witness, that if he 100
Shall slay me with the long blade of his spear,
My arms are his to spoil and to bestow
Among the hollow ships ; but he must send
My body home, that there the sons of Troy
And Trojan dames may burn it on the pyre. 105
But if I take his life, and Phœbus crown
My combat with that glory, I will strip
His armor off and carry it away
To hallowed Ilium, there to hang it high
Within the temple of the archer-god 110
Apollo ; but his body I will send
Back to the well-oared ships, that on the beach
The long-haired Greeks may hold his funeral rites,
And rear his tomb by the wide Hellespont.
And then, in time to come, shall some one say, 115
Sailing in his good ship the dark-blue deep,
' This is the sepulchre of one who died
Long since, and whom, though fighting gallantly,
Illustrious Hector slew.' So shall he say
Hereafter, and my fame shall never die." 120

He spake ; but utter silence held them all, —
Ashamed to shun the encounter, yet afraid
To meet it, — till at length, with heavy heart,
Rose Menelaus from his seat, and thus
Bespake the army with reproachful words : — 125

“ O boastful ones, no longer to be called
Greek warriors, but Greek women ! a disgrace
Grievous beyond all others will be ours,
If none be found in all the Achaian host
To meet this Hector. May you, every one, 130
There where ye now are sitting, turn to earth
And water, craven as ye are, and lost
To sense of glory ! I will arm myself
For this encounter. With the immortal gods
Alone it rests to give the victory.” 135

He spake, and put his glorious armor on.
Then, Menelaus, had the Trojan's hand
Ended thy life, for he was mightier far
Than thou, had not the Achaian kings at once
Uprisen to hold thee back, while Atreus' son, 140
Wide-ruling Agamemnon, took thy hand
In his, and made thee listen while he spake : —

“ Sure, noble Menelaus, thou art mad.
Such frenzied daring suits not with the time.
Restrain thyself, though thou hast cause for wrath ;
Nor in thy pride of courage meet in arms 145
One so much mightier, — Hector, Priam's son,
Whom every other chief regards with fear,
Whom even Achilles, braver far than thou,

Dreads to encounter in the glorious fight. 151
Withdraw, then, to thy comrades, and sit down.
The Greeks will send some other champion forth
Against him ; and though fearless, and athirst
For combat, he, I deem, will gladly bend
His weary knees to rest should he escape 155
From that fierce conflict in the lists alive."

With words like these the Grecian hero changed
The purpose of his brother, who obeyed
The prudent counsel ; and with great delight
The attendants stripped the armor from his breast.
Then Nestor rose amid the Greeks and said : — 161

" Ye gods ! a great calamity hath fallen
Upon Achaia. How the aged chief
Peleus, the illustrious counsellor and sage,
Who rules the Myrmidons, will now lament ! — 165
He who once gladly in his palace-home
Inquired of me the race and pedigree
Of the Greek warriors. Were he but to know
That all of them are basely cowering now
In Hector's presence, how would he uplift 170
His hands and pray the gods that from his limbs
The parted soul might pass to the abode
Of Pluto ! Would to Father Jupiter
And Pallas and Apollo that again
I were as young as when the Pylian host 175
And the Arcadians, mighty with the spear,
Fought on the banks of rapid Celadon
And near to Phæa and Iardan's streams.

There godlike Ereuthalion stood among
Our foremost foes, and on his shoulders bore 182
The armor of King Areïthoüs, —
The noble Areïthoüs, whom men
And graceful women called the Mace-bearer ;
For not with bow he fought, nor ponderous lance,
But broke the phalanxes with iron mace. 185
Lycurgus slew him, but by stratagem,
And not by strength ; he from a narrow way,
Where was no room to wield the iron mace,
Through Areïthoüs thrust the spear : he fell
Backward ; the victor took his arms, which Mars 190
The war-god gave, and which in after-time
Lycurgus wore on many a battle-field.
And when within his palace he grew old,
He gave them to be worn by one he loved, —
To Ereuthalion, who attended him 195
In battle, and who, wearing them, defied
The bravest of our host. All trembled ; all
Held back in fear, nor dared encounter him.
But me a daring trust in my own strength
Impelled to meet him. I was youngest then 200
Of all the chiefs ; I fought, and Pallas gave
The victory over him, and thus I slew
The hugest and most strong of men ; he lay
Extended in vast bulk upon the ground.
Would I were young as then, my frame unworn 205
By years ! and Hector of the beamy helm
Should meet an adversary soon ; but now

No one of all the chieftains here, renowned
To be the bravest of the Achaian race,
Hastens to meet in arms the Trojan chief." 210

Thus with upbraiding words the old man spake ;
And straight arose nine warriors from their seats.
The first was Agamemnon, king of men ;
The second, brave Tydides Diomed ;
And then the chieftains Ajax, bold and strong ; 215
And then Idomeneus, with whom arose
Meriones, his armor-bearer, great
As Mars himself in battle. After them,
Eurypylus, Evæmon's valiant son,
And Thoas, offspring of Andraemon, rose, 220
And the divine Ulysses, — claiming all
To encounter noble Hector in the lists.
But then spake Nestor the Gerenian knight : —

"Now let us cast the lot for all, and see
To whom it falls ; for greatly will he aid 225
The nobly-armed Achaians, and as great
Will be his share of honor should he come
Alive from the hard trial of the fight."

Then each one marked his lot, and all were cast
Into the helm of Agamemnon, son 230
Of Atreus. All the people lifted up
Their hands in prayer to the ever-living gods,
And turned their eyes to the broad heaven, and said :

"Grant, Father Jove, that Ajax, or the son
Of Tydeus, or the monarch who bears rule 235
In rich Mycenæ may obtain the lot."

Such was their prayer, while the Gerenian knight,
Old Nestor, shook the lots ; and from the helm
Leaped forth the lot of Ajax, as they wished.

A herald took it, and from right to left 240

Bore it through all the assembly, showing it

To all the leaders of the Greeks. No one

Knew it, and all disclaimed it. When at last,

Carried through all the multitude, it came

To Ajax the renowned, who had inscribed 245

And laid it in the helmet, he stretched forth

His hand, while at his side the herald stood,

And took and looked upon it, knew his sign,

And gloried as he looked, and cast it down

Upon the ground before his feet, and said : — 250

“O friends ! the lot is mine, and I rejoice

Heartily, for I think to overcome

The noble Hector. Now, while I put on

My armor for the fight, pray ye to Jove,

The mighty son of Saturn, silently, 255

Unheard by them of Troy, or else aloud,

Since we fear no one. None by strength of arm

Shall vanquish me, or find me inexpert

In battle, nor was I to that degree

Ill-trained in Salamis, where I was born.” 260

He spake ; and they to Saturn’s monarch-son

Prayed, looking up to the broad heaven, and said : —

“O Father Jove ! most mighty, most august !

Who rulest from the Idæan mount, vouchsafe

That Ajax bear away the victory 265

And everlasting honor ; but if thou
 Dost cherish Hector and protect his life,
 Give equal strength to both, and equal fame."

Such were their words, while Ajax armed himself
 In glittering brass ; and, when about his limbs 270
 The mail was buckled, forward rushed the chief.
 As moves the mighty Mars to war among
 The heroes whom the son of Saturn sends
 To struggle on the field in murderous strife,
 So the great Ajax, bulwark of the Greeks, 275
 With a grim smile came forward, and with strides
 Firm-set and long, and shook his ponderous spear.
 The Greeks exulted at the sight ; dismay
 Seized every Trojan : even Hector's heart
 Quailed in his bosom ; yet he might not now 280
 Withdraw through fear, nor seek to hide among
 The throng of people, since himself had given
 The challenge. Ajax, drawing near, upheld
 A buckler like a rampart, bright with brass,
 And strong with ox-hides seven. The cunning hand
 Of Tychius, skilled beyond all other men 286
 In leather-work, had wrought it at his home
 In Hyla. He for Ajax framed the shield
 With hides of pampered bullocks in seven folds,
 And an eighth fold of brass, — the outside fold. 290
 This Telamonian Ajax held before
 His breast, as he approached, and threatening
 said : —

"Now shalt thou, Hector, singly matched with me,

Learn by what chiefs the Achaian host is led
 Besides Achilles, mighty though he be 295
 To break through squadrons, and of lion-heart
 Still in the beakèd ships in which he crossed
 The sea he cherishes his wrath against
 The shepherd of the people, — Atreus' son.
 But we have those that dare defy thee yet, 300
 And they are many. Let the fight begin."

Then answered Hector of the plumèd helm : —
 "O high-born Ajax, son of Telamon,
 And prince among thy people, think thou not
 To treat me like a stripling weak of arm, 305
 Or woman all untrained to tasks of war.
 I know what battles are and bloody frays,
 And how to shift to right and left the shield
 Of seasoned hide, and, unfatigued, maintain
 The combat ; how on foot to charge the foe 310
 With steps that move to martial airs, and how
 To leap into the chariot and pursue
 The war with rushing steeds. Yet not by stealth
 Seek I to smite thee, valiant as thou art,
 But in fair open battle, if I may." 315

He spake, and, brandishing his ponderous lance,
 Hurlèd it ; and on the outer plate of brass,
 Which covered the seven bullock-hides, it struck
 The shield of Ajax. Through the brass and through
 Six folds of hides the irresistible spear 320
 Cut its swift way, and at the seventh was stopped.
 Then high-born Ajax cast his massive spear

In turn, and drove it through the fair, round shield
Of Priam's son. Through that bright buckler went
The rapid weapon, pierced the well-wrought mail, 325
And tore the linen tunic at the flank.

But Hector stooped and thus avoided death.
They took their spears again, and, coming close,
Like lions in their hunger, or wild boars
Of fearful strength, joined battle. Priam's son 330

Sent his spear forward, striking in the midst
The shield of Ajax, but it broke not through
The brass ; the metal turned the weapon's point.
While Ajax, springing onward, smote the shield
Of Hector, drave his weapon through, and checked
His enemy's swift advance, and wounded him 336
Upon the shoulder, and the black blood flowed.

Yet not for this did plumèd Hector cease
From combat, but went back, and, lifting up
A huge, black, craggy stone that near him lay, 340
Flung it with force against the middle boss
Of the broad sevenfold shield that Ajax bore.

The brass rang with the blow. Then Ajax raised
A heavier stone, and whirled it, putting forth
His arm's immeasurable strength ; it brake 345
Through Hector's shield as if a millstone's weight
Had fallen. His knees gave way ; he fell to earth
Headlong ; yet still he kept his shield. At once
Apollo raised him up ; and now with swords,
Encountering hand to hand, they both had flown 350
To wound each other, if the heralds sent

As messengers from Jupiter and men
Had not approached, — Idæus from the side
Of Troy, Talthymbius from the Grecian host, —
Wise ancients both. Betwixt the twain they held 355
Their sceptres, and the sage Idæus spake : —

“Cease to contend, dear sons, in deadly fray ;
Ye both are loved by cloud-compelling Jove,
And both are great in war, as all men know.
The night is come ; be then the night obeyed.” 360

And Telamonian Ajax answered thus : —

“Idæus, first let Hector speak of this,
For he it was who challenged to the field
The bravest of the Grecian host, and I
Shall willingly obey if he obeys.” 365

To him in turn the plumèd Hector said : —

“Ajax, although God gave thee bulk and strength
And prudence, and in mastery of the spear
Thou dost excel the other Greeks, yet now
Pause we from battle and the rivalry 370
Of prowess for this day. Another time
We haply may renew the fight till fate
Shall part us and bestow the victory
On one of us. But now the night is here,
And it is good to obey the night, that thou 375
Mayst gladden at the fleet the Greeks and all
Thy friends and comrades, and that I in turn
May give the Trojan men and long-robed dames,
In the great city where King Priam reigns,
Cause to rejoice, — the dames who pray for me, 380

Thronging the hallowed temple. Let us now
Each with the other leave some noble gift,
That all men, Greek or Trojan, thus may say :
' They fought indeed in bitterness of heart,
But they were reconciled, and parted friends.' ” 385

He spake, and gave a silver-studded sword
And scabbard with its fair embroidered belt ;
And Ajax gave a girdle brightly dyed
With purple. Then they both departed, — one
To join the Grecian host, and one to meet 390
The Trojan people, who rejoiced to see
Hector alive, unwounded, and now safe
From the great might and irresistible arm
Of Ajax. Straightway to the town they led
Him for whose life they scarce had dared to hope. 395
And Ajax also by the well-armed Greeks,
Exulting in his feats of arms, was brought
To noble Agamemnon. When the chiefs
Were in his tents, the monarch sacrificed
A bullock of five summers to the son 400
Of Saturn, sovereign Jupiter. They flayed
The carcass, dressed it, carved away the limbs,
Divided into smaller parts the flesh,
Fixed them on spits, and roasted them with care,
And drew them from the fire. And when the task
Was finished, and the banquet all prepared, 405
They feasted, and there was no guest who lacked
His equal part in that repast. The son
Of Atreus, Agamemnon, brave, and lord

Of wide dominions, gave the chine entire 410
To Ajax as his due. Now when the calls
Of thirst and hunger ceased, the aged chief
Nestor, whose words had ever seemed most wise,
Opened the council with this prudent speech : —

“ Atrides, and ye other chiefs of Greece ! 415
Full many a long-haired warrior of our host
Hath perished. Cruel Mars hath spilt their blood
Beside Scamander's gentle stream ; their souls
Have gone to Hades. Give thou, then, command,
That all the Greeks to-morrow pause from war, 420
And come together at the early dawn,
And bring the dead in chariots drawn by mules
And oxen, and consume them near our fleet
With fire, that we, when we return from war,
May carry to our native land the bones, 425
And give them to the children of the slain.
And then will we go forth and heap from earth,
Upon the plain, a common tomb for all
Around the funeral pile, and build high towers
With speed beside it, which shall be alike 430
A bulwark for our navy and our host.
And let the entrance be a massive gate,
'Through which shall pass an ample chariot-way.
And in a circle on its outer edge
Sink we a trench so deep that neither steeds 435
Nor men may pass, if these proud Trojans yet
Should, in the coming battles, press us sore.”

He spake ; the princes all approved his words.

Meanwhile, beside the lofty citadel
Of Ilium and at Priam's palace-gates
In turbulence and fear the Trojans held
A council, and the wise Antenor spake : —

449

“ Hearken, ye Trojans, Dardans, and allies,
To what my sober judgment bids me speak.
Send we the Argive Helen back with all
Her treasures ; let the sons of Atreus lead
The dame away ; for now we wage the war
After our faith is broken, and I deem
We cannot prosper till we make amends.”

445

He spake, and sat him down. The noble chief
Paris, the fair-haired Helen's husband, rose
To answer him, and spake this wingèd speech : —

451

“ Thy words, Antenor, please me not. Thy skill
Could offer better counsels. If those words
Were gravely meant, the gods have made thee mad.
But let me here, amid these knights of Troy,
Speak openly my mind. Give up my wife
I never will ; but all the wealth I brought
With her from Argos I most willingly
Restore, with added treasures of my own.”

456

46a

He said, and took his seat, and in the midst
Dardanian Priam rose, a counsellor
Of godlike wisdom, and thus sagely spake : —

“ Hear me, ye Trojans, Dardans, and allies !
I speak the thought that rises in my breast.
Take now, as ye are wont, your evening meal,
And set a watch and keep upon your guard ;

469

But let Idæus to the hollow ships
Repair at morning, and to Atreus' sons —
To Agamemnon and his brother king — 470
Make known what Paris, author of this strife,
Proposes, and with fairly ordered speech
Ask further if they will consent to pause
From cruel battle till we burn the dead :
Then be the war renewed till fate shall part 475
The hosts and give to one the victory."

He spake. The assembly listened and obeyed ;
All through the camp in groups they took their meal.
But with the morn Idæus visited
The hollow ships, and found the Achaian chiefs, 480
Followers of Mars, in council near the prow
Of Agamemnon's bark ; and, standing there,
The loud-voiced herald spake his message thus : —

" Ye sons of Atreus, and ye other chiefs
Of all the tribes of Greece, I come to you 485
From Priam and the eminent men of Troy,
To say, if it be pleasing to your ears,
What Alexander, author of the war,
Proposes. All the wealth which in his ships
He brought to Troy—would he had perished first!—
He will, with added treasures of his own, 495
Freely restore ; but her who was the wife
Of gallant Menelaus he denies
To render back, though all who dwell in Troy
Join to demand it. I am furthermore 495
Bidden to ask if you consent to pause

From cruel battle till we burn our dead :
Then be the war renewed till fate shall part
The hosts and give to one the victory."

He spake ; and all were silent for a space. 500
Then spake at length the valiant Diomed : —

" Let none consent to take the Trojan's goods,
Nor even Helen ; for a child may see
The utter ruin hanging over Troy."

He spake. The admiring Greeks confirmed with
shouts 505

The words of Diomed the knight, and thus
King Agamemnon to Idæus said : —

" Idæus, thou thyself hast heard the Greeks
Pronounce their answer. What to them seems good
Pleases me also. For the slain, I give 510
Consent to burn them ; to the dead we bear
No hatred ; when they fall the rite of fire
Should soon be paid. Let Juno's husband, Jove
The Thunderer, bear witness to our truce."

The monarch spake, and raised to all the gods 515
His sceptre, while Idæus took his way
To hallowed Ilium. There in council sat
Trojans and Dardans, waiting his return.
He came, and standing in the midst declared
His message. Then they all went forth in haste, 520
Some to collect the slain and some to fell
Trees in the forest. From their well-benched ships
The Achaians also issued, some to bring
The dead together, some to gather wood.

Now from the smooth deep ocean-stream the sun
Began to climb the heavens, and with new rays 526
Smote the surrounding fields. The Trojans met,
But found it hard to know their dead again.

They washed away the clotted blood, and laid —
Shedding hot tears — the bodies on the cars. 530

And since the mighty Priam's word forbade
All wailing, silently they bore away

Their slaughtered friends, and heaped them on the
pyre

With aching hearts, and, when they had consumed
The dead with fire, returned to hallowed Troy. 535

The nobly-armed Achaians also heaped

Their slaughtered warriors on the funeral pile

With aching hearts ; and when they had consumed
Their dead with fire they sought their hollow ships.

And ere the morning came, while earth was gray
With twilight, by the funeral pile arose 541

A chosen band of Greeks, who, going forth,

Heaped round it from the earth a common tomb

For all, and built a wall and lofty towers

Near it, — a bulwark for the fleet and host. 545

And in the wall they fitted massive gates,

Through which there passed an ample chariot-way ;

And on its outer edge they sank a trench, —

Broad, deep, — and planted it with pointed stakes.

So labored through the night the long-haired Greeks.

The gods who sat beside the Thunderer Jove 551

Admired the mighty labor of the Greeks ;

But Neptune, he who shakes the earth, began : —

“ O Father Jove, henceforth will any one
Of mortal men consult the immortal gods ? 554
Seest thou not how the long-haired Greeks have reared
A wall before their navy, and have drawn
A trench around it, yet have brought the gods
No liberal hecatombs ? Now will the fame
Of this their work go forth wherever shines 560
The light of day, and men will quite forget
The wall which once we built with toiling hands —
Phœbus Apollo and myself — around
The city of renowned Laomedon.”

And cloud-compelling Jove in wrath replied : —
“ Earth-shaking power ! what words are these ?

Some god 566
Of meaner rank and feebler arm than thou
Might haply dread the work the Greeks have planned.
But as for thee, thy glory shall be known
Wherever shines the day ; and when at last 576
The crested Greeks, departing in their ships,
Shall seek their native coasts, do thou o'erthrow
The wall they built, and sink it in the deep,
And cover the great shore again with sand.
Thus shall their bulwark vanish from the plain.” 579

So talked they with each other while the sun
Was setting. But the Achaians now had brought
Their labors to an end ; they slew their steers
Beside the tents and shared the evening meal,
While many ships had come to land with store

Of wine from Lemnos, which Euneus sent, —
Euneus whom Hypsipyle brought forth
To Jason, shepherd of the people. These
Brought wine, a thousand measures, as a gift
To Agamemnon and his brother king, 585
The sons of Atreus. But the long-haired Greeks
Bought for themselves their wines ; some gave their
brass,

And others shining steel ; some bought with hides,
And some with steers, and some with slaves, and thus
Prepared an ample banquet. Through the night 590
Feasted the long-haired Greeks. The Trojan host
And their auxiliar warriors banqueted
Within the city-walls. Through all that night
The Great Disposer, Jove, portended woe
To both with fearful thunderings. All were pale 595
With terror ; from their beakers all poured wine
Upon the ground, and no man dared to drink
Who had not paid to Saturn's mighty son
The due libation. Then they laid them down
To rest, and so received the balm of sleep. 600

BOOK VIII.

NOW morn in saffron robes had shed her light
O'er all the earth, when Jove the Thunderer
Summoned the gods to council on the heights
Of many-peaked Olympus. He addressed
The assembly, and all listened as he spake : — 5
“ Hear, all ye gods and all ye goddesses !
While I declare the thought within my breast.
Let none of either sex presume to break
The law I give, but cheerfully obey,
That my design may sooner be fulfilled. 10
Whoever, stealing from the rest, shall seek
To aid the Grecian cause, or that of Troy,
Back to Olympus, scourged and in disgrace,
Shall he be brought, or I will seize and hurl
The offender down to rayless Tartarus, 15
Deep, deep in the great gulf below the earth,
With iron gates and threshold forged of brass,
As far beneath the shades as earth from heaven.
Then shall he learn how greatly I surpass
All other gods in power. Try if ye will, 20
Ye gods, that all may know : suspend from heaven
A golden chain ; let all the immortal host
Cling to it from below : ye could not draw,
Strive as ye might, the all-disposing Jove
From heaven to earth. And yet, if I should choose
To draw it upward to me, I should lift, 26

With it and you, the earth itself and sea
Together, and I then would bind the chain
Around the summit of the Olympian mount,
And they should hang aloft. So far my power 3
Surpasses all the power of gods and men."

He spake ; and all the great assembly, hushed
In silence, wondered at his threatening words,
Until at length the blue-eyed Pallas said : —

" Our Father, son of Saturn, mightiest 35
Among the potentates, we know thy power
Is not to be withstood, yet are we moved
With pity for the warlike Greeks, who bear
An evil fate and waste away in war.
If such be thy command, we shall refrain 40
From mingling in the combat, yet will aid
The Greeks with counsel which may be their guide,
Lest by thy wrath they perish utterly."

The Cloud-compeller Jove replied, and smiled : —
" Tritonia, daughter dear, be comforted. 45
I spake not in the anger of my heart,
And I have naught but kind intents for thee.

He spake, and to his chariot yoked the steeds,
Fleet, brazen-footed, and with flowing manes
Of gold, and put his golden armor on, 50
And took the golden scourge, divinely wrought,
And, mounting, touched the coursers with the lash
To urge them onward. Not unwillingly
Flew they between the earth and starry heaven,
Until he came to Ida, moist with springs 55

And nurse of savage beasts, and to the height
Of Gargarus, where lay his sacred field,
And where his fragrant altar fumed. He checked
Their course, and there the Father of the gods
And men released them from the yoke and caused α
A cloud to gather round them. Then he sat,
Exulting in the fulness of his might,
Upon the summit, whence his eye beheld
The towers of Ilium and the ships of Greece.

Now in their tents the long-haired Greeks had
shared 65

A hasty meal, and girded on their arms.
The Trojans, also, in their city armed
Themselves for war, as eager for the fight,
Though fewer ; for a hard necessity
Forced them to combat for their little ones 70
And wives. They set the city-portals wide,
And forth the people issued, foot and horse
Together, and a mighty din arose.
And now, when host met host, their shields and
spears

Were mingled in disorder ; men of might 75
Encountered, cased in mail, and bucklers clashed
Their bosses ; loud the clamor : cries of pain
And boastful shouts arose from those who fell
And those who slew, and earth was drenched with
blood.

While yet 't was morning, and the holy light 80
Of day grew bright, the men of both the hosts

Were smitten and were slain ; but when the sun
Stood high in middle heaven, the All-Father took
His golden scales, and in them laid the fates 84
Which bring the sleep of death, — the fate of those
Who tamed the Trojan steeds, and those who warred
For Greece in brazen armor. By the midst
He held the balance, and, behold, the fate
Of Greece in that day's fight sank down until 89
It touched the nourishing earth, while that of Troy
Rose and flew upward toward the spacious heaven.
With that the Godhead thundered terribly
From Ida's height, and sent his lightnings down
Among the Achaian army. They beheld
In mute amazement and grew pale with fear. 95

Then neither dared Idomeneus remain,
Nor Agamemnon, on the ground, nor stayed
The chieftains Ajax, ministers of Mars.
Gerenian Nestor, guardian of the Greeks,
Alone was left behind, and he remained 100
Unwillingly. A steed of those that drew
His car was sorely wounded by a shaft
Which Alexander, fair-haired Helen's spouse,
Sent from his bow. It pierced the forehead where
The mane begins, and where a wound is death. 105
The arrow pierced him to the brain ; he reared
And whirled in torture with the wound, and scared
His fellow-coursers. While the aged man
Hastened to sever with his sword the thongs
That bound him to the car, the rapid steeds 110

Of Hector bore their valiant master on
With the pursuing crowd. The aged chief
Had perished then, if gallant Diomed
Had not perceived his plight. He lifted up
His voice, and, shouting to Ulysses, said : — 11

“ High-born Ulysses, man of subtle shifts,
Son of Laertes, whither dost thou flee ?
Why like a coward turn thy back ? Beware,
Lest there some weapon smite thee. Stay and guard
This aged warrior from his furious foe.” 120

So spake he ; but the much-enduring man,
Ulysses, heard not the reproof, and passed
Rapidly toward the hollow ships of Greece.
Tydides, single-handed, made his way
Among the foremost warriors, till he stood 125
Before the horses of the aged son
Of Neleus, and in wingèd accents said : —

“ The younger warriors press thee sore, old chief !
Thy strength gives way ; the weariness of age
Is on thee ; thy attendant is not strong ; 130
Thy steeds are slow. Mount, then, my car, and see
What Trojan horses are ; how rapidly
They turn to right and left, and chase and flee.
I took them from the terror of the field,
Æneas. To our servants leave thine own, 135
While we with these assault the Trojan knights,
And teach even Hector that the spear I wield
Can make as furious havoc as his own.”

He spake ; and Nestor, the Gerenian knight,

Complied. The two attendants, valiant men, — 140
 Sthenelus and the good Eurymedon, —
 Took charge of Nestor's steeds. The chieftains
 climbed

The car of Diomed, and Nestor took
 Into his hand the embroidered reins and lashed
 The horses with the scourge. They quickly came
 To Hector. As the Trojan hastened on, 146
 The son of Tydeus hurled a spear ; it missed,
 But spared not Eniopeus, him who held
 The reins, the hero's charioteer, and son
 Of brave Thebæus.

From the car he fell, 151

And the swift horses started back ; his soul
 And strength passed from him. Hector bitterly
 Grieved for his death, yet left him where he fell,
 And sought another fitting charioteer. 155
 Nor had the fiery coursers long to wait
 A guide, for valiant Archeptolemus,
 The son of Iphitus, was near at hand.
 And him he caused to mount the chariot drawn
 By his fleet steeds, and gave his hand the reins. 160

Then great had been the slaughter ; fearful deeds
 Had then been done ; the Trojans had been scared
 Into their town like lambs into the fold, —
 Had not the Father of the immortal gods
 And mortal men beheld, and from on high 165
 Terribly thundered, sending to the earth
 A bolt of fire. He flung it down before

The car of Diomed ; and fiercely glared
The blazing sulphur ; both the frightened steeds
Cowered trembling by the chariot. Nestor's hand
Let fall the embroidered reins ; his spirit sank 171
With fear, and thus he said to Diomed : —

“ Tydides, turn thy firm-paced steeds, and flee.
Dost thou not see that victory from Jove
Attends thee not ? To-day doth Saturn's son 175
Award the glory to the Trojan chief.
Hereafter he will make it ours, if such
Be his good pleasure. No man, though he be
The mightiest among men, can thwart the will
Of Jupiter, with whom abides all power.” 180

The great in battle, Diomed, replied : —
“ Truly, O ancient man, thou speakest well ;
But this it is that grieves me to the heart, —
That Hector to the Trojan host will say,
' I put to flight Tydides, and he sought 185
Shelter among his ships.' Thus will he boast
Hereafter ; may earth open then for me ! ”

And Nestor, the Gerenian knight, rejoined : —
“ What, son of warlike Tydeus, hast thou said ?
Though Hector call thee faint of heart and weak, 190
The Trojans and Dardanians, and the wives
Of the stout-hearted Trojans armed with shields,
Whose husbands in their youthful prime thy hand
Hath laid in dust, will not believe his words.”

Thus having said, he turned the firm-paced steeds
Rearward, and mingled with the flying crowd. 196

And now the Trojans and their leader gave
A mighty cry, and poured on them a storm
Of deadly darts, and crested Hector raised
His thundering voice and shouted after them : — 200

“ O son of Tydeus ! the swift-riding Greeks
Have honored thee beyond all other men,
At banquets, with high place and delicate meats
And flowing cups. They will despise thee now,
For thou art like a woman. Timorous girl ! 205
Take thyself hence, and never think that I
Shall yield to thee, that thou mayst climb our
towers

And bear away our women in thy ships ;
For I shall give thee first the doom of death.”

He spake ; and Diomed, in doubtful mood, 210
Questioned his spirit whether he should turn
His steeds and fight with Hector. Thrice the
thought

Arose within his mind, and thrice on high
Uttered the all-forecasting Jupiter
His thunder from the Idæan mount, a sign 215
Of victory changing to the Trojan side.

Then Hector to the Trojans called aloud : —

“ Trojans and Lycians all, and ye who close
In deadly fight, the sons of Dardanus !
Acquit yourselves like men, my friends ; recall 220
Your fiery valor now, for I perceive
The son of Saturn doth award to me
Victory and vast renown, and to the Greeks

Destruction. Fools ! who built this slender wall
 Which we contemn, which cannot stand before 225
 The strength I bring ; our steeds can overleap
 The trench they digged. When I shall reach their
 fleet,

Remember the consuming power of fire,
 That I may give their vessels to the flames,
 And hew the Achaians down beside their prows, 230
 While they are wrapped in the bewildering smoke."

He spake ; and then he cheered his coursers
 thus : —

" Xanthus, Podargus, Lampus nobly bred,
 And Æthon, now repay the generous care,
 The pleasant grain which my Andromache, 235
 Daughter of great Eëtion, largely gives.
 She mingles wine that ye may drink at will
 Ere yet she ministers to me, who boast
 To be her youthful husband. Let us now
 Pursue with fiery haste, that we may seize 240
 The shield of Nestor, the great fame of which
 Has reached to heaven, — an orb of massive gold
 Even to the handles. Let us from the limbs
 Of Diomed, the tamer of fleet steeds,
 Strip off the glorious mail that Vulcan forged : 245
 This done, our hope may be that all the Greeks
 Will climb their galleys and depart to-night."

So boasted he ; but queenly Juno's ire
 Was kindled, and she shuddered on her throne
 Till great Olympus trembled. Thus she spake 250

To Neptune, mighty ruler of the deep. —

“Earth-shaker! thou who rulest far and wide!
Is there no pity for the perishing Greeks
Within that breast of thine? They bring to thee
At Helicè and Ægæ costly gifts 255
And many, wherefore thy desire should be
That they may win the victory. If the gods
Who favor the Achaïans should combine
To drive the Trojans back, and hold in check
High-thundering Jupiter, the God would sit 260
In sullen grief on Ida’s top alone.”

Earth-shaking Neptune answered in disdain: —
“O Juno, rash in speech! what words are these?
Think not that I can wish to join the gods
In conflict with the monarch Jupiter, 265
The son of Saturn, mightier than we all.”

So held they colloquy. Meanwhile the space
Betwixt the galleys and the trench and wall
Was crowded close with steeds and shielded men;
For Hector, son of Priam, terrible 270
As Mars the lightning-footed, drave them on
Before him. Jove decreed him such renown.
And now would he have given that noble fleet
To the consuming flame, if Juno, queen
Of heaven, had not beheld, and moved the heart 275
Of Agamemnon to exhort the Greeks
That they should turn and combat. With quick
steps
He passed beside the fleet, among the tents,

Bearing in his strong hand his purple robe,
And climbed the huge black galley which had
brought

284

Ulysses to the war, — for in the midst
It lay, and thence the king might send his voice
To either side, as far as to the tents
Of Ajax and Achilles, who had moored
Their galleys at the different extremes
Of the long camp, confiding in their might
Of arm and their own valor. Thence he called,
With loud, clear utterance, to the Achaian host : —

285

“ O Greeks ! shame on ye ! cravens who excel
In form alone ! Where now are all the boasts
Of your invincible valor, — the vain words
Ye uttered pompously when at the feast
In Lemnos sitting ye devoured the flesh
Of hornèd beeves, and drank from bowls of wine,
Flower-crowned, and bragged that each of you
would be

295

A match for fivescore Trojans, or for twice
Fivescore ? And now we all are not a match
For Hector singly, who will give our fleet
Soon to consuming flames. O Father Jove,
Was ever mighty monarch visited
By thee with such affliction, or so robbed
Of high renown ! And yet in my good ship,
Bound to this luckless coast, I never passed
By thy fair altars that I did not burn
The fat and thighs of oxen, with a prayer

300

305

That I might sack the well-defended Troy.
Now be at least one wish of mine fulfilled, —
That we may yet escape and get us hence ,
Nor let the Trojans thus destroy the Greeks.”

He spake, and wept. The All-Father, pitying him,
Consented that his people should escape 311
The threatened ruin. Instantly he sent
His eagle, bird of surest augury,
Which, bearing in his talons a young fawn,
The offspring of a nimble-footed roe, 315
Dropped it at the fair altar where the Greeks
Paid sacrifice to Panomphæan Jove.

And they, when they beheld, and knew that Jove
Had sent the bird, took courage, rallying,
And rushed against the Trojans. Then no chief 320
Of all the Greeks — though many they — could boast
That he before Tydides urged his steeds
To sudden speed and drave them o’er the trench,
And mingled in the combat. First of all
He struck down Agelaus, Phradmon’s son, 325
Armed as he was, who turned his car to fly,
And as he turned, Tydides with his spear
Transfixed his back between the shoulder-blades,
And drave the weapon through his breast. He fell
To earth, his armor clashing with his fall. 330
Then Agamemnon followed, and with him
His brother Menelaus ; after these
The chieftains Ajax, fearful in their strength ;
Idomeneus, and he who bore his arms, —

Meriones, like Mars in battle-field ; 335
Eurypylus, Evæmon's glorious son ;
And ninthly Teucer came, who bent his bow
Beneath the shield of Ajax Telamon, —
For Ajax moved his shield from side to side,
And thence the archer looked abroad, and aimed 340
His arrows thence. Whoever in the throng
Was struck fell lifeless. Teucer all the while,
As hides a child behind his mother's robe,
Sheltered himself by Ajax, whose great shield
Concealed the chief from sight. What Trojan first
Did faithful Teucer slay? Orsilochus, 345
Dætor, and Ophelestes, Ormenus,
Chromius, and Lycophontes nobly born,
And Hamopaon, Polyæmon's son,
And Melanippus, — one by one the shafts 350
Of Teucer stretched them on their mother earth.
Then Agamemnon, king of men, rejoiced
As he beheld him, with his sturdy bow,
Breaking the serried phalanxes of Troy ;
And came, and, standing near, bespoke him thus : —
“ Beloved Teucer ! son of Telamon, 355
Prince of the people ! ever be thy shafts
Aimed thus, and thou shalt be the light and pride
Of Greece, and of thy father Telamon,
Who reared thee from a little child with care 360
In his own halls, though spurious was thy birth.
Go on to do him honor, though he now
Be far away. And here I say to thee, —

And I will keep my word, — if Jupiter
 The Ægis-bearer and Minerva deign 305
 To let me level the strong walls of Troy,
 To thee will I assign the noblest prize
 After my own, — a tripod, or two steeds
 And chariot, or a wife to share thy bed.”

And thus the blameless Teucer made reply : — 370
 “Why, glorious son of Atreus, wouldst thou thus
 Admonish me, while yet I do my best,
 And pause not in the combat? From the time
 When we began to drive the enemy back
 To Ilium, I have smitten and have slain 375
 Their warriors with my bow. Eight barbèd shafts
 I sent, and each has pierced some warlike youth ;
 But this fierce wolf-dog have I failed to strike.”

He spake, and sent another arrow forth
 At Hector with an eager aim. It missed 380
 Its mark, but struck Gorgythion down, the brave
 And blameless son of Priam ; through his breast
 The arrow went. Fair Castianira brought
 The warrior forth, — a dame from Æsymba,
 Beautiful as a goddess. As within 385
 A garden droops a poppy to the ground,
 Bowed by its weight and by the rains of spring,
 So drooped his head within the heavy casque.

And then did Teucer send another shaft
 At Hector, eager still to smite. It missed 390
 Its aim again, for Phœbus turned aside
 The arrow, but it struck the charioteer

Of Hector, Archeptolemus the brave,
When rushing to the fight, and pierced his breast.
From the car he fell, 395
The swift steeds started back, and from his limbs
The life and strength departed. A deep grief
For his slain charioteer came darkly o'er
The mind of Hector, yet, though sorrowing,
He left him where he fell, and straightway called 400
Cebriones, his brother, who was near,
To mount and take the reins. Cebriones
Heard and obeyed. Then from the shining car
Leaped Hector with a mighty cry, and seized
A ponderous stone, and, bent to crush him, ran 405
At Teucer, who had from his quiver drawn
One of his sharpest arrows, placing it
Upon the bowstring. As he drew the bow,
The strong-armed Hector hurled the jagged stone,
And smote him near the shoulder, where the neck
And breast are sundered by the collar-bone, — 411
A fatal spot. The bowstring brake ; the arm
Fell nerveless ; on his knees the archer sank,
And dropped the bow. Then did not Ajax leave
His fallen brother to the foe, but walked 415
Around him, sheltering him beneath his shield,
Till two dear friends of his — Menestheus, son
Of Echius, and Alastor nobly born —
Approached, and took him up and carried him,
Heavily groaning, to the hollow ships. 420

Then did Olympian Jove again inspire

The Trojan host with valor, and they drave
The Achaians backward to the yawning trench.
Then Hector came, with fury in his eyes,
Among the foremost warriors. As a hound, 425
Sure of his own swift feet, attacks behind
The lion or wild boar, and tears his flank,
Yet warily observes him as he turns,
So Hector followed close the long-haired Greeks,
And ever slew the hindmost as they fled. 430
Yet now, when they in flight had crossed again
The trench and palisades, and many a one
Had died by Trojan hands, they made a halt
Before their ships, and bade each other stand,
And lifted up their hands and prayed aloud 435
To all the gods ; while Hector, urging on
His long-maned steeds, and with stern eyes that
seemed

The eyes of Gorgon or of murderous Mars,
Hither and thither swept across the field.

The white-armed Juno saw, and, sorrowing, 440
Addressed Minerva with these wingèd words :—

“ Ah me ! thou daughter of the God who bears
The ægis, shall we not descend to aid
The perishing Greeks in their extremity ?
A cruel doom is theirs, to fall, destroyed 445
By one man’s rage, — the terrible assault
Of Hector, son of Priam, who has made
Insufferable havoc in the field.”

And thus in turn the blue-eyed Pallas spake :—

“That warrior long ere this had lost his life, 450
Slain by the Greeks on his paternal soil,
But that my father’s mind is warped by wrath.
Unjust to me and harsh, he thwarts my aims,
Forgetting all I did for Hercules,
His son, — how often, when Eurystheus set 455
A task too hard for him, I saved his life.
To heaven he raised his eyes and wept, and Jove
Despatched me instantly to succor him.
And yet if I, in my forecasting mind,
Had known all this when he was bid to bring 460
From strong-walled Erebus the dog of hell,
He had not safely crossed the gulf of Styx.
But now Jove hates me ; now he grants the wish
Of Thetis, who hath kissed his knees and touched
His beard caressingly, and prayed that he 465
Would crown the overthrower of walled towns,
Achilles, with great honor. Well, the time
Will come when he shall call me yet again
His dear Minerva. Hasten now to yoke
For us thy firm-paced steeds, while in the halls 470
Of ægis-bearing Jupiter I brace
My armor on for war, — and I shall see
If Hector of the beamy helm, the son
Of Priam, will rejoice when we appear
Upon the field again. Assuredly 475
The men of Troy shall die, to feast the birds
Of prey and dogs beside the Grecian fleet.”
She ended, and the white-armed deity

Juno obeyed her. Juno the august,
 The mighty Saturn's daughter, hastily 480
 Caparisoned the golden-bitted steeds.
 Meanwhile, Minerva on the palace-floor
 Of Jupiter let drop the gorgeous robe
 Of many hues, which her own hands had wrought,
 And, putting on the Cloud-compeller's mail, 485
 Stood armed for cruel war. And then she climbed
 The glorious car, and took in hand the spear —
 Huge, heavy, strong — with which she overthrows
 The serried phalanxes of valiant men
 Whene'er this daughter of the Almighty One 490
 Is angered. Juno bore the lash, and urged
 The coursers to their speed. The gates of heaven
 Opened before them of their own accord, —
 Gates guarded by the Hours, on whom the care
 Of the great heaven and of Olympus rests, 495
 To open or to close the wall of cloud.
 Through these they guided their impatient steeds.

From Ida Jupiter beheld, in wrath,
 And summoned Iris of the golden wings,
 And bade her do this errand : " Speed thee hence, 500
 Fleet Iris ! turn them back ; allow them not
 Thus to defy me : it is not for them
 To engage with me in war. I give my word, —
 Nor shall it lack fulfilment, — I will make
 The swift steeds lame that draw their car, and hurl
 The riders down, and dash the car itself 506
 To fragments. Ten long years shall wear away

Before they cease to suffer from the wounds
 Made by the thunderbolt. Minerva thus
 May learn the fate of those who strive with Jove. 510
 With Juno I am less displeased, for she
 Is ever bent to thwart my purposes."

He spake ; and Iris, with the tempest's speed
 Departing, bore the message from the heights
 Of Ida to the great Olympus, where, 515
 Among the foremost passes of the mount,
 All seamed with hollow vales, she met and stayed
 The pair, delivering thus the word of Jove : —

" Now whither haste ye ? What strange madness
 fires

Your breasts ? The son of Saturn suffers not 520
 That ye befriend the Greeks. He threatens thus, —
 And will fulfil his threat, — that he will make
 The coursers lame that draw your car, and hurl
 The riders down, and dash the car itself
 To fragments, and that ten long years must pass 525
 Ere ye shall cease to suffer from the wounds
 Made by the thunderbolt. So shalt thou learn,
 O Pallas ! what it is to strive with Jove.
 With Juno is he less displeased, for she
 Is ever bent to thwart his purposes ; 530
 But thou, he says, art guilty above all,
 And shameless as a hound, if thou dare lift
 Thy massive spear against thy father Jove."

So spake fleet-footed Iris, and withdrew ;
 And thus again to Pallas Juno said : — 535

“Child of the Ægis-bearer ! let us strive
With Jove no longer for the sake of men,
But let one perish and another live,
As chance may rule the hour, and let the God,
Communing with his secret mind, mete out 540
To Greeks and Trojans their just destiny.”

She spake, and turned the firm-paced coursers
back,

The coursers with fair-flowing manes. The Hours
Unyoked them, bound them to the ambrosial stalls,
And leaned against the shining walls the car ; 545
While Juno and Minerva went among
The other deities and took their place
Upon their golden seats, though sad at heart.
Then with his steeds, and in his bright-wheeled car,
Came Jove from Ida to the dwelling-place 550
Of gods upon Olympus. There did he
Who shakes the islands loose the steeds and bring
The chariot to its place, and o'er it spread
Its covering of lawn. The Thunderer
Seated himself upon his golden throne, 555
The great Olympus trembling as he stepped ;
While Juno and Minerva sat apart
Together, nor saluted him, nor asked
Of aught ; but he perceived their thoughts and
said : —

“Juno and Pallas ! why so sad ? Not long 560
Ye toiled in glorious battle to destroy
The Trojans, whom ye hold in bitter hate :

This strength of mine, and this invincible arm
Not all the gods upon the Olympian mount
Can turn to flight, while your fair limbs were seized
With trembling ere ye entered on the shock 566
And havoc of the war. Now let me say —
And well the event would have fulfilled my words —
That, smitten with the thunder from my hand,
Your chariots never would have brought you back 570
To this Olympus and the abode of gods.”

He spake ; while Pallas and the queen of heaven
Repined with close-pressed lips, and in their hearts
Devised new mischiefs for the Trojan race.

Silent Minerva sat, nor dared express 575
The anger that she bore her father Jovè ;
But Juno could not curb her wrath, and spake : —

“ What words, austere Saturnius, hast thou said ?
Thou art, we know, invincible in might ;
Yet must we sorrow for the heroic Greeks, 580
Who, by a cruel fate, are perishing.
We stand aloof from war, if thou require ;
Yet would we counsel the Achaian host,
Lest by thy wrath they perish utterly.”

And then the Cloud-compeller, answering, said : —
“ O Juno, large-eyed and august, if thou 586
Look forth to-morrow, thou shalt then behold
The all-powerful son of Saturn laying waste
With greater havoc still the mighty host
Of warlike Greeks. For Hector, great in war, 590
Shall pause not from the conflict, till he rouse

The swift-paced son of Peleus at the slips,
 When, pent in narrow space, the armies fight
 For slain Patroclus : such the will of fate.
 As for thyself, I little heed thy rage : 595
 Not even shouldst thou wander to the realm
 Where earth and ocean end, where Saturn sits
 Beside Iapetus, and neither light
 Of overgoing suns nor breath of wind
 Refreshes them, but gulfs of Tartarus 600
 Surround them, — shouldst thou even thither bend
 Thy way, I shall not heed thy rage, who art
 Beyond all others shamelessly perverse.”

He ceased ; but white-armed Juno answered not.
 And now into the sea the sun's bright light 605
 Went down, and o'er the foodful earth was drawn
 Night's shadow. Most unwillingly the sons
 Of Troy beheld the sunset. To the Greeks
 Eagerly wished the welcome darkness came.

Then from the fleet illustrious Hector led 610
 The Trojans, and beside the eddying stream,
 In a clear space uncumbered by the slain,
 Held council. There, alighting from their cars,
 They listened to the words that Hector spake, —
 Hector, beloved of Jove. He held a spear, 615
 In length eleven cubits, with a blade
 Of glittering brass, bound with a ring of gold.
 On this he leaned, and spake these wingèd words : —

“ Hear me, ye Trojans, Dardans, and allies.
 But now I thought that, having first destroyed 620

The Achaian host and fleet, we should return
This night to wind-swept Ilium. To their aid
The darkness comes, and saves the Greeks, and
saves

Their galleys ranged along the ocean-side.
Obey we, then, the dark-browed night ; prepare ⁶²⁵
Our meal ; unyoke the steeds with flowing manes,
And set their food before them. Bring at once
Oxen and fatlings of the flock from town,
And from your dwellings bread and pleasant wine.
And let us gather store of wood, to feed ⁶³⁰
A multitude of blazing fires all night,
Till Morning, daughter of the Dawn, appear, —
Fires that shall light the sky, lest in the hours
Of darkness with their ships the long-haired Greeks
Attempt escape across the mighty deep. ⁶³⁵
And, that they may not climb their decks unharmed,
Let every foeman bear a wound to cure
At home, — an arrow-wound or gash of spear,
Given as he leaps on board. So other foes
Shall dread a conflict with the knights of Troy. ⁶⁴⁰
And let the heralds, dear to Jove, command
That all grown youths and hoary-headed men
Keep watch about the city in the towers
Built by the gods ; and let the feebler sex
Kindle large fires upon their hearths at home ; ⁶⁴⁵
And let the guard be strengthened, lest the foe
Should steal into the city while its sons
Are all abroad. Thus let it be till morn,

Brave Trojans ! I but speak of what the time
Requires, and on the morrow I shall speak 656
Of what the Trojan knights have then to do.
My prayer to Jove and to the other gods,
And my hope is, that I may drive away
These curs, brought hither by an evil fate
In their black ships. All night will we keep watch,
And, arming, with the early morn renew 656
The desperate conflict at the hollow ships.
Then shall I see if valiant Diomed
Tydides has the power to make me leave
The Grecian galleys for the city-walls, 660
Or whether I shall slay him with my spear
And take his bloody spoils. To-morrow's sun
Will make his valor known, if he withstand
The assault of this my weapon. Yet I think
The sunrise will behold him slain among 663
The first, with many comrades lying round.
Would that I knew myself as certainly
Secure from death and the decays of age,
And to be held in honor like the gods
Apollo and Minerva, as I know 670
This day will bring misfortune to the Greeks ! ”

So Hector spake, and all the Trojan host
Applauded ; from the yoke forthwith they loosed
The sweaty steeds, and bound them to the cars
With halters ; to the town they sent in haste 675
For oxen and the fatlings of the flock,
And to their homes for bread and pleasant wine,

And gathered fuel in large store. The winds
Bore up the fragrant fumes from earth to heaven.

So, high in hope, they sat the whole night through
In warlike lines, and many watch-fires blazed. 68z
As when in heaven the stars look brightly forth
Round the clear-shining moon, while not a breeze
Stirs in the depths of air, and all the stars
Are seen, and gladness fills the shepherd's heart, 68s
So many fires in sight of Ilium blazed,
Lit by the sons of Troy, between the ships
And eddying Xanthus : on the plain there shone
A thousand ; fifty warriors by each fire
Sat in its light. Their steeds beside the cars — 69c
Champing their oats and their white barley — stood,
And waited for the golden morn to rise.

BOOK IX.

THE Trojans thus kept watch ; while through
the night

The power of Flight, companion of cold Fear,
Wrought on the Greeks, and all their bravest men
Were bowed beneath a sorrow hard to bear.
As when two winds upturn the fishy deep, — s
The north wind and the west, that suddenly
Blow from the Thracian coast ; the black waves rise
At once, and fling the sea-weed to the shore, —

Thus were the Achaians troubled in their hearts.

Atrides, deeply grieving, walked the camp, 10
And bade the clear-voiced heralds call by name
To council all the chiefs, but not aloud.
The king himself among the foremost gave
The summons. Sadly that assembly took
Their seats ; and Agamemnon in the midst 15
Rose, shedding tears, — as down a lofty rock,
Darkening its face, a fountain's waters flow, —
And, deeply sighing, thus addressed the Greeks :—

“ O friends ! the chiefs and princes of the Greeks !
Saturnian Jove hath in an evil snare 20
Most cruelly entangled me. He gave
His promise once that I should overthrow
This strong-walled Ilium, and return ; but now
He meditates a fraud, and sends me back
To Argos without glory, and with loss 25
Of many warriors. Thus doth it seem good
Doubtless to Jove Almighty, who hath cast
The towers of many a city down to earth,
And will cast others down, — his might excels
All other might. But let us now obey, 30
As I shall counsel you, and in our ships
Haste to our own dear country ; for I see
That Troy with its broad streets can ne'er be ours.”

He spake ; and all were silent. Silent long
Remained the sorrow-stricken sons of Greece, 35
Till Diomed, the brave in battle, spake : —

“ First of the chiefs I speak, to disapprove,

Atrides, thy rash purpose : 't is my right
 In council ; nor, O king, be thou displeased.
 Thou first among the Greeks hast taunted me 40
 With lack of valor, calling me unapt
 For war and weak of arm. The young and old
 Have heard the taunt. One of two gifts the son
 Of wily Saturn hath bestowed on thee :
 High rank and rule o'er all the rest he gave, 45
 But gave thee not the nobler quality
 Of fortitude. Dost thou then truly deem
 The Greeks unapt for war and weak of arm,
 As thou hast said ? Thou longest to return :
 Go, then ; the way is open ; by the sea 50
 The barks that brought thee from Mycenæ lie,
 A numerous fleet. Yet others will remain —
 Long-haired Achæians — till we overthrow
 The city. Should they also pine for home,
 Then let them flee, with all their ships ; while I 55
 With Sthenelus fight on until we make
 An end of Troy, — for with the gods we came."

He spake. The Greeks applauded ; all admired
 The words of the horse-tamer Diomed.

Nestor the knight then rose, and thus he spake :—

"O son of Tydeus, eminently brave 61
 Art thou among thy comrades in the field,
 And great in council. No one here condemns
 The sentence thou hast given ; among the Greeks
 Is no one who denies what thou hast said ; 65
 Yet hast thou not said all. Thy years are few, —

So few, thou mightest be my youngest son ;
And yet thou speakest wisely to the kings
Of Greece, and thy discourse is just and right.
Now I, who boast of far more years than thou, 70
Will speak of this that yet remains, and none —
Not even Agamemnon — will gainsay
What I advise. A wretch without a tie
Of kin, a lawless man without a home,
Is he who takes delight in civil strifes. 75
But let us now give way to the dark night,
And make our banquets ready. Let the guards
Lie down within the trenches which we digged
Without the wall : be this the young men's charge.
And thou, Atrides, do thou now begin, 80
Who art supreme, and make a feast for all
The elder chiefs ; it shall become thee well :
Thy tents are full of wine, which ships from Thrace
Bring every day across the mighty deep,
And thou hast all things ready, and a host 85
Of menials. Then, when many throng the board,
Thou shalt defer to him who counsels thee
Most wisely ; for the Greeks have urgent need
Of prudent counsels, when the foe so close
Beside our galleys lights his multitude 90
Of watch-fires. Who that sees them can rejoice ?
This night will rescue or destroy our host."

He spake. They listened all, and willingly
Obeyed him. Forth in armor went the guards,
Led by the chieftain Thrasymedes, son 95

Of Nestor, by Ascalaphus, who claimed
His birth from Mars, and by Ialmenus
His brother, and Deïpyrus, with whom
There followed Aphareus, Meriones,
And Lycomedes, Creon's noble son.

100

Seven were the leaders of the guards ; with each
A hundred youths in warlike order marched,
Bearing long spears ; and when they reached the
space

Between the trench and wall they sat them down,
And kindled fires and made their evening meal.

105

Atrides brought the assembled elder chiefs
To his pavilion, and before them set
A generous banquet. They put forth their hands
And shared the feast ; and when the calls of thirst
And hunger ceased, the aged Nestor first
Began to counsel them ; the chief, whose words
Had lately seemed of wisest import, now
Addressed the assembly with well-ordered speech .—

110

“ Atrides Agamemnon, glorious king !
What I shall say begins and ends with thee,
For thou dost rule o'er many nations. Jove
Hath given to thee the sceptre, and the power
To make their laws, that thou mayst seek their good.
Thou, therefore, of all men, shouldst speak and hear
In council, and shouldst follow willingly
Another's judgment when it best promotes
The general weal ; for all depends on thee.
Now let me say what seems to me most wise ;

120

For better counsel none can give than this
Which now I meditate, and which to give 125
I purposed from the hour when thou, great king,
Didst bear the maid Briseis from the tent
Of the enraged Achilles, unapproved
By me, who strove to change thy rash design.
Then didst thou yield thee to thy haughty will, 130
And didst dishonor a most valiant man,
Whom the immortals honor. Thou didst take
And still dost keep the prize he fairly won.
Let it be now our study to appease
The hero with large gifts and soothing words." 135

Then Agamemnon, king of men, replied : —
" O ancient man, most truly hast thou named
My faults. I erred, and I deny it not.
That man indeed is equal to a host
Whom Jupiter doth love and honor thus, 140
Humbling the Achaian people for his sake.
And now, since, yielding to my wayward mood
I erred, let me appease him, if I may,
With gifts of priceless worth. Before you all
I number them, — seven tripods which the fire 145
Hath never touched, six talents of pure gold,
And twenty shining caldrons, and twelve steeds
Of hardy frame, victorious in the race,
Whose feet have won me prizes in the games.
No beggar would he be, nor yet with store 150
Of gold unfurnished, in whose coffers lay
The prizes those swift steeds have brought to me.

Seven faultless women, skilled in household arts,
 I give moreover, — Lesbians, whom I chose
 When he o'erran the populous Lesbian isle, — 155
 Damsels in beauty who excel their sex.
 These I bestow, and with them I will send
 Her whom I took away, — Briseis.

.
 All these I give 160

At once ; and if by favor of the gods
 We lay the mighty city of Priam waste,
 He shall load down his galley with large store
 Of gold and silver, entering first when we,
 The Greeks, divide the spoil. Then may he choose
 Twice ten young Trojan women, beautiful 166
 Beyond their sex save Helen. If we come
 Safe to Achaian Argos, richly stocked
 With milky kine, he may become to me
 A son-in-law, and cherished equally 170
 With my sole son Orestes, who is reared
 Most royally. Three daughters there, within
 My stately palace-walls, — Chrysothemis,
 Laodice, and Iphianassa, — dwell,
 And he may choose among them, and may lead 175
 Home to the house of Peleus her who best
 Deserves his love. Nor need he to endow
 The bride, for I will give an ampler dower
 Than ever father to his daughter gave, —
 Seven cities with thronged streets, — Cardamyle, 180
 Enope, grassy Hira, Pheræ famed

Afar, Antheia with rich pasture-fields,
 Æpeia beautiful, and Pedasus
 With all its vineyards ; all are near the sea,
 And stand the last before you reach the coast 185
 Of sandy Pylos. Rich in flocks and herds
 Their dwellers are, and they will honor him
 As if he were a god, and, ruled by him,
 Will pay large tribute. These will I bestow,
 Let but his anger cool and his resolve 190
 Give way. 'T is Pluto who is deaf to prayer
 And ne'er relents, and he, of all the gods,
 Most hateful is to men. Now let the son
 Of Peleus yield at length to me, who stand
 Above him in authority and years." 195

Then answered Nestor the Gerenian knight : —
 " Atrides Agamemnon ! glorious king !
 Gifts not to be contemned thou offerest
 To Prince Achilles. Let us now despatch
 A chosen embassy, who shall proceed 200
 At once to where Pelides holds his tent.
 I name the men ; and cheerfully will they
 Perform the duty : Phœnix, dear to Jove,
 Shall be their leader, mighty Ajax next,
 And then high-born Ulysses ; heralds twain 205
 Shall follow, — Hodius and Eurybates.
 And now be water brought to cleanse our hands,
 And charge be given that no ill-omened word
 Be uttered, while we pray that Jupiter,
 The son of Saturn, will assist our need." 210

He spake ; and all approved the words he said.
Then poured the heralds water on the hands
Of those who sat. The young men crowned with wine
The goblets, and in seemly order passed
The brimming cups, distributing to each. 215
Part to the gods they poured, and next they drank
As each might choose, and then the embassy
Hastened from Agamemnon's tent. To each
Gerenian Nestor spake in turn, and fixed
His eyes on each intently, — most of all 220
Upon Ulysses, — and with many a charge
To turn Pelides from his angry mood.
Along the edge of the resounding deep
They went, and as they walked they offered prayer
To earth-embracing Neptune, that their words 225
Might move the great soul of Æacides.
And now they came where lay the Myrmidons
Among their tents and ships. Achilles there
Drew solace from the music of a harp
Sweet-toned and shapely, in a silver frame, 230
Part of the spoil he took when he o'erthrew
Eëtion's town. To soothe his mood he sang
The deeds of heroes. By him sat alone
Patroclus, silent till the song should cease.
On moved the messengers, — before them walked
High-born Ulysses, — till they stood beside 235
Achilles. He beheld, and with the harp
Sprang from his seat, surprised. Patroclus saw
The heroes also, and arose. Their hands

The swift Achilles took in his, and said : — 240

“ Welcome ! Ye come as friends. Some pressing cause

Must surely bring you hither, whom I prize,
Wronged as I am, beyond all other Greeks.”

Thus speaking, the great son of Peleus led
His guests still farther on, and seated them 245

On couches spread with purple coverings,
And thus addressed Patroclus, who was near : —

“ Son of Menœtius, bring a larger vase,
And mingle purer wine, and place a cup
For each, since these are most beloved friends, — 250
These warriors who now sit beneath my roof.”

He spake. Patroclus hearkened, and obeyed
His well-beloved friend, who meantime placed
A block beside the fire, and on it laid
Chines of a sheep and of a fatling goat, 255
And of a sow, the fattest of her kind.

Automedon stood by and held them fast ;
Achilles took the knife and skilfully
Carved them in portions, and transfixed the parts
With spits. Patroclus, the divine in form, 260
Woke to a blaze the fire ; and when the flame
Had ceased to rise he raked the glowing coals
Apart, and o’er them stretched the spits, and
strewed,

Raising the flesh, the sacred salt o’er all.
And when he had made ready and had spread 265
The banquet on the board, Patroclus took

The bread and offered it to all the guests
In shapely canisters. Achilles served
The meats, and took his seat against the wall,
In front of great Ulysses. There he bade 270
His friend Patroclus offer sacrifice,
Casting the first rich morsels to the flames.
The guests put forth their hands and shared the
feast ;

And when the calls of hunger and of thirst
Were felt no longer, Ajax gave a nod 275
To Phœnix, which divine Ulysses saw,
And filled his cup and drank to Peleus' son : —

“Thy health, Achilles ! Princely feasts like this
Attend us both in Agamemnon's tent

And here, — for here is all that makes a feast 280
Complete ; yet now is not the time to think
Of pleasant banquets, for our thoughts are turned —

O Jove-born warrior ! — to a fearful time
Of slaughter, and the fate of our good ships, —
Whether we save them harmless, or the foe 285
Destroy them, if thou put not on thy might.

For now the haughty Trojans, and the troops
Who come from far to aid them, pitch their camp
Close to our fleet and wall, and all around
Kindle their many fires, and boast that we 290
No longer have the power to drive them back
From our black galleys. Jupiter, the son
Of Saturn, shows them favorable signs
With lightnings from above ; and, terrible

In aspect and in valor, Hector makes 295
Sad havoc, trusting in the aid of Jove,
And neither reverences gods nor men, —
Such rage possesses him. He prays that soon
The morn may rise, that he may hew the prows
From all our ships and give them to the flames, 300
And slay the Greeks, bewildered with the smoke.
For me, I greatly fear the gods will grant
That he fulfil his threat, and that our doom
Will be to perish on the Trojan coast,
And far away from Argos, famed for steeds. 305
Rise, then, though late, — rise with a resolute mind,
And from the hard-pressed sons of Greece drive back
The assailing Trojans. Thou wilt else lament
Hereafter, when the evil shall be done
And shall admit no cure. Bethink thee well 310
How from the Greeks thou mayst avert the day
Of their destruction. O my friend, when first
He sent thee forth to Agamemnon's help
From Phthia's coast, thy father Peleus said : —
“ ‘ My child, from Juno and Minerva comes 315
The gift of valor, if they choose to give.
But curb thou the high spirit in thy breast,
For gentle ways are best, and keep aloof
From sharp contentions, that the old and young
Among the Greeks may honor thee the more.’ 320
“ Such was the old man's charge, forgotten now.
Yield, then, and lay thy wrath aside. Large gifts
Doth Agamemnon offer, to appease

Thy wounded spirit. Hear me, if thou wilt,
 Recount what gifts the monarch in his tent 325
 Hath promised thee : — Seven tripods which the fire
 Hath never touched ; six talents of pure gold ;
 And twenty shining caldrons ; and twelve steeds
 Of hardy frame, victorious in the race,
 Whose feet have won him prizes in the games. 330
 No beggar would he be, nor yet with store
 Of gold unfurnished, in whose coffers lay
 The prizes those swift-footed steeds have won.
 Seven faultless women, skilled in household arts,
 He offers, — Lesbians, whom he chose when thou
 Didst overrun the populous Lesbian isle, — 335
 In beauty eminent among their sex.
 These he bestows, and with them he will send
 Her whom he took away, — Briseis.

. 340
 All these he gives

At once ; and if, by favor of the gods,
 We lay the mighty city of Priam waste,
 Thou shalt load down thy galley with large store
 Of gold and silver, entering first when we, 345
 The Greeks, divide the spoil. Then mayst thou
 choose

Twice ten young Trojan women, beautiful
 Beyond their sex save Helen. If we come
 Safe to Achaian Argos, richly stocked
 With milky kine, thou mayst become to him 350
 A son-in-law, and cherished equally

With his sole son Orestes, who is reared
Right royally. Three daughters there, within
The monarch's stately halls, — Chrysothemis,
Laodice, and Iphianassa, — dwell, 355
And thou mayst choose among them, and mayst
lead

Home to the house of Peleus her who best
Deserves thy love. Nor needest thou endow
The bride, for he will give an ampler dower
Than ever father to his daughter gave, — 360
Seven cities with thronged streets, — Cardamyle,
Enope, grassy Hira, Pheræ famed
Afar, Antheia with rich pasture-grounds,
Æpeia beautiful, and Pedasus
With all its vineyards ; all are near the sea, 365
And stand the last before you reach the coast
Of sandy Pylos. Rich in flocks and herds
Their dwellers are, and they will honor thee
As if thou wert a god, and, ruled by thee,
Will pay large tribute. These will he bestow, 370
Let but thine anger cease. But if the son
Of Atreus and his gifts still move thy hate,
At least have pity on the afflicted Greeks,
Pent in their camp, who now would honor thee
As if thou wert a god ; and thou shalt gain 37
Great glory as their champion, and shalt slay
This Hector, who even now is close at hand,
And in a murderous frenzy makes his boast
That none of all the chieftains whom the fleet

Of Greece brought hither equals him in might." 38

The swift Achilles answered him and said : —

"Son of Laertes, nobly born, and versed

In wise devices, let me frankly speak

Just as I think, and just as I shall act,

And then ye will not importune me more. 385

Hateful to me, as are the gates of hell,

Is he who, hiding one thing in his heart,

Utters another. I shall speak as seems

To me the best ; nor deem I that the son

Of Atreus or the other Greeks can move 390

My settled purpose, since no thanks are paid

To him who with the enemy maintains

A constant battle : equal is the meed

Of him who stands aloof and him who fights

Manfully ; both the coward and the brave 395

Are held in equal honor, and they die

An equal death, — the idler and the man

Of mighty deeds. For me there is no store

Of wealth laid up from all that I have borne,

Exposing life in battle. As a bird 400

Brings to her unfledged young the food she finds,

Though she herself be fasting, so have I

Had many a night unvisited by sleep,

And passed in combat many a bloody day,

Fighting beside these warriors for their wives. 405

Twelve cities have I with my fleet laid waste,

And with my Myrmidons have I o'erthrown

Eleven upon this fertile Trojan coast.

Full many a precious spoil from these I bore,
And to Atrides Agamemnon gave. 410
He, loitering in his fleet, received them all ;
Few he distributed, and many kept.
To chiefs and princes he indeed assigned
Prizes, which now they hold. From me alone
Of all the Greeks he takes my prize ; he takes 415
My bride, whom well I loved ; — and let him keep
The damsel. But what need is there that Greeks
Wage war against the Trojans ? For what cause
Did Agamemnon, gathering from our realms
An army, lead it hither ? Was it not 420
Because of fair-haired Helen ? Are the sons
Of Atreus, then, the only men on earth
Who love their wives ? Nay, every good man loves
And cherishes his spouse ; and mine I loved
Tenderly, though the captive of my spear : 425
And now, since he hath taken my reward
Away and treacherously dealt with me,
Let him not try again, for I am warned,
And he will not persuade me. Let him take
Counsel with thee, Ulysses, and the rest, 430
How to drive back the enemy and save
The fleet from flames. Already has he done
Much without me ; a rampart he has raised,
And round it dug a deep, broad trench, and filled
The trench with palisades. Yet can he not 435
Resist the man-destroyer Hector thus.
This Hector, when I fought among the Greeks,

Never would fight at distance from the walls,
And ventured not beyond the Scæan gates
And beechen tree. There waited he for me 440
Upon a time, and scarce escaped with life
From my assault. Now, since I do not choose
To fight with noble Hector, I shall pay,
To-morrow, sacrifice to Jupiter
And all the gods, and load my galleys well, 445
And draw them to the water. Then shalt thou
See — if thou care for such a sight — my ships
Sailing upon the fishy Hellespont
At early morning, with their crews on board
Eager to pull the oar ; and if the god 450
Of ocean grant a prosperous voyage, then
On the third day we reach the fertile coast
Of Phthia. Large possessions left I there
When I came hither in an evil hour ;
And thither I shall carry with me gold 455
And ruddy brass, and women of fair forms,
And burnished steel, — the spoils I won in war.
The prize he gave me, Agamemnon, son
Of Atreus, takes, with many insults, back.
Bear him this message, — give it openly, 460
That others of the Greeks may be like me
Indignant should he impudently dare
To wrong them also : — Let him ne'er again,
Though shameless, dare to look me in the face.
I will not join in council or in act 465
With him : he has deceived and wronged me once,

And now he cannot wheedle me with words.
Let once suffice. I leave him to himself,
To perish. All-providing Jupiter
Hath made him mad. I hate his gifts ; I hold 470
In utter scorn the giver. Were his gifts
Tenfold — nay, twenty-fold — the worth of all
That he possesses, and with added wealth
From others, — all the riches that flow in
Upon Orchomenus, or Thebes, the pride 475
Of Egypt, where large treasures are laid up,
And through whose hundred gates rush men and
steeds,
Two hundred through each gate ; — nay, should he
give
As many gifts as there are sands and dust
Of earth, — not even then shall Atreus' son 480
Persuade me, till I reap a just revenge
For his foul contumelies. I will wed
No child of Agamemnon Even though
She vied with golden Venus in her charms,
And with the blue-eyed Pallas in her skill, 485
I would not wed her. Let him choose among
The Greeks a fitter husband, — one whose ruie
Is wider than my own. For if the gods
Preserve me, and I reach my home again,
My father, Peleus, will bestow on me 490
A consort. Many are the Achaian maids,
Daughters of chiefs who hold our citadels
In Hellas, and in Phthia, and of these,

Her who shall most delight me I will make
My well-beloved wife. My soul has longed 493
Earnestly, with a fitting spouse betrothed
Duly, to make my dwelling there, and there
Enjoy the wealth which aged Peleus won ;
For not to be compared with life is all
The wealth which, as men say, was treasured up 500
In Ilium's populous town in time of peace,
Ere the Greeks came, nor all the stores contained
Within the stony threshold of the god
Who bears the bow, Apollo, on the coast
Of rocky Pytho. We may gather spoil 505
Of oxen and of fatling sheep, and bring
Tripods from war, and yellow-maned steeds :
The breath of man no force can seize or hold,
And when it leaves the enclosure of the teeth
It comes not back. My mother said to me — 510
The goddess, silver-footed Thetis, said —
A twofold fate conducts me to my death ;—
If I remain to fight beneath the walls
Of Ilium, my return will be cut off,
But deathless my renown ; if I return 515
To the dear land in which my fathers dwell,
My glory will be nought, but long my life,
And late will come to me the stroke of death.
And now I counsel all to sail for home,
For never will ye see the overthrow 520
Of lofty Ilium. Jove the Thunderer
Stretches his great hand o'er her, and her sons

Take courage. Go ye now, and take with you
This message to the princes of the Greeks, —
As is the office of an embassy, — 525
And bid them meditate some wiser plan
To save their galleys and the host of Greeks
Within the hollow barks. The plan which brought
You hither cannot serve you while I keep
My anger unappeased. Let Phœnix stay 530
To pass the night with us, that he may sail
To-morrow, if it please him, to the land
We love ; I take him not against his will.”

He ceased ; and silent were the ambassadors,
Astonished at his passionate words. At last 535
Phœnix, the aged knight, with many tears
And sighs, took up the word, in grief and fear
Lest Hector should destroy the Grecian fleet : —

“ Illustrious son of Peleus, if indeed
Thou wilt return, nor carest to repel 540
From our swift galleys the consuming fire,
Because thou art offended, how shall I,
Dear child, remain without thee ? When at first
Peleus, the aged knight, from Phthia sent
Thee, yet a boy, to Agamemnon’s aid, 545
Unskilled as then thou wert in cruel war
And martial councils, — where men also gain
A great renown, — he sent me with thee, charged
To teach thee both, that so thou mightst become
In words an orator, in warlike deeds 550
An actor. Therefore, my beloved child,

Not willingly shall I remain behind ;
 Not even though a god should promise me
 That, overcoming the decays of age,
 I might become a beardless youth again, 555
 As when from Hellas and its companies
 Of lovely maids I came a fugitive,
 And left Amyntor, son of Ormenus, —
 My father, — angry with me for the sake
 Of a fair-tressèd wanton, 560

and with many a curse 565

Invoked the hateful furies to forbid
That any child who owed his birth to me
Should ever sit upon his knees. The gods —
The Jove of Hades and dread Proserpine —
Confirmed his curse. To slay him with the sword 570
Was my first thought. Some god subdued my wrath,
Reminding me of what the public voice
Would say, and infamy that would ensue, —
Lest I among the Achaians should be called
A parricide. I could not brook to dwell 575
Within my father's palace while he thus
Was wroth with me. My kindred and my friends
Came round me, and besought me to remain,
And stayed beside me. Many a fatling ewe
And many a slow-paced ox with curving horns

They slew, and many a fattened swine they stretched
Over the flame of Vulcan. From the casks
Of the old chief his wine was freely drawn.
Nine nights they slept surrounding me, while each
Kept watch in turn : nor ever were the fires 585
Put out ; one blazed beneath the portico
Of the fair hall, and near the chamber-door
Another glimmered in the vestibule.
But when upon me rose the tenth dark night,
I broke my aptly-jointed chamber-doors, 590
And issued forth, and easily o'erleaped
The wall around the palace, quite unseen
Of watching men and of the serving maids.
I fled through spacious Hellas to the fields
Of Phthia, nurse of flocks, and to her king, 595
Peleus, who kindly welcomed me, and loved
Me as a father loves his only son,
Born to large wealth in his declining years.
He made me rich, and gave me sovereign rule
Over much people. My abode was fixed 600
In farthest Phthia, where I was the prince
Of the Dolopians. As for thee, my care,
Godlike Achilles, made thee what thou art.
I loved thee from my soul : thou wouldst not go
With any other to the feast, nor take 605
Thy food at home until upon my knees
I placed thee, carved thy meats, and gave them thee.
And poured thy wine. The tunic on my breast
Was often wetted by thee when the wine

Gushed in thy petulant childhood from thy lips. 610
Thus many things did I endure for thee,
And many toils perform ; and since the gods
Vouchsafed no son to me, it was my thought
To train thee as a son, that thou mightst be,
O godlike man ! the bulwark of my age. 615
And now subdue that mighty spirit of thine :
Ill it becomes thee to be merciless :
The gods themselves are placable, though far
Above us all in honor and in power
And virtue. We propitiate them with vows, 620
Incense, libations, and burnt-offerings,
And prayers for those who have offended. Prayers
Are daughters of almighty Jupiter, —
Lame, wrinkled, and squint-eyed, — that painfully
Follow Misfortune's steps ; but strong of limb 625
And swift of foot Misfortune is, and, far
Outstripping all, comes first to every land,
And there wreaks evil on mankind, which prayers
Do afterwards redress. Whoe'er receives
Jove's daughters reverently when they approach, 630
Him willingly they aid, and to his suit
They listen. Whosoever puts them by
With obstinate denial, they appeal
To Jove, the son of Saturn, and entreat
That he will cause Misfortune to attend 635
The offender's way in life, that he in turn
May suffer evil and be punished thus.
Wherefore, Achilles ! do thou also yield

The honor due Jove's daughters, freely given
By other valiant men. If Atreus' son 640
Brought thee no gifts, nor promised others still,
But kept his anger, I would never ask
That thou shouldst lay aside thy wrath and come
To help the Argives in their bitter need.
But he bestows large gifts, and adds a pledge 645
Of others yet in store, and he hath sent
The best men of the army, who to thee
Are dearest, to entreat thee. Spurn thou not
These, nor their embassy, although at first
Thine anger was not causeless. We have heard 650
The praise of heroes of the elder time,
Inflamed to vehement anger, yet appeased
By gifts, and yielding to persuasive words.
One instance I remember: long ago
It happened, and I will relate it here 655
Among my friends. Around the city-walls
Of Calydon did the Curetes strive
In battle with the Ætolians; they destroyed
Each other fearfully. The Ætolians fought
To save the pleasant town of Calydon, 660
And the Curetes warred to lay it waste.
Diana of the golden throne had caused
The war, displeased with Ceneus, who withheld
From her the first-fruits of his fertile field:
While hecatombs were burnt in sacrifice 665
To feast the other gods, to her alone —
Daughter of Jove — no offering was brought;

For either he forgot, or thought the rite
Of little moment ; but he greatly erred.
And now the child of Jove, the archer-queen, 670
Incensed, sent forth against him from the wood
A white-tusked wild boar, which upon his lands
Entered, and ravaged them, and brought to earth
Many tall trees : tree after tree they fell,
With roots upturn, and all the blossoms on, 75
That promised fruit. Him Meleager, son
Of Ceneus, slew, with many hunters called
From neighboring cities, bringing many hounds.
A few could not subdue him : he had made
Many already mount the funeral pile. 680
Diana kindled round the boar a strife
For the beast's head and bristly hide, — a war
'Twixt the Curetes and the Ætolian band
Of braves. The war, while Meleager fought,
Went not with the Curetes, nor could they, 685
Though many, keep the field. But wrath at last
Seized Meleager, — wrath, which rages oft
Even in prudent minds. Incensed against
Althæa, his own mother, he remained
At home with Cleopatra, his young wife, 690
The beauteous, whom a delicate-footed dame,
Marpessa, daughter of Evenus, bore
To Idas, bravest in his time among
The sons of men, — so brave that once he drew
A bow against Apollo for the sake 695
Of his neat-footed bride. The honored pair

Within the palace used to call their child
Alcyone ; for when the archer-god,
Apollo, from her husband bore away
The mother, Cleopatra sadly wailed, 700
As wails the halcyon. So beside his spouse
Dwelt Meleager, brooding ever o'er
The violent anger which his mother's curse
Had kindled. Grieving for a brother's death,
She supplicated heaven, and often struck 705
Her hands against the teeming earth, and called—
Kneeling, her bosom all bedewed with tears —
On Pluto and the cruel Proserpine,
To put her son to death. From Erebus
The pitiless Erinnyes, wandering 710
In darkness, heard the prayer. Then straightway
rose

A sound of fearful tumult at the gates :
The towers were battered, and the elder chiefs
Of the Ætolians hastened to entreat
The aid of Meleager, and they sent 715
Priests of the gods, a chosen band, to pray
That he would come to their defence. Large gifts
They promised. Where the soil of Calydon
Was best, they bade him choose a fruitful field
Of fifty acres, half for vines, and half, 720
Cleared of the trees, for tillage. Earnestly
Did aged Ceneus, famed for horsemanship,
Beseech him ; to the chamber of his son,
High-roofed, he climbed, and at the threshold shook

The massive doors with knocking as he sued. 725
His sisters and his reverend mother joined
Their supplications : he resisted still.
And much his friends, the dearest and most prized,
Besought him, but they vainly strove to swerve
His steadfast mind, till his own chamber felt 730
The assault, and the Curetes climbed the walls
To fire the populous city. Then the nymph,
His graceful wife, entreated him with tears,
And spake of all the horrors which o'ertake
A captured city, — all the men cut off 735
By massacre, the houses given to flames,
The children and deep-bosomed women dragged
Into captivity. Her sorrowful words
He heard ; his spirit was disturbed ; he went
To gird his glittering armor on, and thus
He saved the Ætolians from a fearful doom,
Obeying his own impulse. The reward
Of rare and costly gifts they gave him not,
Though thus he rescued them. Be not thy thought
Like his, my friend ; let no invisible power 745
Persuade thee thus to act. Far worse it were
'To wait, and when our fleet is all on fire
Offer thy aid. Accept the gifts at once :
Then will the Greeks, as if thou wert a god,
Hold thee in honor. If without the gifts 750
Thou enter later on the field of fight,
Thou wilt not have like honor with the host,
Although thou turn the assault of battle back."

Then did Achilles, swift of foot, reply : —
“O ancient Phœnix, father, loved of Jove,
Such honor need I not ; for the decree
Of Jove, I deem, already honors me,
And will detain me by my beakèd ships
While breath is in my lungs, and I have power
To move these knees. Yet one thing I would say, —
And bear it thou in mind, — vex not my soul 761
With weeping and lamenting for the sake
Of Agamemnon ; it becomes thee not —
Thou who art loved by me — to yield thy love
To him, unless thou wouldst incur my hate. 765
And thou shouldst be the enemy of him
Who wrongs me. Reign thou equally with me,
And share my honors. These will carry back
My answer. Thou remain, and, softly couched,
Sleep here : with early morn will we consult 770
Whether to leave this region or remain.”

He spake, and, nodding to Patroclus, gave
A signal to prepare an ample couch
For Phœnix, while the other chiefs prepared
To leave the tent. Then Ajax Telamon, 775
The godlike chief, addressed his comrades thus : —

“Son of Laertes, nobly born, and skilled
In sage devices, let us now depart,
Since, as it seems, the end for which we came
Cannot be compassed thus, and we must bear 780
With speed the unwelcome answer to the Greeks,
Who sit expecting us ; while in his breast

The implacable Achilles bears a fierce
 And haughty heart, nor doth he heed the claim
 Of that close friendship of his fellow-chiefs, 785
 Which at the Grecian fleet exalted him
 Above all others. Unrelenting one !
 Even for a brother's death a price is paid,
 Or when a son is slain : the slayer dwells
 At home among his people, having made 790
 The appointed expiation. He to whom
 The fine is offered takes it, and his thirst
 Of vengeance is appeased. But in thy heart
 The gods have kindled an unquenchable rage,
 All for a single damsel, — and behold, 795
 Seven more we offer, passing beautiful,
 With many gifts beside. Let, then, thy mood
 Be softened : have respect to thine own roof ;
 For we are guests beneath it, sent from all
 The assembled host, and strong is our desire 800
 To be thy dearest and most cherished friends
 Of all the Achaians, many as they are."

Achilles the swift-footed answered thus : —
 " Illustrious Ajax, son of Telamon,
 Prince of the people ! all that thou hast said, 805
 I well perceive, is prompted by thy heart.
 Mine swells with indignation when I think
 How King Atrides mid the assembled Greeks
 Heaped insults on me, as if I had been
 A wretched vagabond. But go ye now 810
 And bear my message. I shall never think

Of bloody war till noble Hector, son
 Of Priam, slaughtering in his way the Greeks,
 Shall reach the galleys of the Myrmidons,
 To lay the fleet in flames. But when he comes 815
 To my own tent and galley, he, I think,
 Though eager for the combat, will desist."

He spake. Each raised a double cup and poured
 Libations to the gods ; they then returned
 Beside the fleet. Ulysses led the way. 820

Patroclus bade the attendant men and maids
 Strew with all speed a soft and ample bed
 For Phœnix. They obeyed, and spread the couch
 With skins of sheep, dyed coverlets, and sheets
 Of lawn ; and there the old man lay to wait 825
 The glorious morn. Meantime Achilles slept
 Within the tent's recess.

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Now when the ambassadors were come within
 The tent of Agamemnon, all the chiefs 835
 Rose, one by one, and, lifting up to them
 Their golden goblets, asked the news they brought
 And first Atrides, king of men, inquired : —

" Renowned Ulysses, glory of the Greeks !
 Tell me, will he protect our fleet from flames, 840

Or does he, in his wrath and pride, refuse?"

Then spake the hardy chief Ulysses thus : —

" Atrides Agamemnon, glorious king

Of men ! he will not let his wrath abate,

But rages yet more fiercely, and contemns 845

Thee and thy gifts. He leaves thee to consult

With thine Achaïans by what means to save

The fleet and army ; for himself he means

To-morrow, with the early dawn, to launch

His well-appointed galleys on the sea, 850

And will advise the other Greeks to spread

The sails for home, since they will never see

The overthrow of lofty Troy, for Jove

The Thunderer stretches his protecting hand

Above her, and her sons have taken heart. 855

Such are his words ; and those who went with me

Are present, — Ajax and the heralds both,

Sage men, — the witnesses to what I say.

The aged Phœnix stays behind to sleep,

And on the morrow to attend his chief 860

To their beloved country, — if he will,

For else by no means will he take him hence."

He spake ; and all were silent, all amazed

At what they heard, for these were bitter words.

Long sat the sons of Greece in silent thought, 865

Till Diomed, the great in battle, spake : —

" Atrides Agamemnon, glorious king

Of men ! I would thou hadst not deigned to ask

The illustrious son of Peleus for his aid,

With offer of large gifts ; for arrogant 876
 He is at all times : thou hast made him now
 More insolent. Now leave him to himself,
 To go or to remain : he yet will fight
 When his mood changes, or some god within
 Shall move him. Let us do what I advise : — 875
 Betake we all ourselves to rest, but first
 Refresh ourselves with food and wine ; in them
 Is strength and spirit. When the rosy morn
 Shall shine, command thou that the foot and horse
 Be speedily drawn up before the fleet, 880
 And thou encourage them with cheerful words,
 And fight among them in the foremost rank."
 He spake. The kings assented, and admired
 The words of the horse-tamer Diomed ;
 And, pouring out libations, to their tents 885
 They all departed, and lay down to rest,
 And took into their souls the balm of sleep.

BOOK X.

ALL the night long the captains of the Greeks
 Slept at the ships, and pleasant was their
 sleep, —
 Save only Agamemnon, Atreus' son,
 The shepherd of the people. Not to him —
 Vexed with a thousand cares — came gentle sleep.

As when the husband of the light-haired queen 6
Of heaven sends forth his thunders, ushering in
Some wide-involving shower, — rain, hail, or snow
Whitening the fields, — or opening o'er some land
The ravenous jaws of unrelenting war, — 10
So frequent were the groans which from his heart
Atrides uttered ; for within his breast
His heart was troubled. Looking toward the plain
Of Troy, he wondered at the many fires
Blazing before the city, and the sound 15
Of flutes and fifes, and tumult of the crowd.
But when he turned him toward the fleet and host
Of Greece, he tore his hair, and flung it up
To Jove, and vented his great heart in groans.
And now at length it seemed to him most wise 20
To seek Neleian Nestor, and with him
Devise some plan by which to turn aside
The threatened evil from the Greeks. He rose,
And drew his tunic o'er his breast, and laced
The graceful sandals to his well-shaped feet ; 25
And o'er his shoulders threw the blood-stained hide
Of a huge tawny lion, that reached down
Even to the ground ; and took in hand his spear.
Meantime with like uneasy thoughts oppressed
Was Menelaus, to whose eyes there came 30
No slumber, — dreading lest calamity
Should light upon the Greeks, who for his sake
Had crossed the sea to carry war to Troy.
And first he threw a leopard's spotted hide

O'er his broad back, and placed the brazen helm 35
 Upon his head, and took in his strong grasp
 A spear, and went to bid his brother wake, —
 His brother, the chief ruler over all
 The men of Greece, and honored like a god.
 He found him at his galley's prow in act 40
 To sheath his shoulders in the shining mail,
 And pleased to greet his coming. To the king
 Thus Menelaus, great in battle, spake : —

“ Why arm thyself, my brother? Wouldst thou
 send

A warrior to explore the Trojan camp? 45
 None will accept the task, I fear, to creep
 Alone at dead of night, a spy, within
 The hostile lines ; — a bold man must he be.”

Then answered Agamemnon, king of men : —
 “ Most noble Menelaus, much we need 50
 Wise counsel — thou and I — to save our men
 And galleys from destruction, since the will
 Of Jove is changed. Now hath the God respect
 To Hector's sacrifices ; for in truth
 I never saw — I never heard of one 55
 Who in one day performed such mighty deeds
 As Hector, dear to Jove, just now hath wrought,
 Though not the son of goddess or of god.
 Those deeds will be, I deem, for many a day
 A cause of bitter sorrow to the Greeks, — 60
 Such evil hath he wrought. Now go at once,
 And from their galleys call Idomeneus

And Ajax ; while to noble Nestor's tent
I go, and pray that he will rise and give
Their orders to the sacred band of guards ; — 65
For they will hearken to him, since his son
Commands them jointly with Meriones,
The armor-bearer of Idomeneus, —
Both named by us to that important trust."

Then Menelaus, great in battle, said : — 70
"What wilt thou, then, and what dost thou command, —

That I remain with them until thou come,
Or, having given the message, seek thee here ?"

Again the monarch Agamemnon spake : —
"Wait there, lest as we go I meet thee not, 75
For many ways are through the camp. But thou,
In going, shout aloud and bid them all
Be vigilant, accosting every one
By his paternal name, and giving each
Due honor : bear thyself not haughtily : 80
We too must labor ; for when we were born
Jove laid this hard condition on us all."

So spake he, and, dismissing with that charge
His brother, hastened to where Nestor lay,
The shepherd of his people. Him he found 85
On his soft couch within his tent beside
His dark-brown ship. Around him scattered shone
His arms, — a shield, two spears, a gleaming helm,
And pliant belt, with which the ancient man
Girded himself when arming to lead on 90

His men to murderous fight ; — for not to age
The warrior yielded yet. He raised his head,
And, leaning on his elbow, questioned thus
Atrides : “ Who art thou that traversest
The camp beside the fleet at dead of night, 95
Alone, while others sleep? Com’st thou to find
One of the guardsmen, or a comrade? Speak ;
Come not in silence thus : what wouldst thou have? ”

Then answered Agamemnon, king of men : —
“ O Nestor, son of Neleus, whom the Greeks 100
All glory in ! thou certainly wilt know
Atrides Agamemnon, whom the will
Of Jove hath visited with hardships great
Beyond what others bear, to last while breath
Is in my lungs, and while my knees can move. 105
I wander thus abroad because sweet sleep
Comes not to close my eyelids, and the war
And slaughter of the Greeks distress me sore.
For them I greatly fear, my heart is faint,
My mind confounded. In my breast the heart 110
Pants, and my limbs all tremble. If thou wilt, —
For, as I see, thou also dost not sleep, —
Come with me to the guards, that we may know
Whether, o’ercome by toil and weariness,
They give themselves to slumber and forget 115
Their watch. The foe is near us in his camp,
And how know we that even now by night
He plans not, to attack us in our tents? ”

Then Nestor, the Gerenian knight, replied : —

“ Atrides Agamemnon, glorious king 120
Of men, almighty Jove will not perform
For Hector all that Hector plans and hopes ;
And heavier cares, I think, will yet be his
When once Achilles’ wrath is turned away.
Yet willingly I join thee. Let us call 125
The other chiefs, — Ulysses, Diomed,
Both mighty spearmen ; Ajax, swift of foot ;
And the brave son of Phyleus. It were well
To send and bid the mightier Ajax come,
And King Idomeneus, for farthest off 130
The ships of both are stationed. I shall chide
Thy brother Menelaus — though he be
Honored and dear, and though it please thee not —
For sleeping, while he leaves such toils as these
To thee alone. He should be here among 135
The chiefs, exhorting them to valiant deeds ;
For now the hour of bitter need is come.”

Again spake Agamemnon, king of men : —
“ At other times, old chief, I would have begged
That thou shouldst blame him : he is oft remiss, 140
And late to act ; but not because of sloth,
Or want of spirit, — but he looks to me
And waits for my example. Yet to-night
He rose before me, sought me, and is sent
To call the chiefs whom thou hast named ; and now
Let us go on, and meet them where they wait, 146
Among the guards and just before the gates, —
For I appointed that the trysting-place.”

And Nestor, the Gerenian knight, replied : —

“ Then let no Greek condemn him, or refuse 150
To heed and to obey when he shall speak.”

He spake, and drew his tunic o'er his breast,
Laced the fair sandals to his shapely feet,
And round him fastened, with a clasp, his cloak, —
A double web of purple, with full folds 155
And flowing pile. He grasped a massive spear,
Its blade of trenchant brass. And first he sought
The galleys of the Achaians brazen-mailed.
There shouted Nestor the Gerenian knight,
To raise Ulysses, best of counsellors, 160
Jove-like in wisdom ; who perceived the voice,
And issued from his tent in haste, and said : —

“ What brings you forth to walk the camp at night,
Beside the ships alone ; what urgent cause ? ”

Then answered Nestor, the Gerenian knight : — 165
“ Son of Laertes, nobly born, and skilled
In wise devices, be thou not displeased :
A fearful woe impends above the Greeks :
Come, then, and call the other chiefs, to give
Their counsel whether we shall flee or fight.” 170

He spake ; and wise Ulysses, entering
His tent again, upon his shoulders laid
His well-wrought shield, and joined them as they
went,

Till, coming to Tydides Diomed,
They found him by his tent among his arms, 175
His comrades sleeping round him with their shields

Beneath their heads. Their spears were set upright,
The nether points in earth. The polished brass
Gleamed like the lightnings of All-Father Jove.

In sleep the hero lay ; a wild bull's hide 180
Was spread beneath him, and a carpet dyed
With glowing colors propped his head. The knight,
Gerenian Nestor, touched him with his foot
And roused him, and addressed him chidingly : —

“ O son of Tydeus ! wilt thou calmly sleep 185
All the night long ? And hast thou, then, not heard
That on a height amidst the plain the sons
Of Troy are stationed, near the ships, and small
The space that parts the enemy's camp from ours ? ”

He spake. The son of Tydeus sprang from sleep
At once, and answered him with wingèd words : —

“ Thy labors are too constant, aged man ; 192
Thou shrinkest from no hardship. Are there not
Young men among the Greeks to walk the camp
And call the kings ? Thou never takest rest.” 195

And Nestor, the Gerenian knight, replied : —
“ Well hast thou said, my friend, for I have sons
Without reproach, and I have many troops ;
And any one of these might walk the camp
And give the summons. But to-night there lies 200
A hard necessity upon the Greeks,
And their destruction and their rescue hang
Balanced on a knife's edge. Come then, since thou
Art younger, call swift Ajax and the son
Of Phyleus, if thou wouldst relieve my age.” 205

He spake ; and Diomed around him flung
A tawny lion's ample hide, that reached
Down to his feet, and took his spear and went
And summoned the two kings, and brought them
forth.

Now when they came among the assembled guard,
Its leaders were not slumbering ; every man 211
Sat watchful and in arms. As dogs that guard
Flocks in a sheepfold hear some savage beast
That comes through thickets down the mountain-
side ;

Loud is the clamor of the dogs and men, 215
And sleep is frightened thence, — so gentle sleep
Fled from the eyes of those who watched, that night,
Sadly, with eyes turned ever toward the plain,
Intently listening for the foe's approach.

The aged Nestor saw them, and rejoiced, 220
And thus encouraged them with wingèd words : —

“ Watch thus, dear youths, let no one yield to sleep,
Lest we become the mockery of the foe.”

He spake, and crossed the trench ; and with him
went

The Grecian leaders, they who had been called 225
To council. With them went Meriones
And Nestor's eminent son, for they had both
Been summoned. Crossing to the other side
Of that deep trench, they found an open space
Clear of the dead, in which they sat them down, —
Just where the fiery Hector, having slain 231

Many Achaïans, turned him back when night
Came o'er him. There they sat to hold debate ;
And thus spake Nestor the Gerenian knight : —

“ Friends ! is there none among you who so far 235
Trusts his own valor that he will to-night
Venture among the Trojans ? He perchance
Might capture on the borders of the camp
Some foeman wandering, or might bring report
Of what they meditate, and whether still 240
They mean to keep their station far from Troy
And near our ships, or, since their late success,
Return to Ilium. Could he safely bring
This knowledge back to us, his meed were great, —
Glory among all men beneath the sky, 245
And liberal recompense. As many chiefs
As now command our galleys, each would give
A black ewe with a suckling lamb, — such gifts
No one hath yet received, — and he should sit
A guest at all our banquets and our feasts.” 250

He spake ; and all were silent for a space.
Then Diomed, the great in battle, said : —

“ Nestor, my resolute spirit urges me
To explore the Trojan camp, that lies so near ;
Yet, were another warrior by my side, 255
I should go forth with a far surer hope,
And greater were my daring. For when two
Join in the same adventure, one perceives
Before the other how they ought to act ;
While one alone, however prompt, resolves 260

More tardily and with a weaker will."

He spake ; and many a chief made suit to share
The risk with Diomed. The ministers
Of Mars, the chieftains Ajax, asked to go ;
Meriones desired it ; Nestor's son 265
Greatly desired to join the enterprise ;
Atrides Menelaus, skilled to wield
The spear, desired it ; and that hardy chief,
Ulysses, longed to explore the Trojan camp,
For full of daring aims was the great soul 270
Within his bosom. Agamemnon then,
The king of men, took up the word and said : —

" Tydides Diomed, most dear of men,
Choose from the many chiefs, who ask to bear
A part with thee, the bravest. Be not moved 275
By deference to take the worse and leave
The abler warrior. Pay no heed to rank,
Or race, or wide extent of kingly rule."

Thus spake the king ; for in his heart he feared
For fair-haired Menelaus. Diomed, 280
The great in battle, then addressed them all : —

" Ye bid me choose : how, then, can I o'erlook
Godlike Ulysses, prudent in resolve,
And firm in every danger, well beloved
By Pallas. Give me him, and our return 285
Is sure, though from consuming flames ; for he
Is wise to plan beyond all other men."

Ulysses, nobly born and hardy, spake
In turn : " Tydides, praise me not too much,

Nor blame me, for thou speakest to the Greeks, 290
 Who know me. Meantime let us haste to go,
 For the night wears away, and morn is near.
 The stars are high, two thirds of night are past, —
 The greater part, — and scarce a third remains.²⁹

He spake ; and both arrayed themselves for fight.
 The mighty warrior Thrasymedes gave 296
 The two-edged sword he wore to Diomed, —
 Whose own was at the galleys, — and a shield.
 The hero then put on his helmet, made
 Of tough bull-hide, with neither cone nor crest, —
 Such as is worn by beardless youths. A bow, 302
 Quiver, and sword Meriones bestowed
 Upon Ulysses, placing on his brows
 A leathern helmet, firmly laced within
 By many a thong, and on the outer side 308
 Set thickly with a tusky boar's white teeth,
 Which fenced it well and skilfully. A web
 Of woollen for the temples lined the work.
 This helm Autolycus once bore away
 From Eleon, the city where he sacked 314
 The stately palace of Amyntor, son
 Of Ormenus. The captor gave the prize
 To the Cytheran chief, Amphidamas,
 Who bore it to Scandeia, and in turn
 Bestowed it upon Molus as his guest,
 And Molus gave it to Meriones,
 His son, to wear in battle. Now at last
 It crowned Ulysses' temples. When the twain

Were all accoutred in their dreadful arms,
 Forward they went, and left the assembled chiefs,
 While, sent by Pallas forth, upon their right 321
 A heron flew beside their path. The bird
 They saw not, for the night was dark, but heard
 Its rustling wings. Ulysses at the sound
 Rejoiced, and supplicated Pallas thus :— 325

“Hear ! daughter of the Ægis-bearer Jove !
 Thou who art near me in all dangers, thou
 Whose eye is on me wheresoe’er I go,
 Befriend me, Pallas, yet again, and grant
 That, laden with great glory, we return 330
 Safe to the galleys, mighty deeds performed,
 And woe inflicted on the Trojan race.”

Next Diomed, the great in battle, prayed :—
 “Daughter invincible of Jove, give ear
 Also to me. Be with me now, as once 335
 Thou didst attend on Tydeus nobly born,
 My father, when he bore an embassy
 To Thebè from the Achaians. He beside
 The Asopus left the Achaians mailed in brass,
 And bore a friendly message to the sons 340
 Of Cadmus, and on his return performed
 Full many a mighty deed with aid from thee,
 Great goddess ! for thou stoodest by his side.
 Stand now by me ; be thou my shield and guard ;
 And I, in turn, will offer up to thee 345
 A yearling heifer, broad between the horns,
 Which never ploughman yet hath tamed to bear

The yoke. Her to thine altar will I bring,
With gilded horns, to be a sacrifice."

So prayed they. Pallas listened to their prayers;
And, having supplicated thus the child 351
Of Jove Almighty, the two chiefs went on
Like lions through the darkness of the night,
Through slaughter, heaps of corpses, and black blood.

Nor now had Hector suffered the brave sons 355
Of Troy to sleep, but summoned all the chiefs,
Leaders, and princes of the host, and thus
Addressed the assembly with well-ordered words:—

"Who of you all will promise to perform
The task I set him, for a large reward? 360
For ample shall his meed be. I will give
A chariot and two steeds with lofty necks,
Swifter than the swift galleys of the Greeks.
Great glory will be his whoever dares
Approach those ships and bring the knowledge
thence 365

Whether the fleet is guarded as before,
Or whether, yielding to our arms, the foe
Is meditating flight, and, through the night
O'ercome with weariness, keeps watch no more."

He spake; and all were silent for a space. 370
Now there was one, among the Trojan chiefs,
Whose father was Eumedes, of the train
Of reverend heralds. Dolon was his name,
And he was rich in gold and brass, deformed
In face but swift of foot, an only son 375

Among five sisters. He stood forth among
The Trojans, and replied to Hector thus : —

“ My daring spirit, Hector, urges me
To visit the swift ships and learn the state
Of the Greek host. But hold thy sceptre forth, 386
And solemnly attest the gods that thou
Wilt give to me the horses, and the car
Engrailed with brass, which bear the illustrious son
Of Peleus. I shall not explore in vain,
Nor balk thy hope of me ; for I will pass 388
Into the camp until I reach the ship
Of Agamemnon, where the chiefs are now
Debating whether they shall fly or fight.”

He spake ; and Hector held the sceptre forth,
And swore : “ Be Jupiter the Thunderer, 390
Husband of Juno, witness, that those steeds
Shall bear no other Trojan than thyself.
That honor I confirm to thee alone.”

He spake. It was an idle oath, yet gave
New courage to the spy, who instantly 395
Upon his shoulders hung his crooked bow,
And round him flung a gray wolf's hide, and placed
A casque of otter-skin upon his head,
And took his pointed javelin, and made haste
To reach the Grecian fleet. Yet was he doomed 400
Never to leave that fleet again, nor bring
Tidings to Hector. Soon was he beyond
The crowd of men and steeds, and eagerly
Held on his way. Ulysses first perceived

His coming, and thus spake to Diomed : — 403

“Some one, Tydides, from the enemy’s camp
Is coming, either as a spy, or else
To spoil the dead. First let us suffer him
To pass us by a little on the plain,
Then let us rush and seize him. Should his speed
Be greater than our own, let us attack 411
The fugitive with spears, and drive him on
To where our ships are lying, from his camp,
Lest, flying townward, he escape our hands.”

He spake ; and both lay down without the path,
Among the dead, while he unwarily 416
Passed by them. When he now had gone as far
As two yoked mules might at the furrow’s end
Precede a pair of oxen, — for by mules 419
The plough is drawn more quickly through the soil
Of the deep fallow, — then they rose, and rushed
To seize him. As he heard their steps he stopped,
In hope that his companions had been sent
From Troy by Hector to conduct him back.
But when they came within a javelin’s cast, 425
Or haply less, he saw that they were foes,
And moved his nimble knees, and turned to flee,
While rapidly they followed. As two hounds,
Sharp-toothed, and trained to track their prey, pursue
Through forest-grounds some fawn or hare that runs
Before them panting, so did Diomed 431
And terrible Ulysses without stop
Follow the fugitive, to cut him off

From his own people. In his flight he came 433
Where soon he would have mingled with the guards,
Close to the fleet. Then Pallas breathed new strength
Into Tydides, that no other Greek
Might boast that he had wounded Dolon first,
And steal the honor. Therefore, with his spear
Uplifted, Diomed rushed on and spake : — 440

“ Stop, or my spear o’ertakes thee, nor wilt thou
Escape a certain death from this right hand.”

He spake, and hurled his spear — but not to
smite —

At Dolon, over whose right shoulder passed
The polished weapon, and, descending, pierced 443
The ground. Then Dolon, pale and fear-struck,
stopped,
And quaked, with chattering teeth and stammering
speech.

They, breathless with the chase, came up and seized
His hands, while, bursting into tears, he spake : —

“ Take me alive, and ye shall have from me 450
A ransom : there is store of brass and gold
And well-wrought steel, of which a princely share
My father will bestow when he shall hear
Of me alive and at the Grecian fleet.”

The crafty chief Ulysses answered thus : — 455
“ Take heart, and cease to think of death, but tell,
And truly, why thou camest to our fleet :
Was it to strip the bodies of the dead ?
Camest thou, sent by Hector, as a spy

Among our ships, or of thine own accord ?”

And Dolon answered, trembling still with fear : —
“ Hector, against my will and to my hurt,
Persuaded me. He promised to bestow
On me the firm-paced coursers, and the car
Engrailed with brass, which bear the illustrious son
Of Peleus, and enjoined me by the aid 466
Of darkness to approach the foe and learn
Whether ye guard your galleys as before,
Or, overcome by us, consult on flight,
And, wearied with the hardships of the day, 470
Have failed to set the accustomed night watch.”

The man of craft, Ulysses, smiled, and said : —
“ Truly, thy hope was set on princely gifts, —
The steeds of war-renowned Æacides,
Hard to be reined by mortal hands, or driven 475
By any, save by Peleus’ son himself,
Whom an immortal mother bore. But come,
Tell me, — and tell the truth, — where hast thou left
Hector, the leader of the host, and where
Are laid his warlike arms ; where stand his steeds ;
Where are the sentinels, and where the tents 481
Of other chiefs ? On what do they consult ?
Will they remain beside our galleys here,
Or do they meditate, since, as they say,
The Greeks are beaten, a return to Troy ? ” 485

Dolon, Eumedes’ son, made answer thus : —
“ What thou requirest I will truly tell.
Hector is with his counsellors, and now,

Apart from all the bustle, at the tomb
Of Ilus the divine, he plans the war. 490
Sentries, of whom thou speakest, there are none ;
No chosen band, O hero ! has in charge
To guard the camp. By all their blazing fires,
Constrained by need, the Trojans keep awake,
And each exhorts his fellow to maintain 495
The watch : not so the auxiliar troops who came
From far : they sleep, and since they have no wives
Nor children near, they let the Trojans watch."

Then thus the man of wiles, Ulysses, spake : —
"How sleep they, — mingled with the knights of
Troy 500
Or by themselves ? Tell me, that I may know."

Dolon, Eumedes' son, made answer thus : —
"What thou requirest I will truly tell.
On one hand, toward the sea, the bowmen lie
Of Caria and Pæonia, and with them 505
Lelegans, Caucons, and the gallant tribe
Of the Pelasgians. On the other hand,
Toward Thymbra, are the Lycians, the proud race
Of Mysia, Phrygia's knights, and cavalry
Of the Mæonians. Why should ye inquire 510
The place of each ? If ye design to-night
To penetrate into the Trojan camp,
There are the Thracians, newly come, apart
From all the others : with them is their king,
Rhesus, the son of Eioneus ; his steeds 515
Are far the largest and most beautiful

I ever saw, — the snow is not so white,
The wind is not so swift. His chariot shines
With gold and silver, and the coat of mail
In which he came to Troy is all of gold, 526
And gloriously and marvellously bright,
Such as becomes not mortal men to wear,
But the gods only. Now to your swift ships
Lead me ; or bind me fast with thongs, and here
Leave me till your return ; and ye shall know 528
Whether the words I speak be true or false.”

Then sternly spake the gallant Diomed : —
“ Once in our hands a prisoner, do not think,
O Dolon ! to escape, though thou hast told
Things that shall profit us. For if we now 530
Release thee thou wilt surely come again
To the Greek fleet, a spy, or openly
To fight against us. If I take thy life,
’T is certain thou wilt harm the Greeks no more.”

He spake. And as the suppliant took his chin 535
In his large hand, and had begun a prayer,
He smote him with his sword at the mid-neck,
And cut the tendons both ; the severed head,
While yet he spake, fell, rolling in the dust.
And then they took his helm of otter-skin, 540
The wolf’s-hide, sounding bow, and massive spear.
The nobly born Ulysses in his hand
Lifted the trophies high, devoting them
To Pallas, deity of spoil, and prayed : —

“ Delight thyself, O goddess, in these arms, 545

For thee we first invoke, of all the gods
Upon Olympus. Guide us now to find
The camp and coursers of the sons of Thrace."

He spake ; and, raising them aloft, he hung
The spoils upon a tamarisk, and brake 554
Reeds and the spreading branches of the tree
To form a mark, that so on their return
They might not, in the darkness, miss the spot.
Then onward, mid strewn arms and pools of blood,
They went, and soon were where the Thracians lay.
There slept the warriors, overpowered with toil ; 556
Their glittering arms were near them, fairly ranged
In triple rows, and by each suit of arms
Two coursers. Rhesus slumbered in the midst.
Near him were his fleet horses, which were made
Fast to the chariot's border by the reins. 561
Ulysses saw them first, and, pointing, said : —

" This is the man, O Diomed, and these
The steeds, described by Dolon whom we slew.
Come, then ; put forth thy strength of arm, for ill
Doth it become thee to stand idle here, 566
Armed as thou art. Loose thou the steeds ; or else
Slay thou the men, and leave the steeds to me."

He spake. The blue-eyed Pallas straightway gave
Strength to Tydides, who on every side 570
Dealt slaughter. From the smitten by the sword
Rose fearful groans ; the ground was red with blood
As when a ravening lion suddenly
Springs on a helpless flock of goats or sheep,

So fell Tydides on the Thracian band, 575
 Till twelve were slain. Whomever Diomed
 Approached and smote, the sage Ulysses seized,
 And drew him backward by the feet, that thus
 The flowing-manèd coursers might pass forth
 Unhindered, nor, by treading on the dead, 580
 Be startled ; for they yet were new to war.
 Now when the son of Tydeus reached the king, —
 The thirteenth of his victims, — him he slew
 As he breathed heavily ; for on that night
 A fearful dream, in shape CEnides' son, 585
 Stood o'er him, sent by Pallas. Carefully
 Ulysses meantime loosed the firm-paced steeds,
 And, fastening them together, drave them forth,
 Urging them with his bow : he had not thought
 To take the showy lash that lay in sight 590
 On the fair chariot-seat. In going thence
 He whistled, as a sign to Diomed,
 Who lingered, pondering on his next exploit, —
 Whether to seize the chariot where was laid
 The embroidered armor, dragging it away ; 595
 Or, lifting it aloft, to bear it thence ;
 Or take more Thracian lives. As thus his thoughts
 Were busy, Pallas, standing near him, spake : —
 “ O son of large-souled Tydeus, think betimes
 Of thy return to where the galleys lie ; 600
 Else may some god arouse the sons of Troy,
 And thou be forced to reach the ships by flight.”
 She spake. He knew the goddess by her voice,

And leaped upon a steed. Ulysses lashed
The horses with his bow, and on they flew 605
Toward the swift galleys of the Grecian host.

Apollo, bearer of the silver bow,
Kept no vain watch, and, angry when he saw
Minerva at the side of Diomed,
Down to the mighty host of Troy he came, 610
And roused from sleep a Thracian counsellor, —
Hippocoön, a kinsman of the house
Of Rhesus. Leaping from his couch, he saw
The vacant spot where the swift steeds had stood,
And, weltering in their blood, the dying chiefs. 615
He saw, and wept aloud, and called by name
His dear companion. Then a clamor rose,
And boundless tumult, as the Trojans came
All rushing to the spot, and marvelling
At what the daring warriors, who were now 620
Returning to the hollow ships, had done.

And when these warriors now had reached the spot
Where Hector's spy was slain, Ulysses, dear
To Jupiter, reined in the fiery steeds,
And Diomed leaped down and took the spoil 625
Blood-stained, and gave it to Ulysses' hands,
And mounted. Then again they urged the steeds,
Which, not unwilling, flew along the way.

First Nestor heard the approaching sound, and
said : —

“Friends, chiefs and princes of the Greeks, my
heart — 630

Truly or falsely — urges me to speak.
The trampling of swift steeds is in my ears.
O that Ulysses and the gallant son
Of Tydeus might be bringing at this hour
Firm-footed coursers from the enemy's camp ! 685
Yet must I fear that these, our bravest chiefs,
Have met disaster from the Trojan crew."

While he was speaking yet, the warriors came.
They sprang to earth ; their friends, rejoicing, flocked
Around them, greeting them with grasp of hands 640
And with glad words, while the Gerenian knight,
Nestor, inquired : " Declare, illustrious chief,
Glory of Greece, Ulysses, how ye took
These horses : from the foe ; — or did some god
Bestow them ? They are glorious as the sun. 645
Oft am I midst the Trojans, for, though old,
I lag not idly at the ships ; yet ne'er
Have my eyes looked on coursers like to these.
Some god, no doubt, has given them, for to Jove,
The God of storms, and Pallas, blue-eyed child 650
Of ægis-bearing Jove, ye both are dear."

Then sage Ulysses answered : " Pride of Greece !
Neleian Nestor, truly might a god
Have given us nobler steeds than even these.
All power is with the gods. But these of which 655
Thou askest, aged man, are brought from Thrace,
And newly come. Brave Diomed hath slain
Their lord, and twelve companions by his side, —
All princes. Yet another victim fell, —

A spy whom, near our ships, we put to death, — 660
A man whom Hector and his brother chiefs
Sent forth by midnight to explore our camp.”

He spake, and gayly caused the firm-paced steeds
To pass the trench ; the other Greeks, well pleased,
Went with him. When they reached the stately tent
Of Diomed, they led the coursers on 665

To stalls where Diomed's fleet horses stood
Champing the wholesome corn, and bound them there
With halters neatly shaped. Ulysses placed

Upon his galley's stern the bloody spoil 670
Of Dolon, to be made an offering

To Pallas. Then, descending to the sea,
They washed from knees and neck and thighs the
grime

Of sweat ; and when in the salt wave their limbs
Were cleansed, and all the frame refreshed, they
stepped 675

Into the polished basins of the bath,
And, having bathed and rubbed with fragrant oil
Their limbs, they sat them down to a repast,
And from a brimming jar beside them drew,
And poured to Pallas first, the pleasant wine. 680

[The next morning the fight is renewed.

“Each chief gave orders to his charioteer
To stay his horses firmly by the trench,
While they rushed forth in arms. At once arose,
Ere yet the sun was up, a mighty din.
They marshalled by the trench the men on foot;
The horse came after, with short space between.”

Eurypylus is wounded, and on his return from the scene of battle is met by Patroclus, “Menœtius’ valiant son,” who carries him to his tent and ministers to him.

“A servant spread,
Upon his entering, hides to form a couch;
And there Patroclus laid him down and cut
The rankling arrow from his thigh, and shed
Warm water on the wound to cleanse away
The purple blood, and last applied a root
Of bitter flavor to assuage the smart,
Bruising it first within his palms.”

We omit Book XI, containing this story, and resume the narrative with Book XII.]

BOOK XII.

THUS in the camp Menœtius’ valiant son
Tended Eurypylus, and dressed his wounds;
While yet in mingled throngs the warriors fought, —
Trojans and Greeks. Nor longer was the trench
A barrier for the Greeks, nor the broad wall
Which they had built above it to defend
Their fleet; for all around it they had drawn
The trench, yet not with chosen hecatombs
Paid to the gods, that so it might protect

The galleys and the heaps of spoil they held. 20
Without the favor of the gods it rose,
And therefore was not long to stand entire.
As long as Hector lived, and Peleus' son
Was angered, and King Priam's city yet
Was not o'erthrown, so long the massive wall 15
Built by the Greeks stood firm. But when at length
The bravest of the Trojans had been slain,
And many of the Greeks were dead, — though still
Others survived, — and when in the tenth year
The city of Priam fell, and in their ships 20
The Greeks went back to their beloved land,
Then did Apollo and the god of sea
Consult together to destroy the wall
By turning on it the resistless might
Of rivers, all that from the Idæan heights 25
Flow to the ocean, — Rhesus, Granicus,
Heptaporus, Caresus, Rhodius,
Æsepus, and Scamander's hallowed stream,
And Simoïs, in whose bed lay many shields
And helms and bodies of slain demigods. 30
Phœbus Apollo turned the mouths of these
All toward one spot ; nine days against the wall
He bade their currents rush, while Jupiter
Poured constant rain, that floods might overwhelm
The rampart ; and the god who shakes the earth. 35
Wielding his trident, led the rivers on.
He flung among the billows the huge beams
And stones which, with hard toil, the Greeks had laid

For the foundations. Thus he levelled all
Beside the hurrying Hellespont, destroyed 40
The bulwarks utterly, and overspread
The long broad shore with sand ; and then he
brought

Again the rivers to the ancient beds
In which their gently flowing waters ran.

This yet was to be done in time to come 45
By Neptune and Apollo. Meanwhile raged
Battle and tumult round that strong-built wall.
The towers in all their timbers rang with blows ;
And, driven as by the scourge of Jove, the Greeks,
Hemmed closely in beside their roomy ships, 50
Trembled at Hector, the great scatterer
Of squadrons, fighting, as he did before,
With all a whirlwind's might. As when a boar
Or lion mid the hounds and huntsmen stands,
Fearfully strong, and fierce of eye, and they 55
In square array assault him, and their hands
Fling many a javelin ; — yet his noble heart
Fears not, nor does he fly, although at last
His courage cause his death ; and oft he turns,
And tries their ranks ; and where he makes a rush
The ranks give way ; — so Hector moved and
turned 60

Among the crowd, and bade his followers cross
The trench. The swift-paced horses ventured not
The leap, but stood upon the edge and neighed
Aloud, for the wide space affrighted them ; 65

And hard it was to spring across, or pass
From side to side, for on each side the brink
Was steep, and bristled with sharp stakes, close set
And strong, which there the warrior sons of Greece
Had planted, a defence against the foe. 70

No steed that whirled the rapid car along
Could enter, but the soldiery on foot
Eagerly sought to pass, and in these words
Polydamas to daring Hector spake : —

“ Hector, and ye who lead the troops of Troy 75
And our auxiliars ! rashly do we seek
To urge our rapid steeds across the trench
So hard to pass, beset with pointed stakes, —
And the Greek wall so near. The troops of horse
Cannot descend nor combat there : the space 80
Is narrow : they would all be slain. If Jove,
The Thunderer of the skies, design to crush
The Greeks and succor Troy, I should rejoice
Were the design at once fulfilled, and all
The sons of Greece ingloriously cut off, 85
Far from their Argos. But if they should turn
Upon us, and repulse us from their fleet,
And we become entangled in the trench,
I deem no messenger would e'er go back
To Troy from fighting with the rallied Greeks. 90
Heed, then, my words, and let the charioteers
Stay with the coursers at the trench, while we,
Armed, and on foot, and all in close array,
Follow our Hector. For the Greeks in vain

Will strive to stem our onset if, in truth,
The hour of their destruction be at hand." 95

So spake Polydamas ; and Hector, pleased
To hear the prudent counsel, leaped to earth
With all his arms, and left his car. The rest
Rode with their steeds no more, but, hastily 100
Dismounting, as they saw their noble chief,
Each bade his charioteer hold back his steeds,
Reined at the trench, in ranks. And then, apart,
They mustered in five columns, following close
Their leaders. First, the largest, bravest band, 105
Those who, with resolute daring, longed to break
The rampart and to storm the fleet, were led
By Hector and the good Polydamas,
Joined with Cebriones, — for Hector left
His chariot to the care of one who held 110
An humbler station than Cebriones.
Paris, Alcathoüs, and Agenor led
A second squadron. Helenus, a son
Of Priam, and Deïphobus, a youth
Of godlike form, his brother, took command 115
Of yet a third, — with whom in rank was joined
The hero Asius, son of Hyrtacus,
Whose bright-haired coursers, of majestic size,
Had borne him from Arisba and the banks
Of Selleis. Æneas led the fourth, — 120
The brave son of Anchises ; and with him
Were joined Archilochus and Acamas,
Sons of Antenor, skilled in arts of war.

The band of Troy's illustrious allies
Followed Sarpedon, who from all the rest 125
Had chosen, to partake in the command,
Glaucus and brave Asteropæus. These
He deemed the bravest under him ; yet he
Stood foremost of them all in warlike might.

Then all, with their stout bucklers of bull's-hide
Adjusted to each other, bravely marched 131
Against the Greeks, who, as they deemed, must fly
Before them, and must fall by their black ships.
Then all the other Trojans, and the allies
From foreign shores, obeyed the counsel given 135
By good Polydamas ; but Asius, son
Of Hyrtacus, and prince of men, chose not
To leave his chariot and his charioteer,
But drave with them against the roomy ships.
Vain youth ! — he was not destined to return, 140
Borne by his steeds and chariot, from the fleet,
And from the fate he braved, to wind swept Troy.
His evil fate o'ertook him from the spear
Of great Idomeneus, Deucalion's son ;
For toward the galleys moored upon the left 145
He hastened by the way in which the Greeks,
With steeds and cars, retreated from the plain.
Thither he drave his coursers ; there he found
The gates not closed, nor the long bar across,
But warriors held them open to receive 150
In safety their companions as they fled
From battle to the fleet. Exultingly

He turned his coursers thither, and his men
Followed him, shouting ; for they thought the Greeks
Could not abide their onset, but must yield, 153
And perish by their ships. Deluded men ! —
They met two mighty warriors at the gate, —
The brave descendants of the Lapithæ,
That warlike tribe : Pirithoüs' gallant son
Was one, named Polypætēs ; with him stood 160
Leonteus, strong as Mars the slayer of men.
By the tall gates they stood, as giant oaks
Stand on the mountains and abide the wind
And the tempestuous rains of all the year,
Firm-planted on their strong and spreading roots. 165
So they, confiding in their strength of arm,
Waited for mighty Asius hasting on,
And fled not. Onward came the hostile troop,
With their tough shields uplifted, and with shouts :
All rushing toward the massive wall they came, 170
Following King Asius, and Iamenus
Orestes, Thoön, Acamas the son
Of Asius, and Cēnomaüs. Meanwhile
Leonteus and his comrade had retired
Within, encouraging the well-armed Greeks 175
To combat for the fleet ; but when they saw
The rout and panic of their flying host,
They darted forth and fought before the gates, —
Fought like wild boars that in the mountains meet
A clamorous troop of men and dogs, and dart 180
Sideway at their assailants, break the trees

Close to the root, and fiercely gnash their tusks,
Until some javelin strikes them, and they die.
So on the breasts of the two warriors rang
The shining brass, oft smitten ; for they fought 185
Fearlessly, trusting in the aid of those
Who held the wall, and their own valiant arms.
And they who stood on the strong towers hurled down
Stones, to defend the Achæians and their tents
And their swift ships. As snow-flakes fall to earth 190
When strong winds, driving on the shadowy cloud,
Shower them upon the nourishing glebe, so thick
Were showered the weapons from the hands of
Greeks

And Trojans ; and the helms and bossy shields,
Beaten by stones, resounded. Asius then — 195
The son of Hyrtacus — in anger groaned,
And smote his thighs impatiently, and said : —

“ O Father Jove ! thou then art wholly false.
I did not look to see the men of Greece
Stand thus before our might and our strong arms ; 200
Yet they, like pliant-bodied wasps or bees,
That build their cells beside the rocky way,
And quit not their abode, but, waiting there
The hunter, combat for their young — so these,
Although but two, withdraw not from the gates, 205
Nor will, till they be slain or seized alive.”

He spake ; but moved not thus the will of Jove,
Who planned to give the glory of the day
To Hector. Meanwhile, at the other gates

Fought other warriors, — but 't were hard for me, ²¹⁰
Were I a god, to tell of all their deeds ;
For round the wall on every side there raged,
Fierce as consuming fire, a storm of stones.
The Greeks, in bitter anguish, yet constrained,
Fought for their fleet ; and sorrowful were all ²¹⁵
The gods who in the battle favored Greece.

Now the two Lapithæ began the fight.
Pirithoüs' son, brave Polypætes, cast
His spear at Damasus ; it broke its way
Through the helm's brazen cheek, — nor that alone :
Right through the temple went the brazen blade, ²²¹
And crushed the brain within. He left him slain,
And next struck Pylon down, and Ormenus.
Leonteus, of the stock of Mars, assailed
Hippomachus, who from Antimachus ²²⁵
Derived his birth ; he pierced him at the belt,
And, drawing forth his trenchant sword, hewed down,
In combat hand-to-hand, Antiphates ;
He dashed him backward to the ground, and next
Smote Menon and Iamenus ; and last ²³⁰
He slew Orestes : at his feet they lay,
A pile of dead, upon their mother Earth.

Then, as the twain were stripping from the dead
Their glittering arms, the largest, bravest band
Of those who eagerly desired to break ²³⁵
The rampart and to burn the ships with fire,
Following Polydamas and Hector, stood
Consulting at the trench. An augury,

Just as they were in act to cross, appeared
Upon the left : an eagle high in air, 240
Between the armies, in his talons bore
A monstrous serpent, bleeding, yet alive
And palpitating, — nor disabled yet
For combat ; for it turned, and on the breast
Wounded the eagle, near the neck. The bird 245
In pain let fall his prize amid the host,
And flew away, with screams, upon the wind.
The Trojans shuddered at the spotted snake
Lying among them, and Polydamas
Said thus to fearless Hector, standing near : — 250

“ Hector, thou almost ever chidest me
In council, even when I judge aright.
I know it ill becomes the citizen
To speak against the way that pleases thee,
In war or council, — he should rather seek 255
To strengthen thy authority ; yet now
I will declare what seems to me the best :
Let us not combat with the Greeks, to take
Their fleet ; for this, I think, will be the end, —
If now the omen we have seen be meant 260
For us of Troy who seek to cross the trench ; —
This eagle, flying high upon the left,
Between the hosts, that in his talons bore
A monstrous serpent, bleeding, yet alive,
Hath dropped it mid our host before he came 265
To his dear nest, nor brought it to his brood ; —
So we, although by force we break the gates

And rampart, and although the Greeks fall back,
Shall not as happily retrace our way ;
For many a Trojan shall we leave behind, 279
Slain by the weapons of the Greeks, who stand
And fight to save their fleet. Thus will the seer,
Skilled in the lore of prodigies, explain
The portent, and the people will obey.”

Sternly the crested Hector looked, and spake :—
“ Polydamas, the thing that thou hast said 276
Pleases me not, and easily couldst thou
Frame better counsels. If thy words convey
Thy earnest thought, the gods assuredly
Have made thee lose thy senses. Thou dost ask
That I no longer reverence the decree 281
Of Jove, the Thunderer of the sky, who gave
His promise, and confirmed it. Thou dost ask
That I be governed by the flight of birds,
Which I regard not, whether to the right 285
And toward the morning and the sun they fly,
Or toward the left and evening. We should heed
The will of mighty Jupiter, who bears
Rule over gods and men. One augury
There is, the surest and the best, — to fight 290
For our own land. Why darest thou the war
And conflict? Though we all should fall beside
The galleys of the Greeks, there is no fear
That thou wilt perish, for thou hast no heart
To stand against the foe ;— no warrior thou ! 295
Yet, if thou dare to stand aloof, or seek

By words to turn another from the fight,
The spear I wield shall take thy life at once."

He spake, and went before ; and all his band
Followed with fearful clamor. Jupiter, 300
The God of thunders, sending a strong wind
From the Idæan summits, drave the dust
Full on the galleys, and made faint the hearts
Of the Greek warriors, and gave new renown
To Hector and the men of Troy. For these, 305
Trusting in portents sent from Jupiter,
And their own valor, labored to break through
The massive rampart of the Greeks : they tore
The galleries from the towers, and levelled down
The breastworks, heaved with levers from their
place 310

The jutting buttresses which Argive hands
Had firmly planted to support the towers,
And brought them to the ground ; and thus they
hoped

To force a passage to the Grecian camp.
Not yet did they of Greece give way : they fenced 315
The rampart with their ox-hide shields, and smote
The enemy from behind them as he came
Under the wall. The chieftains Ajax flew
From tower to tower, and cheered the Achaians on,
And roused their valor, — some with gentle words,
And some with harsh rebuke, — whome'er they saw
Skulk from the toils and dangers of the fight. 322

" O friends ! " they said, " ye great in war, and ye

Of less renown, and ye of little note ! —
 For all are not alike in war, — the time 325
 Demands the aid of all, as well ye know :
 And now let no man turn him toward the fleet
 Before the threats of Hector, but press on,
 And each exhort his fellow : so may Jove,
 Who flings the lightning from Olympus, grant 330
 That, driving back their onset, we may chase
 The enemy to the very walls of Troy.”

Thus in the van they shouted, and awoke
 New courage in the Greeks. As when the flakes
 Of snow fall thick upon a winter-day, 335
 When Jove the Sovereign pours them down on men,
 Like arrows, from above ; — he bids the wind
 Breathe not ; continually he pours them down,
 And covers every mountain-top and peak,
 And flowery mead, and field of fertile tilth, 340
 And sheds them on the havens and the shores
 Of the gray deep ; but there the waters bound
 The covering of snows, — all else is white
 Beneath that fast-descending shower of Jove ; —
 So thick the shower of stones from either side 345
 Flew toward the other, — from the Greeks against
 The Trojans, and from them against the Greeks ;
 And fearful was the din along the wall.

Yet would illustrious Hector and the men
 Of Troy have failed to force the gates and burst 350
 The bar within, had not all-seeing Jove
 Impelled his son Sarpedon to attack

The Greeks as falls a lion on a herd
Of hornèd beeves. The warrior held his shield,
A brazen orb, before him, — beautiful, 355
And fenced with metal ; for the armorer laid
Broad plates without, while under these he sewed
Bull's-hides the toughest, edged with golden wires
Upon the rim. With this the warrior came,
Wielding two spears. As when a lion, bred 360
Among the mountains, fasting long from flesh,
Comes into the fenced pastures, without fear,
To prey upon the flock ; and though he meet
The shepherds keeping watch with dogs and spears,
Yet will he not be driven thence until 365
He makes a spring into the fold and bears
A sheep away, or in the act is slain,
Struck by a javelin from some ready hand ; —
Sarpedon, godlike warrior, thus was moved
By his great heart to storm the wall and break 370
Through the strong barrier ; and to Glaucus, son
Of Lycia's king Hippolochus, he said : —

“ Why, Glaucus, are we honored, on the shores
Of Lycia, with the highest seat at feasts,
And with full cups ? Why look men up to us 375
As to the gods ? And why do we possess
Broad, beautiful enclosures, full of vines
And wheat, beside the Xanthus ? Then it well
Becomes us, foremost in the Lycian ranks
To stand against the foe, where'er the fight 380
Is hottest ; so our well-armed Lycian men

Shall say, and truly : ‘ Not ingloriously
Our kings bear rule in Lycia, where they feast
On fatlings of the flock, and drink choice wine ;
For they excel in valor, and they fight 385
Among our foremost.’ O my friend, if we,
Leaving this war, could flee from age and death,
I should not here be fighting in the van,
Nor would I send thee to the glorious war
But now, since many are the modes of death 390
Impending o’er us, which no man can hope
To shun, let us press on and give renown
To other men, or win it for ourselves ! ”

He spake ; and Glaucus not unwillingly
Heard and obeyed. Right on the warriors pressed,
Leading the Lycian host. Menestheus, son 395
Of Peteus, saw, and trembled ; for they came
With evil menace toward his tower. He looked
Along the Grecian lines in hope to see
Some chieftain there whose ready help might save 400
His comrades from their danger. He beheld
The rulers Ajax, never tired of war,
Standing with Teucer, who just then had left
His tent ; and yet they could not hear his shout,
So fearful was the din that rose to heaven 405
From all the shields, and crested helms, and gates,
Smitten with missiles, — for at all the gates
The Lycians thundered, struggling hard to break
A passage through them. Then Menestheus called
A herald near, and bade Thoötes bear 410

A message to the leaders Ajax, thus : —

“Go, nobly born Thoötes, and in haste
Call Ajax, — call them both, for that were best, —
Since terrible will be the slaughter here,
So fiercely are the Lycians pressing on, 415
Impetuous ever in assault. If there
The fight be also urgent, then at least
Let the brave Telamonian Ajax come,
And Teucer, the great archer, follow him.

He spake. The herald listened and obeyed, 420
And flew along the summit of the wall
Built by the Greeks. He reached, and stood beside,
The chieftains Ajax, and addressed them thus : —

“Ajaces, leaders of the warlike Greeks,
The honored son of noble Peteus asks 425
That ye will come, though for a little space,
To aid him and to share his warlike toils ;
For terrible will be the slaughter there,
So fiercely are the Lycians pressing on,
Impetuous ever in assault. If here 430
The fight be also urgent, then at least
Let the brave Telamonian Ajax come,
And Teucer, the great archer, follow him.”

He ended. Ajax, son of Telamon,
Hearkened, and to his fellow-warrior said : — 435

“Here, where the gallant Lycomedes stands,
Ajax ! remain, and, cheering on the Greeks,
Lead them to combat valiantly. I go
To stem the battle there, and when our friends

Are succored I will instantly return."

440

So speaking, Ajax, son of Telamon,
Departed thence, and with him Teucer, sprung
From the same father. With them also went
Pandion, carrying Teucer's crooked bow.
They came to brave Menestheus at his tower, 445
And went within the wall and met their friends,
Hard-pressed, — for gallantly the Lycian chiefs
And captains, like a gloomy tempest, rushed
Up the tall breastworks ; while the Greeks withstood
Their onset, and a mighty clamor rose. 450

Then Telamonian Ajax smote to death
Epicles, great of soul, Sarpedon's friend :
Against that chief he cast a huge, rough stone,
That lay high up beside a pinnacle
Within the wall. No man with both his hands, — 455
Such men as now are, — though in prime of youth,
Could lift its weight ; and yet he wielded it
Aloft, and flung it. Through the four-coned helm
It crashed, and brake the skull within. Down plunged
The Lycian, like a diver, from his place 460
On the high tower, and life forsook his limbs.
Then Teucer also wounded with a shaft
Glaucus, the brave son of Hippolochus,
As he leaped forth to scale the lofty wall, —
Wounded him where the naked arm was seen, 465
And made him leave the combat. Back he sprang,
Hiding amid the crowd, that so the Greeks
Might not behold the wounded limb, and scoff.

With grief Sarpedon saw his friend withdraw,
Yet paused not from the conflict, but took aim 470
At Thestor's son, Alcmaon, with his spear ;
Pierced him ; and drew the weapon out. The Greek,
Following the spear, fell headlong ; and his arms,
Studded with brass, clashed round him as he fell.
Then did Sarpedon seize, with powerful hands, 475
The battlement ; he wrenched it, and it came
To earth, and laid the rampart's summit bare,
To make a passage for the assailing host.
Ajax and Teucer saw, and both took aim
Together at Sarpedon : Teucer's shaft 480
Struck in the midst the buckler's glittering belt,
Just at the bosom ; but Jove warded off
The death-stroke from his son, lest he should fall
Beside the galleys. Ajax, springing, struck
The buckler with his spear, and pierced its folds, 485
And checked the eager warrior, who gave way
A little, yet retreated not, but turned,
Encouraging the godlike Lycians thus : —

“ Where, Lycians, is your fiery valor now ?
Were I the bravest, it were hard, alone, 490
For me to force a passage to the fleet,
Though I have cleared the way. Come on with me !
Light is the task when many share the toil.”

He spake ; and they who revered his words
Of exhortation drew more closely round 495
Their counsellor and sovereign, while the Greeks
Above them made their phalanxes more strong

Within the wall, — for urgent was the need ;
Since neither could the gallant Lycians break
The barrier of the Greeks, and cut their way 505
Through to the fleet, nor could the warlike Greeks
Drive back the Lycians when they once had reached
The rampart. As two men upon a field,
With measuring-rods in hand, disputing stand
Over the common boundary, in small space, 505
Each one contending for the right he claims,
So, kept asunder by the breastwork, fought
The warriors over it, and fiercely struck
The orbèd bull's-hide shields held up before
The breast, and the light targets. Many a one 510
Was smitten when he turned and showed the back
Unarmed, and many wounded through the shield.
The towers and battlements were steeped in blood
Of heroes, — Greeks and Trojans. Yet were not
The Greeks thus put to flight ; but, as the scales 515
Are held by some just woman, who maintains,
By spinning wool, her household, — carefully
She poises both the wool and weights, to make
The balance even, that she may provide
A pittance for her babes, — thus equally 520
Were matched the warring hosts, till Jupiter
Conferred the eminent glory of the day
On Hector, son of Priam. He it was
Who first leaped down into the space within
The Grecian wall, and, with far-reaching voice, 525
Thus shouted, calling to the men of Troy : —

“Rush on, ye knights of Troy ! rush boldly on,
And break your passage through the Grecian wall,
And hurl consuming flames against their fleet !”

So spake he, cheering on his men. They heard,
And rushed in mighty throngs against the wall, 531
And climbed the battlements, to charge the foe
With spears. Then Hector stooped, and seized a
stone

Which lay before the gate, broad at the base 534
And sharp above, which two, the strongest men, —
As men are now, — could hardly heave from earth
Into a wain. With ease he lifted it,
Alone, and brandished it : such strength the son
Of Saturn gave him, that it seemed but light.
As when a shepherd carries home with ease 540
A wether's fleece, — he bears it in one hand,
And little is he cumbered with its weight, —
So Hector bore the lifted stone, to break
The beams that strengthened the tall folding-gates.
Two bars within, laid crosswise, neid them firm, — 545
Both fastened with one bolt. He came and stood
Before them ; with wide-parted feet he stood,
And put forth all his strength, that so his arm
Might drive the missile home ; and in the midst
He smote the folding-gates. The blow tore off 550
The hinges ; heavily the great stone fell
Within : the portals crashed ; nor did the bars
Withstand the blow : the shattered beams gave way
Before it ; and illustrious Hector sprang

Into the camp. His look was stern as night ; 551
 And terribly the brazen armor gleamed
 That swathed him. With two spears in hand he
 came,
 And none except the gods — when once his foot
 Was on the ground — could stand before his might.
 His eyes shot fire, and, turning to his men, 560
 He bade them mount the wall ; and they obeyed :
 Some o'er the wall, some through the sculptured gate,
 Poured in. The Achaians to their roomy ships
 Fled, and a fearful uproar filled the air.

*

[After a furious conflict the Greeks succeed in driving the Trojans back to the trenches. Hector is wounded by Ajax, but, unknown to the Greeks, is healed by Apollo. They flee once more for refuge to their ships when they see him again leading the van in rapid march. The Trojans press on to the fleet. There is a fierce struggle around the ships. Hector orders his men to bring brands to set fire to

“ . . . a stanch galley, beautiful and swift
 In which Protesilaüs came to Troy.”

But Ajax

“ beat back
 With thrusts of his long spear whoever brought
 The firebrand.”

And thus he

“ slew
 In close encounter twelve before the fleet.”

These events are recounted in Books XIII–XV, here omitted.]

*

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SUCH was the struggle for that gallant bark.
Meanwhile Patroclus stood beside his friend
The shepherd of the people, Peleus' son,
And shed hot tears, as when a fountain sheds
Dark waters streaming down a precipice. 5
The great Achilles, swift of foot, beheld
And pitied him, and spake these wingèd words : —
“ Why weepst thou, Patroclus, like a girl, —
A little girl that by her mother's side
Runs, importuning to be taken up, 10
And plucks her by the robe, and stops her way,
And looks at her, and cries, until at last
She rests within her arms ? Thou art like her,
Patroclus, with thy tears. Dost thou then bring
Sad tidings to the Myrmidons or me ? 15
Or hast thou news from Phthia ? It is said
That still Menœtius, son of Actor, lives,
And Peleus also, son of Æacus,
Among the Myrmidons. Full bitterly
Should we lament to hear that either died. 20
Or mournest thou because the Achaians fall
Through their own folly by the roomy ships ?
Speak, and hide nothing, for I too would know.”
And thou, O knight Patroclus, with a sigh
Deep-drawn, didst answer thus : “ Be not displeased,

Achilles, son of Peleus, bravest far 20
Of all the Achaian army! for the Greeks
Endure a bitter lot. The chiefs who late
Were deemed their mightiest are within the ships,
Wounded or stricken down. There Diomed, 3
The gallant son of Tydeus, lies, and there
Ulysses, the great spearman, wounded both ;
And Agamemnon ; and Eurypylus,
Driven from the field, an arrow in his thigh.
Round them the healers, skilled in remedies, 35
Attend and dress their painful wounds, while thou,
Achilles, sittest here implacable.
O, never be such fierce resentments mine
As thou dost cherish, who art only brave
For mischief! Whom wilt thou hereafter aid, 40
If now thou rescue not the perishing Greeks?
O merciless! it cannot surely be
That Peleus was thy father, or the queen
Thetis thy mother ; the green sea instead
And rugged precipices brought thee forth, 45
For savage is thy heart. But if thou heed
The warning of some god, if thou hast heard
Aught which thy goddess-mother has received
From Jove, send me at least into the war,
And let me lead thy Myrmidons, that thus 50
The Greeks may have some gleam of hope. And give
The armor from thy shoulders. I will wear
Thy mail, and then the Trojans, at the sight,
May think I am Achilles, and may pause

From fighting, and the warlike sons of Greece, 55
Tired as they are, may breathe once more, and gain
A respite from the conflict. Our fresh troops
May easily drive back upon their town
The weary Trojans from our tents and fleet."

So spake he, sighing ; rash and blind, he asked 56
Death for himself and evil destiny.

Achilles the swift-footed also drew
A heavy sigh, and thus in turn he spake :—

"What, O divine Patroclus, hast thou said ?
I fear no omen yet revealed to me ; 65
Nor has my goddess-mother told me aught
From Jove ; but ever in my heart and soul
Rankles the painful sense of injury done
By one who, having greater power, deprives
An equal of his right, and takes away 70
The prize he won. This is my wrong, and this
The cause of all my bitterness of heart.
Her whom the sons of Greece bestowed on me
As my reward, a trophy of my spear,
After the sack of a fenced city, — her 75
Did Agamemnon, son of Atreus, take
Out of my hands, as if I were a wretch,
A worthless outcast. But let that affront
Be with the things that were. It is not well
To bear a grudge forever. I have said 80
My anger should not cease to burn until
The clamor of the battle and the assault
Should reach the fleet. But go thou and put on

My well-known armor ; lead into the field
My Myrmidons, men that rejoice in war, 85
Since like a lowering cloud the men of Troy
Surround the fleet, and the Achaïans stand
In narrow space close pressed beside the sea,
And all the city of Ilium flings itself
Against them, confident of victory, 90
Now that the glitter of my helm no more
Flashes upon their eyes. Yet very soon
Their flying host would fill the trenches here
With corpses, had but Agamemnon dealt
Gently with me ; and now their squadrons close 95
Around our army. Now no more the spear
Is wielded by Tydides Diomed
In rescue of the Greeks ; no more the shout
Of Agamemnon's hated throat is heard ;
But the man-queller Hector, lifting up 100
His voice, exhorts the Trojans, who, in throngs,
Raising the war-cry, fill the plain, and drive
The Greeks before them. Gallantly lead on
The charge, Patroclus ; rescue our good ships ;
Let not the enemy give them to the flames, 105
And cut us off from our desired return.
Follow my counsel ; bear my words in mind ;
So shalt thou win for me among the Greeks
Great honor and renown, and they shall bring
The beautiful maiden back with princely gifts. 110
When thou hast driven the assailants from the fleet,
Return thou hither. If the Thunderer,

Husband of Juno, suffer thee to gain
That victory, seek no further to prolong
The combat with the warlike sons of Troy, 114
Apart from me, lest I be brought to shame,
Nor, glorying in the battle and pursuit,
Slaying the Trojans as thou goest, lead
Thy men to Troy, lest from the Olympian mount
One of the ever-living gods descend 120
Against thee : Phœbus loves the Trojans well.
But come as soon as thou shalt see the ships
In safety ; leave the foes upon the plain
Contending with each other. Would to Jove
The All-Father, and to Pallas, and the god 125
Who bears the bow, Apollo, that of all
The Trojans, many as they are, and all
The Greeks, not one might be reprieved from death,
While thou and I alone were left alive
To overthrow the sacred walls of Troy." 130

So talked they with each other. Ajax, whelmed
Beneath a storm of darts, meantime but ill
Endured the struggle, for the will of Jove
And the fierce foe prevailed. His shining helm
Rang fearfully, as on his temples fell, 135
Stroke following after stroke, the weapons hurled
Against its polished studs. The buckler borne
Firmly on his left arm, and shifted oft
From side to side, had wearied it, and yet
The Trojans, pressing round him, could not drive,
With all their darts, the hero from his place. 141

Heavily heaved his panting chest ; his limbs
Streamed with warm sweat ; there was no breathing-
time ;

On danger danger followed, toil on toil.

Now, Muses, dwellers of Olympus, tell 145
How first the galleys of the Greeks were fired.

Hector drew near, and smote with his huge sword
The ashen spear of Ajax just below
The socket of the blade, and cut the stem
In two. The son of Telamon in vain 150
Brandished the severed weapon, while afar
The brazen blade flew off, and ringing fell
To earth. Then Ajax in his mighty mind
Acknowledged that the gods were in the war,
And shuddered, knowing that the Thunderer 155
Was thwarting all his warlike purposes,
And willed the victory to Troy. The chief
Withdrew beyond the reach of spears, while fast
The eager enemy hurled the blazing brands
At the swift ship, and wrapped the stern in flames
Unquenchable. Achilles saw, and smote 160
His thigh, and spake : " Patroclus, noble friend
And knight, make haste : already I behold
The flames that rage with fury at the fleet.
Now, lest the enemy seize our ships and we 165
Be barred of our return, put quickly on
Thy armor ; be my task to call the troops."

He spake : Patroclus then in glittering brass
Arrayed himself ; and first around his thighs

He put the beautiful greaves, and fastened them ¹⁷⁶
With silver clasps ; around his chest he bound
The breastplate of the swift Æacides,
With star-like points, and richly chased ; he hung
The sword with silver studs and blade of brass
Upon his shoulders, and with it the shield ¹⁷⁵
Solid and vast ; upon his gallant head
He placed the glorious helm with horse-hair plume,
That grandly waved on high. Two massive spears
He took, that fitted well his grasp, but left
The spear which great Achilles only bore, ¹⁸⁰
Heavy and huge and strong, and which no arm
Among the Greeks save his could poise ; his strength
Alone sufficed to wield it. 'T was an ash
Which Chiron felled in Pelion's top, and gave
To Peleus, that it yet might be the death ¹⁸⁵
Of heroes. Then he called, to yoke with speed
The steeds, Automedon, whom he esteemed
Next to Achilles, that great scatterer
Of armies ; for he found him ever firm
In battle, breasting faithfully its shock. ¹⁹⁰
Automedon led forth to take the yoke
Xanthus and Balius, coursers that in speed
Were like the wind. Podargè brought them forth
To Zephyrus, while she, the Harpy, grazed
By ocean's streams. Upon the outer side ¹⁹⁵
He joined to them the noble Pedasus,
Brought by Achilles from the captured town
Where ruled Eëtion. Though of mortal stock,

Well might he match with those immortal steeds.

Meanwhile Achilles armed the Myrmidons, 200
Passing from tent to tent. Like ravening wolves,
Terribly strong, that, having slain among
The hills an antlered stag of mighty size,
Tear and devour it, while their jaws are stained
With its red blood, then gather in a herd 205
About some darkly flowing stream, and lap
The sullen water with their slender tongues,
And drop the clots of blood from their grim mouths,
And, although gorged, are fierce and fearless still, —
So came the leaders of the Myrmidons, 210
In rushing crowds, about the valiant friend
Of swift Æacides. Among them stood
Achilles, great in war, encouraging
The charioteers and warriors armed with shields.

Achilles, dear to Jupiter, had led 215
Fifty swift barks to Ilium, and in each
Were fifty men, companions at the oar.
O'er these he gave command to five ; himself,
Supreme in power, was ruler over all.
One band the nobly armed Menestheus led, 220
Son of Spercheius. To that river-god,
Beautiful Polydora brought him forth,
Daughter of Peleus ; she, a mortal maid,
Met an immortal's love. Yet Borus, son
Of Periëres, owned the boy and took 225
The mother for his bride, with princely dower.
Eudorus led the second band, a youth

Of warlike mould, whom Polymela bore,
Daughter of Phylas, graceful in the dance.

. 230

The mighty Argus-queller saw the maid
Among the choir of those who danced and sang
At Dian's festival, the huntress-queen,
Who bears the golden shafts; he saw and loved

. 235

The damsel, and she bore a gallant son,
Eudorus, swift of foot and brave in war.

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The stout Echeclus, son of Actor, brought 240

The mother to his house, with liberal dower.

The aged Phylas reared the child she left
Tenderly as a son, and loved him well.

Pisander, warlike son of Mæmalus,
Commanded the third squadron ; none like him 245

Among the Myrmidons could wield the spear

Except Pelides. Phoenix, aged knight,

Led the fourth squadron. With the fifth and last

There came Alcimedon, Laerceus' son,

As leader. When their ranks were duly formed, 250

Achilles spake to them in earnest words : —

“ Now, Myrmidons, forget no single word
Of all the threats ye uttered against Troy
Since first my wrath began. Ye blame me much,
And say : ‘ Hard-hearted son of Peleus, sure 255
Thy mother must have suckled thee on gall ;

For sternly thou dost keep us in the ships,
Unwilling as we are. We might, at least,
Crossing the sea, return in our good ships,
If thus thine anger is to last.' These words 260
Ye utter oft when our assemblies meet,
And now the great occasion is at hand
Which ye have longed for ; now let him whose heart
Is fearless meet the Trojans valiantly."

He spake, and roused their courage and their
might , 265
And as they heard their king they brought their ranks
To closer order. As an architect
Builds up, with closely fitting stones, the wall
Of some tall mansion, proof against the blast,
So close were now the helms and bossy shields. 270
Shield leaned on shield, and helm on helm, and man
On man, and on the glittering helmet-cones
The horse-hair plumes with every motion touched
Each other, so compact the squadrons stood.
Two heroes, nobly armed, were at their head, 275
Patroclus and Automedon, and both
Had but one thought, — to combat in the van.

Entering his tent, Achilles raised the lid
Of a fair coffer, beautifully wrought,
Which silver-footed Thetis placed on board 280
His bark, and filled with tunics, cloaks well lined,
And fleecy carpets. There he also kept
A goblet richly chased, from which no lip
Of man, save his, might drink the dark red wine,

Nor wine be poured to any god save Jove, 285
The mighty Father. This he took in hand
And purified with sulphur first, and then
Rinsed with clear water. Next, with washen hands,
He drew the dark red wine, and stood without,
In the open space, and, pouring out the wine, 290
Prayed with his eyes turned heavenward, not un-
heard

By Jupiter, who wields the thunderbolt.

“Dodonian Jove, Pelasgian, sovereign King,
Whose dwelling is afar, and who dost rule
Dodona winter-bound, where dwell thy priests, 295
The Selli, with unwashen feet, who sleep
Upon the ground! Thou once hast heard my prayer,
And thou hast honored me, and terribly
Avenged me on the Greeks. Accomplish yet
This one request of mine. I shall remain 300
Among the rows of ships, but in my stead
I send my comrade, who will lead to war
My vast array of Myrmidons. With him,
O God of Thunders, send the victory.
Make his heart bold ; let even Hector learn 305
Whether my follower, though alone, can wage
Successful war, or conquer only then
When I go forth with him into the field
Of slaughter. When he shall have beaten back
The assailants from the fleet, let him return 310
Unharmd to my good galleys and to me.
With all his arms and all his valiant men.”

So spake he, offering prayer, and Jupiter,
The Great Disposer, hearkened. Half the prayer
The All-Father granted him, and half denied : 315
To drive the storm of battle from the fleet
He granted, but denied his friend's return
In safety. When the warrior thus had prayed,
And poured the wine to Father Jove, he went
Into his tent again, and there replaced 320
The goblet in the coffer. Coming forth,
He stood before the entrance to behold
The terrible encounter of the hosts.

The newly armed, led by their gallant chief,
Patroclus, marched in warlike order forth, 325
And in high hope, to fall upon the foe.
As wasps, that by the wayside build their cells,
Angered from time to time by thoughtless boys, —
Whence mischief comes to many, — if by chance
Some passing traveller should unwittingly 330
Disturb them, all at once are on the wing,
And all attack him, to defend their young
So fearless and so fierce the Myrmidons
Poured from their fleet, and mighty was the din.
Patroclus with loud voice exhorted them : — 335

“ O Myrmidons, companions of the son
Of Peleus, bear in mind, my friends, your fame
For valor, and be men, that we who serve
Achilles, we who combat hand to hand,
May honor him by our exploits, and teach 340
Wide-ruling Agamemnon how he erred

Slighting the bravest warrior of the Greeks."

These words awoke the courage and the might
Of all who heard them, and in close array
They fell upon the Trojans. Fearfully 345
The fleet around them echoed to the sound
Of Argives shouting. When the Trojans saw,
In glittering arms, Menœtius' gallant son
And his attendant, every heart grew faint
With fear ; the close ranks wavered ; for they thought
That the swift son of Peleus at the fleet 351
Had laid aside his wrath, and was again
The friend of Agamemnon. Eagerly
They looked around for an escape from death.

Then first Patroclus cast his shining spear 355
Into the crowd before him, where they fought
Most fiercely round the stern of the good ship
Of brave Protesilaus. There it smote
Pyræchmes, who had led from Amydon,
On the broad Axius, his Pæonian knights. 360
Through his right shoulder went the blade ; he fell,
Heavily groaning, to the earth. His band
Of warriors from Pæonia, panic-struck,
Fled from Patroclus as they saw their chief
Cut off, their bravest in the battle-field. 365
So from the ship he drave the foe, and quenched
The blazing fire. There lay the half-burnt bark,
While with a mighty uproar fled the host
Of Troy, and from between the beakèd ships
Poured after them with tumult infinite 370

The Greeks. As when from some high mountain-top
The God of Lightnings, Jupiter, sweeps off
The overshadowing cloud, at once appear
The watch-towers and the headland heights and
lawns

All in full light, and all the unmeasured depth 375
Of ether opens, so the Greeks, when thus
Their fleet was rescued from the hostile flame,
Breathed for a space ; and yet they might not cease
From battle, for not everywhere alike
Were chased the Trojans from the dark-hulled ships
Before the Greeks, but struggled still to keep 381
The mastery, and yielded but to force.

Then in that scattered conflict of the chiefs
Each Argive slew a warrior. With his spear
The brave son of Menœtius made a thrust 385
At Areilochus, and pierced his thigh,
Just as he turned away, and through the part
Forced the keen weapon, splintering as it went
The bone, and brought the Trojan to the ground ;
And warlike Menelaus pierced the breast 390
Of Thoas where the buckler left it bare,
And took his life. The son of Phyleus saw
Amphiclus rushing on, and with his spear
Met him and pierced his leg below the knee,
Where brawniest is the limb. The blade cut through
The sinews, and his eyes were closed in night. 396
There fought the sons of Nestor. One of these,
Antilochus, transfix'd with his good spear

Atymnius through the flank, and brought him down
At his own feet. With sorrow Maris saw 400
His brother fall, and toward Antilochus
Flew to defend the corpse ; but ere he strook,
The godlike Thrasymedes, with a blow
That missed not, smote his shoulder, tearing off
With the spear's blade upon the upper arm 405
The muscles from the bone. With ringing arms
He fell, and darkness gathered o'er his eyes.
Thus were two brothers by two brothers slain,
And sent to Erebus ; two valiant friends
Were they of King Sarpedon, and the sons 410
Of Amisodarus, who reared and fed
Chimera, the destroyer of mankind.

Oïlean Ajax, springing forward, seized
On Cleobulus, for the struggling crowd
Hindered his flight. He took the Trojan's life, 415
Smiting the neck with his huge-handled sword ;
The blade grew warm with blood, and cruel fate
Brought darkness o'er the dying warrior's eyes.
Peneleus fought with Lycon ; each had cast
His spear and missed his aim, and now with swords
The twain encountered. Lycon dealt a stroke 421
Upon the crested helmet of his foe,
And the blade failed him, breaking at the hilt.
Meantime Peneleus smote beneath the ear
The neck of Lycon : deep the weapon went ; 425
The severed head, held only by the skin,
Dropped to one side, and life forsook the limbs.

Meriones, o'ertaking Acamas,
 In rapid flight, discharged a mighty blow
 On his left shoulder as he climbed his car ; 430
 He fell, and darkness gathered o'er his eyes.
 Then plunged Idomeneus the cruel spear
 Into the mouth of Erymas.

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 435

And the black cloud of death came over him.
 Thus every Grecian leader slew his man.

As ravening wolves that spring on lambs and kids,
 And seize them, wandering wide among the hills 440
 Beyond the keeper's care, and bear them off,
 And rend with cruel fangs their helpless prey,
 So fiercely did the Achaians fling themselves
 Upon the men of Troy, who only thought 445
 Of flight from that tumultuous strife, and quite
 Forgot their wonted valor. All the while
 The greater Ajax sought to hurl his spear
 At Hector, clad in brazen mail, who yet,
 Expert in battle, kept his ample chest 450
 Hid by his bull's-hide shield, and, though he heard
 The hiss of darts and clash of spears, and saw
 The fortune of the field deserting him,
 Lingered to rescue his beloved friends.

As from the summit of Olympus spreads 455

A cloud into the sky that late was clear,
When Jove brings on the tempest, with such speed
In clamorous flight the Trojans left the fleet,
Yet passed they not the trench in seemly plight.
The rapid steeds of Hector bore him safe 460
Across with all his arms, while, left between
The high banks of the trench, the Trojan host
Struggled despairingly. The fiery steeds,
Harnessed to many a chariot, left it there
With broken pole. Patroclus followed close, 465
With mighty voice encouraging the Greeks,
And meditating vengeance on the foe,
That noisily ran on, and right and left
Were scattered, filling all the ways. The dust
Rose thick and high, and spread, and reached the
clouds, 470

As with swift feet the Trojan coursers held
Their way to Ilium from the tents and ships.
Patroclus where he saw the wildest rout
Drave thither, shouting threats. Full many a chief
Fell under his own axle from his car, 475
And chariots with a crash were overthrown.
The swift, immortal horses which the gods
Bestowed on Peleus leaped the trench at once,
Eager to reach the plain. As eagerly
Patroclus longed to overtake and smite 480
Hector, whose steeds were hurrying him away.

As when, in autumn time, the dark-brown earth
Is whelmed with water from the stormy clouds,

When Jupiter pours down his heaviest rains,
Offended at men's crimes who override 485
The laws by violence, and drive justice forth
From the tribunals, heedless of the gods
And their displeasure, — all the running streams
Are swelled to floods, — the furious torrents tear
The mountain slopes, and, plunging from the heights
With mighty roar, lay waste the works of men, 491
And fling themselves into the dark-blue sea, —
Thus with loud tumult fled the Trojan horse.

Patroclus, having cut the nearest bands
Of Troy in pieces, made his warriors turn 495
Back to the fleet, and, eager as they were,
Stopped the pursuit that led them toward the town.
Then, in the area bounded by the sea,
River, and lofty wall, he chased and smote
And took full vengeance. With his glittering spear
He wounded Pronoüs where the buckler left 501
The breast exposed ; the Trojan with a clash
Fell to the earth, and life forsook his limbs.
Advancing in his might, Patroclus smote
Thestor, the son of Enops, as he sat 505
Cowering upon his sumptuous seat, o'ercome
With fear, and dropped the reins. Through his
right cheek

Among the teeth Patroclus thrust his spear,
And o'er the chariot's border drew him forth
With the spear's stem. As when an angler sits 510
Upon a jutting rock, and from the sea

Draws a huge fish with line and gleaming hook,
So did Patroclus, with his shining spear,
Draw forth the panting Trojan from his car,
And shook him clear : he fell to earth and died. 515

As Eryalus then came swiftly on,
Patroclus flung a stone, and on the brow
Smote him ; the Trojan's head, beneath the blow,
Parted in two within the helm ; he fell
Headlong to earth, a prey to ghastly death. 520
Then slew he Erymas, Amphoterus,
Epaltēs, Pyris, Ipheus, Echius,
Tlepolemus, Damastor's son, and next
Euippus ; nor was Polymelus spared,
The son of Argias, — smitten all, and thrown, 525
Slain upon slain, along their mother earth.

And now Sarpedon, as he saw his friends,
The unbelted Lycians, falling by the hand
Of Menœtiades, exhorted thus
The gallant Lycians : “ Shame upon you all, 530
My Lycians ! whither do you flee ? Be bold !
For I myself will meet this man, and learn
Who walks the field in triumph thus, and makes
Such havoc in our squadrons ; for his hand
Has laid full many a gallant warrior low.” 535

He spake, and from his car with all his arms
Sprang to the ground, while on the other side
Patroclus, as he saw him come, leaped down
And left his chariot. As on some tall rock
Two vultures, with curved talons and hooked beaks,

Fight screaming, so these two with furious cries 541
Advanced against each other. When the son
Of crafty Saturn saw them meet, his heart
Was touched with pity, and he thus bespake
His spouse and sister Juno : " Woe is me ! 545
Sarpedon, most beloved of men, is doomed
To die, o'ercome by Menœtiades.

And now I halt between two purposes, —
Whether to bear him from this fatal fight,
Alive and safe, to Lycia's fertile fields, 550
Or let him perish by his enemy's hand."

Imperial, large-eyed Juno answered thus : —
" What words, dread son of Saturn, hast thou said !
Wouldst thou deliver from the common lot
Of death a mortal doomed long since by fate ? 555
Do as thou wilt, but be thou sure of this, —
The other gods will not approve. And bear
In mind these words of mine. If thou shouldst send
Sarpedon home to Lycia safe, reflect
Some other god may claim the right, like thee, 560
To rescue his beloved son from death
In battle ; for we know that in the war
Round Priam's noble city are many sons
Of gods, who will with vehement anger see
Thy interposing hand. Yet if he be 565
So dear to thee, and thou dost pity him,
Let him in mortal combat be o'ercome
By Menœtiades, and when the breath
Of life has left his frame, give thou command

To Death and gentle Sleep to bear him hence 570
To the broad realm of Lycia. There his friends
And brethren shall perform the funeral rites ;
There shall they build him up a tomb, and rear
A column, — honors that become the dead."

She ceased, nor did the All-Father disregard 575
Her words. He caused a bloody dew to fall
Upon the earth in sorrow for the son
Whom well he loved, and whom Patroclus soon
Should slay upon the fertile plain of Troy,
Far from the pleasant land that saw his birth. 580

The warriors now drew near. Patroclus slew
The noble Thrasymelus, who had been
Sarpedon's valiant comrade in the war.
Below the belt he smote him, and he fell
Lifeless. Sarpedon threw his shining lance ; 585
It missed, but struck the courser Pegasus
In the right shoulder. With a groan he fell
In dust, and, moaning, breathed his life away.
Then the two living horses sprang apart,
And the yoke creaked, and the entangled reins 590
Were useless, fastened to the fallen horse.
Automedon, the mighty spearman, saw
The remedy, and from his brawny thigh
He drew his sword, and cut the outside horse
Loose from his fellows. They again were brought
Together, and obeyed the reins once more ; 596
And the two chiefs renewed the mortal fight.
And now, again, Sarpedon's shining spear

Was vainly flung ; the point, in passing o'er
Patroclus's left shoulder, gave no wound. 600
In turn, Patroclus, hurling not in vain
His weapon, smote him where the midriff's web
Holds the tough heart. He fell as falls an oak
Or poplar or tall pine, which workmen hew
Among the mountains with their sharpened steel 605
To frame a ship. So he before his steeds
And chariot fell upon the bloody dust,
And grasped it with his hands, and gnashed his teeth.
As when a lion coming on a herd
Seizes, amid the crowd of stamping beeves, 610
A tawny and high-mettled bull, that dies
Bellowing in fury in the lion's jaws, —
Like him, indignant to be overcome,
The leader of the bucklered Lycian host,
Laid prostrate by Patroclus, called by name 615
His dear companion, and addressed him thus : —
“ Beloved Glaucus, mighty among men !
Now prove thyself a hero, now be bold.
Now, if thou have a warrior's spirit, think
Of nought but battle. Go from rank to rank, 620
Exhorting all the Lycian chiefs to fight
Around Sarpedon. Combat thou for me
With thy good spear, for I shall be to thee
A shame and a reproach through all thy days,
If here the Greeks, beside whose ships I fall, 625
Bear off my armor. Stand thou firm, and stir
Thy people up to combat valiantly.”

While he was speaking, death crept o'er his sight
And stopped his breath. Patroclus set his heel
Against his bosom, and plucked out the spear ; 630
The midriff followed it, and thus he drew
The life and weapon forth at once. Meantime
The Myrmidons held fast the snorting steeds,
That, loosened from the Lycian's car, were bent
On flight. The grief of Glaucus as he heard 635
His comrade's voice was bitter, and his heart
Ached at the thought that he could bring no aid.
He seized his arm and pressed it in his grasp,
For there the wound which Teucer's arrow left,
When Glaucus stormed the wall and Teucer's shafts
Defended it, still pained him grievously, 640
And thus he prayed to Phœbus, archer-god : —
“ Give ear, O king ! wherever thou abide,
In the opulent realm of Lycia, or in Troy ;
For everywhere thou hearest those who cry 645
To thee in sorrow, and great sorrow now
Is on me. Grievous is the wound I bear ;
Sharp are the pains that pierce my hand ; the blood
Cannot be stanch'd ; my very arm becomes
A burden ; I can wield the spear no more 650
With a firm grasp, nor combat with the foe.
A mighty chief — Sarpedon, son of Jove —
Has perished, and the father came not nigh
To aid his son. Yet come thou to my aid,
O monarch-god ! and heal this painful wound, 655
And give me strength to rally to the fight

The Lycian warriors, and myself contend
Valiantly for the rescue of the dead.” 659

So prayed he : Phœbus hearkened, and at once
Assuaged the pain, and stanchèd the purple blood
In the deep wound, and filled his frame with strength.
The warrior felt the change, rejoiced to know
That with such friendly speed the mighty god
Granted his prayer. And first he went among
The Lycian chiefs, exhorting them to wage 665
Fierce battle for Sarpedon. Then he sought,
Walking with rapid strides, the Trojan chiefs,
Agenor, nobly born, Polydamas,
The son of Panthoüs, Æneas next,
And Hector mailed in brass. By him he stood, 670
And thus accosted him with wingèd words : —

“ O Hector, thou art careless of the fate
Of thine allies, who for thy sake, afar
From those they love, and from their native land,
Pour out their lives ; thou bringest them no aid. 675
Sarpedon lies in death, the chief who led
The bucklered Lycians, who with justice swayed
The realm of Lycia, and defended it
With valor. Him hath brazen Mars beneath
The weapon of Patroclus smitten down. 680
Come then, my friends, repulse we gallantly
These Myrmidons ; else will they bear away
His armor and insult his corpse, to avenge
The havoc we have made among the Greeks
Who perished by our weapons at the fleet.” 685

He spake, and grief immitigable seized
The Trojans ; for the slain, though stranger-born,
Had been a pillar of the realm of Troy,
And many were the troops that followed him,
And he was bravest of them all in war. 698

Then rushed the Trojans fiercely on the Greeks,
With Hector, sorrowing for Sarpedon's fall,
Leading them on, while the bold-hearted chief,
Patroclus Menœtiades, aroused
The courage of the Greeks. He thus addressed 695
The warriors Ajax, eager like himself
For combat : " Be it now your welcome task,
O warriors Ajax, to drive back the foe ;
He who first sprang across the Grecian wall,
Sarpedon, lies a corpse, and we must now 700
Dishonor the dead chief, and strip from him
His armor, and strike down with our good spears
Whoever of his comrades shall resist."

He spake, and all were resolute to beat
The enemy back ; and when, on either side, 705
Trojans and Lycians, Myrmidons and Greeks,
Had put their phalanxes in firm array,
They closed, with dreadful shouts and horrid clash
Of arms, in fight around the dead, while Jove
Drew o'er that deadly fray an awful veil 710
Of darkness, that the struggle for the corpse
Of his dear son might rage more furiously.
The Trojans first drave back the dark-eyed Greeks,
For one was in the onset smitten down,

Not the least valiant of the Myrmidons, — 715
The son of brave Agacles, nobly born
Epeigeus, who aforetime, when he ruled
The populous Budeium, having slain
A noble kinsman, fled a suppliant
To Peleus and the silver-footed queen, 720
Thetis, his consort, and by them was sent,
With terrible Achilles, to the coast
Of courser-breeding Ilium and the siege
Of Troy. As now he stooped to seize the dead,
Illustrious Hector smote him with a stone 725
Upon the forehead, cleaving it in two
In the strong helmet ; headlong on the corse
He fell, and cruel death crept over him.
With grief Patroclus saw his comrade slain,
And broke his way among the foremost ranks. 730
As a swift hawk that chases through the air
Starlings and daws, so didst thou dart among
Trojans and Lycians, for thy wrath was roused,
O knight Patroclus ! by thy comrade's death.
And now his hand struck Sthenelaüs down, 735
The dear son of Ithæmenes ; he flung
A stone that crushed the sinews of the neck.
Back drew illustrious Hector, and with him
The warriors who were fighting in the van.
As far as one can send a javelin, 740
When men contend in martial games, or meet
Their deadly enemies in war, so far
Withdrew the Trojans, and the Greeks pursued.

The leader of the bucklered Lycian host,
Glaucus, was first to turn against his foes. 745
He slew the brave Bathycles, the dear son
Of Chalcon, who in Hellas had his home,
And was the richest of the Myrmidons.
The Lycian, turning on him suddenly
As he drew near pursuing, sent his spear 750
Right through his breast, and with a clash he fell.
Great was the sorrow of the Greeks to see
That valiant warrior fall ; the men of Troy
Exulted, and pressed round him in a crowd.
Nor lacking was the valor of the Greeks, 755
Who met them manfully. Meriones
Struck down a Trojan chief, Laogonus,
Onetor's valiant son. His father stood
Priest at the altar of Idæan Jove,
And like a god was honored by the realm. 760
Below the jaw and ear Meriones
Smote him, and instantly the life forsook
His limbs, and fearful darkness shrouded him.
Straight at Meriones Æneas aimed
His brazen spear to smite him, as he came, 765
Beneath his buckler ; but the Greek beheld
The weapon in the air, and, stooping low,
Escaped it ; over him it passed, and stood
Fixed in the earth behind him, where its stem
Trembled, for now the rapid steel had spent 770
Its force. As thus it quivered in the ground,
Æneas, who perceived that it had left

His powerful hand in vain, was vexed, and said :
“Had I but struck thee, dancer as thou art,
Meriones, my spear had suddenly 775
Ended thy dancing.” Then Meriones,
The skilful spearman, answered : “Thou art brave,
But thou wilt find it hard to overcome
The might of all who gather to repulse
Thy onset. Thou art mortal, and if I, 780
Aiming at thee with my good spear, should pierce
Thy bosom, valiant as thou art and proud
Of thy strong arm, thy death would bring me praise,
And send thy soul where gloomy Pluto dwells.”

He spake ; the brave Patroclus heard, and thus
Rebuked him : “Why wilt thou, Meriones, 786
With all thy valor, stand to make a speech ?
The foe, my friend, will not be forced to leave
The corpse by insults ; some of them must die.
In deeds the issue of a battle lies ; 790
Words are for counsel. Now is not the time
To utter swelling phrases, but to fight.”

He ended, and went on ; the godlike man
Followed his steps. As when from mountain dells
Rises, and far is heard, a crashing sound 795
Where woodmen fell the trees, such was the noise
From those who fought on that wide plain,—the din
Of brass, of leather, and of tough bull’s-hide
Smitten with swords and two-edged spears. No eye,
Although of keenest sight, would then have known
Noble Sarpedon, covered as he lay, 801

From head to foot, with weapons, blood, and dust ;
And still the warriors thronged around the dead.
As when in spring-time at the cattle-stalls
Flies gather, humming, when the milk is drawn, 805
Round the full pails, so swarmed around the corpse
The combatants ; nor once did Jove withdraw
His bright eyes from the stubborn fray, but still
Gazed, planning how Patroclus should be slain.
Uncertain whether, in the desperate strife 810
Over the great Sarpedon, to permit
Illustrious Hector with his spear to lay
The hero dead, and make his arms a spoil,
Or spare him yet a while, to make the war
More bloody. As he pondered, this seemed best :
That the brave comrade of Achilles first 816
Should put to flight the Trojans and their chief,
Hector the brazen-mailed, pursuing them
Toward Troy with slaughter. To this end he sent
Into the heart of Hector panic fear, 820
Who climbed his car and fled, and bade the rest
Flee also, for he saw how Jove had weighed
The fortunes of the day. Now none remained,
Not even the gallant Lycians, when they saw
Their monarch lying wounded to the heart 825
Among a heap of slain ; for Saturn's son
In that day's strife had caused a multitude
To fall in death. Now when the Greeks had stripped
Sarpedon of the glittering brazen mail,
The brave son of Menœtius bade his friends 830

Convey it to the hollow ships. Meanwhile
The Cloud-compeller spake to Phœbus thus : —

“Go now, beloved Phœbus, and withdraw
Sarpedon from the weapons of the foe ;
Cleans him from the dark blood, and bear him
thence,

835

And lave him in the river-stream, and shed
Ambrosia o'er him. Clothe him then in robes
Of heaven, consigning him to Sleep and Death,
Twin brothers, and swift bearers of the dead,
And they shall lay him down in Lycia's fields, 840
That broad and opulent realm. There shall his
friends

And kinsmen give him burial, and shall rear
His tomb and column, — honors due the dead.”

He spake : Apollo instantly obeyed
His father, leaving Ida's mountain height, 845
And sought the field of battle, and bore off
Noble Sarpedon from the enemy's spears,
And laved him in the river-stream, and shed
Ambrosia o'er him. Then in robes of heaven
He clothed him, giving him to Sleep and Death, 850
Twin brothers, and swift bearers of the dead,
And they, with speed conveying it, laid down
The corpse in Lycia's broad and opulent realm.

Meantime Patroclus, urging on his steeds
And charioteer, pursued, to his own hurt, 855
Trojans and Lycians. Madman ! had he then
Obeyed the counsel which Pelides gave,

The bitter doom of death had not been his.
But stronger than the purposes of men
Are those of Jove, who puts to flight the brave, 860
And takes from them the victory, though he
Impelled them to the battle ; and he now
Urged on Patroclus to prolong the fight.

Who first, when thus the gods decreed thy death,
Fell by thy hand, Patroclus, and who last? 865
Adrastus first, Autonoüs next, and then
Echeclus ; then died Perimus, the son
Of Meges ; then with Melanippus fell
Epistor ; next was Elasmus o'ercome,
And Mulius, and Pylartes. These he slew, 870
While all the rest betook themselves to flight.

Then had the Greeks possessed themselves of Troy,
With all its lofty portals, by the hand
And valor of Patroclus, for his rage
Was terrible beyond the rage of all 875
Who bore the spear, had not Apollo stood
On a strong tower to menace him with ill,
And aid the Trojans. Thrice Patroclus climbed
A shoulder of the lofty wall, and thrice
Apollo, striking his immortal hands 880
Against the glittering buckler, thrust him down ;
And when, for the fourth time, the godlike man
Essayed to mount the wall, the archer-god,
Phœbus, encountered him with fearful threats :
“ Noble Patroclus, hold thy hand, nor deem 885
The city of the warlike Trojans doomed

To fall beneath thy spear, nor by the arm
Of Peleus' son, though mightier far than thou."

He spake ; Patroclus, fearful of the wrath
Of the archer-god, withdrew, and stood afar, 890
While Hector, at the Scæan gates, restrained
His coursers, doubtful whether to renew
The fight by mingling with the crowd again,
Or gather all his host within the walls
By a loud summons. As he pondered thus, 895
Apollo stood beside him in the form
Of Asius, a young warrior and a brave,
Uncle of Hector, the great horse-tamer,
And brother of Queen Hecuba, and son
Of Dymas, who in Phrygia dwelt beside 900
The streams of the Sangarius. Putting on
His shape and aspect, thus Apollo said : —

" Why, Hector, dost thou pause from battle thus?
Nay, it becomes thee not. Were I in might
Greater than thou, as I am less, full soon 905
Wouldst thou repent this shrinking from the war.
Come boldly on, and urge thy firm-paced steeds
Against Patroclus ; slay him on the field,
And Phœbus will requite thee with renown."

He spake, and mingled in the hard-fought fray, 910
While noble Hector bade his charioteer,
The brave Cebriones, ply well the lash,
And join the battle. Phœbus went before,
Entering the crowd, and spread dismay among
The Greeks, and gave the glory of the hour 915

To Hector and the Trojans. Little heed
Paid Hector to the rest, nor raised his arm
To slay them, but urged on his firm-paced steeds
To meet Patroclus, who, beholding him,
Leaped from his car. In his left hand he held 920
A spear, and with the other lifting up
A white, rough stone, the largest he could grasp,
Flung it with all its force. It flew not wide,
Nor flew in vain, but smote Cebriones,
The warlike chief who guided Hector's steeds, 925
A spurious son of Priam the renowned.
The sharp stone smote his forehead as he held
The reins, and crushed both eyebrows in ; the bone
Resisted not the blow ; the warrior's eyes
Fell in the dust before his very feet. 930
Down from the sumptuous seat he plunged, as dives
A swimmer, and the life forsook his limbs.
And this, Patroclus, was thy cruel jest : —
“ Truly a nimble man is this who dives
With such expertness. Were this, now, the sea, 935
Where fish are bred, and he were searching it
For oysters, he might get an ample store
For many men, in leaping from a ship,
Though in a storm, so skilfully he dives
Even from the chariot to the plain. No doubt 940
There must be divers in the town of Troy.”
He spake, and sprang upon Cebriones.
With all a lion's fury, which attacks
The stables and is wounded in the breast,

And perishes through his own daring ; thus, 945
Patroclus, didst thou fall upon the slain,
While Hector, hastening also, left his steeds,
And both contended for Cebriones.

As lions for the carcass of a deer
Fight on a mountain summit, hungry both, 950
And both unyielding, thus two mighty men
Of war, Patroclus Menœtiades

And glorious Hector, eager each to smite
His adversary with the cruel spear,
Fought for Cebriones. The slain man's head 955
Was seized by Hector's powerful hand, whose grasp
Relaxed not, while Patroclus held the foot ;
And, thronging to the spot, the other Greeks
And Trojans mingled in the desperate strife.

As when the east wind and the south contend 960
In the open mountain grounds, and furiously
Assail the deep old woods of beech and ash
And barky cornel, flinging their long boughs
Against each other with a mighty roar,
And crash of those that break, so did the Greeks 965
And Trojans meet with mutual blows, and slay
Each other ; nor had either host a thought
Of shameful flight. Full many a trenchant spear
Went to its mark beside Cebriones,
And many a wingèd arrow that had left 970
The bowstring ; many a massive stone was hurled
Against the ringing bucklers, as they fought
Around the dead, while he, the mighty, lay

Stretched on the ground amid the eddying dust,
Forgetful of his art of horsemanship. 975

While yet the sun was climbing to his place
In middle heaven, the men of either host
Were smitten by the weapons, and in both
The people fell ; but when he stooped to the west
The Greeks prevailed, and from that storm of darts
And tumult of the Trojans they drew forth 981
Cebriones, and stripped him of his arms.

Still rushed Patroclus onward, bent to wreak
His fury on the Trojans. Fierce as Mars,
He charged their squadrons thrice with fearful shouts,
And thrice he laid nine warriors in the dust. 986

But as with godlike energy he made
The fourth assault, then clearly was it seen,
Patroclus, that thy life was near its end,
For Phœbus terribly in that fierce strife 990
Encountered thee. Patroclus saw him not

Advancing in the tumult, for he moved
Unseen in darkness. Coming close behind,
He smote, with open palm, the hero's back
Between the ample shoulders, and his eyes 995
Reeled with the blow, while Phœbus from his head

Struck the tall helm, that, clanking, rolled away
Under the horses' feet ; its crest was soiled
With blood and dust, though never till that hour
Had dust defiled its horse-hair plume ; for once 1000
That helmet guarded an illustrious head,
The glorious brows of Peleus' son, and now

Jove destined it for Hector, to be worn
In battle ; and his death was also near.
The spear Patroclus wielded, edged with brass, 1005
Long, tough, and huge, was broken in his hands ,
And his broad buckler, dropping with its band,
Lay on the ground, while Phœbus, son of Jove,
Undid the fastenings of his mail. With mind
Bewildered, and with powerless limbs, he stood 1010
As thunderstruck. Then a Dardanian named
Euphorbus, son of Panthoüs, who excelled
His comrades in the wielding of the spear,
The race, and horsemanship, approaching, smote
Patroclus in the back with his keen spear, 1015
Between the shoulder-blades. Already he
Had dashed down twenty warriors from their cars,
Guiding his own, a learner in the art
Of war. The first was he who threw a lance
At thee, Patroclus, yet o'ercame thee not ; 1020
For, plucking from thy back its ashen stem,
He fled, and mingled with the crowd, nor dared
Await thy coming, though thou wert unarmed,
While, weakened by that wound and by the blow
Given by the god, Patroclus turned and sought 1025
Shelter from danger in the Grecian ranks ;
But Hector, when he saw the gallant Greek
Thus wounded and retreating, left his place
Among the squadrons, and, advancing, pierced
Patroclus with his spear, below the belt, 1030
Driving the weapon deep. The hero fell

With clashing mail, and all the Greeks beheld
His fall with grief. As when a lion bears
A stubborn boar to earth, what time the twain
Fight on the mountains for a slender spring, 1035
Both thirsty and both fierce, the lion's strength
Lays prone his panting foe, so Priam's son
Slew, fighting hand to hand, the valiant Greek,
Son of Menœtius, who himself had slain
So many. Hector gloried over him 1040
With wingèd words : " Patroclus, thou didst think
To lay our city waste, and carry off
Our women captive in thy ships to Greece.
Madman ! in their defence the fiery steeds
Of Hector sweep the battle-field, and I, 1045
Mightiest of all the Trojans, with the spear
Will guard them from the doom of slavery.
Now vultures shall devour thee, wretched youth !
Achilles, mighty though he be, has brought
No help to thee, though doubtless when he sent 1050
Thee forth to battle, and remained within,
He charged thee thus : ' Patroclus, flower of knights,
Return not to the fleet until thy hand
Hath torn the bloody armor from the corpse
Of the man-queller Hector.' So he spake, 1055
And filled with idle hopes thy foolish heart."

Then thou, Patroclus, with a faltering voice,
Didst answer thus : " Now, Hector, while thou mayst,
Utter thy boast in swelling words, since Jove
And Phœbus gave the victory to thee. 1060

Easily have they vanquished me ; 't was they
Who stripped the armor from my limbs, for else,
If twenty such as thou had met me, all
Had perished by my spear. A cruel fate
O'ertakes me, aided by Latona's son, 1065
The god, and by Euphorbus among men.
Thou who shalt take my spoil art but the third ;
Yet hear my words, and keep them in thy thought.
Not long shalt thou remain alive ; thy death
By violence is at hand, and thou must fall, 1070
Slain by the hand of great Æacides."

While he was speaking, death stole over him
And veiled his senses, while the soul forsook
His limbs and flew to Hades, sorrowing
For its sad lot, to part from life in youth 1075
And prime of strength. Illustrious Hector thus
Answered the dying man : " Why threaten me,
Patroclus, with an early death ? Who knows
That he, thy friend, whom fair-haired Thetis bore,
Achilles, may not sooner lose his life, 1080
Slain by my spear ? " He spake, and set his heel
Upon the slain, and from the wound drew forth
His brazen spear and pushed the corpse aside,
And with the weapon hurried on to smite
Godlike Automedon, the charioteer 1085
Of swift Æacides ; but him the steeds
Fleet-footed and immortal, which the gods
Bestowed on Peleus, swiftly bore away.

[Book xvii, which we omit, describes how the Greeks fight furiously for the body of Patroclus and how they are hard-pressed by their foes. Still

“the warriors Ajax hold in check
The Trojans ; yet they followed close, and two
More closely than the rest, — Æneas, son
Of old Anchises, and the illustrious chief,
Hector.”]

BOOK XVIII.

AS thus they fought with all the rage of fire,
Antilochus, the nimble-footed, came
With tidings to Achilles. Him he found
Before his lofty galleys, deep in thought
Of what he knew had happened. With a sigh 5
The hero to his mighty spirit said :—

“Ah me ! why should the Grecians thus be driven
In utter disarray across the plain ?
I tremble lest the gods should bring to pass
What most I dread. My mother told me once 10
That the most valiant of the Myrmidons,
While yet I live, cut off by Trojan hands,
Shall see the sun no more. It must be so :
The brave son of Menoetius has been slain.
Unhappy ! 'T was my bidding that, when once 15
The enemy with his firebrands was repulsed,
He should not think to combat gallantly
With Hector, but should hasten to the fleet.”

As thus he mused, illustrious Nestor's son
Drew near Achilles, and with eyes that shed 20
Warm tears he gave his sorrowful message thus :—

“Son of the warlike Peleus, woe is me !
For bitter are the tidings thou must hear
Of what should not have been. Patroclus lies
A naked corpse, and over it the hosts 25
Are fighting ; crested Hector hath his arms.”

He spake, and a black cloud of sorrow came
Over the chieftain. Grasping in both hands
The ashes of the hearth, he showered them o'er
His head, and soiled with them his noble face. 30
They clung in dark lumps to his comely vest.
Prone in the dust of earth, at his full length,
And tearing his disordered hair, he lay.
Then wailed aloud the maidens whom in war
He and Patroclus captured. Forth they came, 35
And, thronging round him, smote their breasts and
swooned.

Antilochus mourned also, and shed tears,
Holding Achilles by the hand, for much
His generous nature dreaded that the chief
Might aim at his own throat the sword he wore. 40

Loud were the hero's cries, and in the deep
His gracious mother, where she sat beside
Her aged father, heard them. She too raised
A wail of sorrow. All the goddesses,
Daughters of Nereus, dwelling in the depths 45
Of ocean, gathered to her side. There came

Glaucè, Thaleia, and Cymodocè,
 Nesæa, Speio, Halia with large eyes,
 And Thoa, and Cymothöè ; nor stayed
 Actæa, Limnorea, Melita, 50
 Amphithöè, Iæra, Agavè,
 Doto, and Proto, and Dynamenè.
 There came Dexamenè, Amphinomè,
 Pherusa, Callianira, Panopè,
 Doris, and Galateia, the renowned. 55
 With these Nemertes and Apseudes came,
 And Callianassa. Clymenè was there,
 Janeira and Janassa, and with them
 Mæra, and Amatheia with bright hair,
 And Orithya, and whoever else, 60
 Children of Nereus, bide within the deep.
 The concourse filled the glimmering cave ; they beat
 Their bosoms, while the sorrowing Thetis spake : —
 “ Hear, sister Nereids, that ye all may know
 The sharpness of my sorrows. Woe is me, 65
 Unhappy ! Woe is me ! in evil hour,
 The mother of a hero, — me who gave
 Birth to so noble and so brave a son,
 The first among the warriors, saw him grow
 Like a green sapling, reared him like a plant 70
 Within a fruitful field, and sent him forth
 With his beaked ships to Ilium and the war
 Against the Trojans. Never shall I see
 That son returning to his home, the halls
 Of Peleus. While he lives and sees the light 75

Of day his lot is sorrow, nor can I
 Help him in aught, though at his side ; and yet
 I go to look on my beloved son,
 And learn from him what grief, while he remains
 Aloof from war, o'ertakes him in his tent." 80

She spake, and left the cavern. All the nymphs
 Went with her weeping. Round their way the waves
 Of ocean parted. When they reached the fields
 Of fertile Troas, up the shore they went
 In ordered files to where, a numerous fleet, 85
 Drawn from the water, round Achilles lay
 The swift ships of the Myrmidons. To him
 His goddess mother came, and with a cry
 Of grief embraced the head of her dear son,
 And, mourning o'er him, spake these wingèd
 words : — 90

"Why weepst thou, my son ? What sorrow now
 O'ercomes thy spirit ? Speak, and hide it not.
 All thou didst pray for once, with lifted hands,
 Has been fulfilled by Jove ; the sons of Greece,
 Driven to their galleys, and with thy good help 95
 Withdrawn from them, are routed and disgraced."

The swift Achilles, sighing deeply, made
 This answer : "O my mother ! true it is
 Olympian Jove hath done all this for me ;
 But how can that delight me, since my friend, 100
 My well-beloved Patroclus, is no more ?
 He whom, of all my fellows in the war,
 I prized the most, and loved as my own self,

Is lost to me, and Hector, by whose hand
 He was cut off, has spoiled him of his arms, — 105
 His dreaded arms, a wonder to the sight
 And glorious.

Yet would that thou hadst evermore remained 110
 Among the immortal dwellers of the deep,
 And Peleus had espoused a mortal maid,
 Since now thy heart must ache with infinite grief
 For thy slain son, whom thou shalt never more
 Welcome returning to his home. No wish 115
 Have I to live or to concern myself
 In men's affairs, save this : that Hector first,
 Pierced by my spear, shall yield his life, and pay
 The debt of vengeance for Patroclus slain."

And Thetis, weeping, answered : "O my son ! 120
 Soon must thou die ; thou sayest true ; that fate
 Hangs over thee as soon as Hector dies."

Again the swift Achilles, sighing, spake :
 "Then quickly let me die, since fate denied
 That I should aid my friend against the foes 125
 That slew him. Far from his own land he fell,
 And longed for me to rescue him. And now,
 Since I am never more to see the land
 I love, and since I went not to defend
 Patroclus, nor the other Greeks, my friends, 130
 Of whom so many have fallen by the hand
 Of noble Hector, but beside the fleet

Am sitting here, a useless weight on earth,
 Mighty in battle as I am beyond
 The other Grecian warriors, though excelled 135
 By other men in council, — would that Strife
 Might perish among gods and men, with Wrath,
 Which makes even wise men cruel, and, though sweet
 At first as dropping honey, growing, fills
 The heart with its foul smoke. Such was my rage,
 Aroused by Agamemnon, king of men. 141

Yet now, though great my wrong, let things like
 these

Rest with the past, and, as the time requires,
 Let us subdue the spirit in our breasts.
 I go in quest of Hector, by whose hand 145
 My friend was slain. My death will I accept
 Whene'er to Jove and to the other gods
 It shall seem good to send it. Hercules,
 Though mighty and beloved of Jupiter,
 The son of Saturn, could not shun his death, 150
 For fate and Juno's cruel wrath prevailed
 Against him. I shall lie in death like him,
 If a like fate be measured out for me.
 Yet now shall I have glory; I shall do
 What many a Trojan and Dardanian dame, 155
 Deep-bosomed, wiping with both hands the tears
 From their fair cheeks, shall bitterly lament;
 And well shall they perceive that, till this hour,
 I paused from war. Thou lov'st me; but seek not
 To keep me from the field, for that were vain." 160

The silver-footed Thetis thus rejoined :
" Truly, my son, thy purpose is not ill,
To rescue thy endangered friends from death.
But with the Trojans are thy beautiful arms,
Brazen and dazzling bright ; their crested chief, 16
Hector, exults to wear them : no long space,
I think, will he exult ; his death is near.
Yet go not to the battle-field until
Thine eyes shall look upon me yet again.
I come to-morrow with the sun, and bring 170
Bright arms, the work of Vulcan's royal hand."

So having said, and turning from her son,
She thus bespake her sisters of the sea :
" Return to the broad bosom of the deep,
To its gray Ancient and my father's halls, 175
And tell him all. I hasten to ascend
The summits of Olympus, there to ask
Of Vulcan, the renowned artificer,
Armor of glorious beauty for my son."

She spake : at once they plunged into the deep, 180
While Thetis, silver-footed goddess, sought
Olympus, whence it was her hope to bring
New armor for her son. As thus her feet
Bore her toward heaven, the Achaïans, fleeing fast,
With infinite clamor, driven before the arm 185
Of the man-queller Hector, reached the ships
And Hellespont. Nor could the well-armed Greeks
Bear off Patroclus from the shower of darts ;
For rushing on them came both foot and horse,

And Hector, son of Priam, like a flame 190
In fury. Thrice illustrious Hector seized
The body by the heels to drag it off,
And called his Trojans with a mighty shout.
Thrice did the chieftains Ajax, terrible
In resolute valor, drive him from the dead. 195
Yet kept he to his purpose, confident
In his own might, now charging through the crowd,
Now standing firm and shouting to his men,
And never losing ground. As when, at night,
Herdsman that watch their cattle strive in vain 200
To drive a lion, fierce and famine-pinched,
From some slain beast, so the two Ajaxes,
With all their valor, vainly strove to keep
Hector, the son of Priam, from the corpse.
And now would he have dragged it thence, and won
Infinite glory, had not Iris come — 206
The goddess whose swift feet are like the wind —
To Peleus' son, a messenger from heaven,
In haste, unknown to Jupiter and all
The other gods, — for Juno sent her down, — 210
To bid the hero arm. She came and stood
Beside him, speaking thus with wingèd words : —
“ Pelides, rise, most terrible of men,
In rescue of Patroclus, over whom
They struggle fiercely at the fleet ; for there 215
They slay each other, — these who fight to keep
The dead, and those, the men of Troy, who charge
To drag him off to Ilium's airy heights ;

And chief, illustrious Hector longs to seize
The corpse, and from the delicate neck to hew 229
The head, and fix it on a stake. Arise,
Loiter no longer ;—rise, ashamed to leave
Patroclus to be torn by Trojan dogs.
For thine will be the infamy, if yet
The corpse be brought dishonored to thy tent.” 225

The swift Achilles listened and inquired :
“Which of the gods, O Iris, speaks by thee?”
And Iris, whose swift feet are like the wind,
Answered : “The glorious spouse of Jupiter,
Juno, hath sent me. Even Saturn’s son, 239
On his high throne, knows not that I am sent,
Nor any other of the gods who dwell
Upon Olympus overspread with snow.”

“But how,” the swift Achilles asked again,
“Shall I go forth to war? They have my arms, 235
And my beloved mother strictly bade
That I should put no armor on until
I saw her face again. She promised me
A suit of glorious mail from Vulcan’s hand.
Nor know I any warrior here whose arms 240
Might serve me, save, perhaps, it were the shield
Of Telamonian Ajax, who, I hope,
Is in the van, and dealing death among
The foe, in vengeance for Patroclus slain.”

Then the swift-footed Iris spake again : 245
“They have thy glorious armor ; that we know
But go thou to the trench, and show thyself

To them of Troy, that, haply smit with fear,
They may desist from battle, and the host
Of Grecian warriors, overtoiled, may breathe 250
In a brief respite from the stress of war."

So the fleet Iris spake, and passed away,
And then arose Achilles, dear to Jove,
While o'er his ample shoulders Pallas held
Her fringed ægis. The great goddess caused 255
A golden cloud to gather round his head
And kindled in the cloud a dazzling flame.
And as when smoke, ascending to the sky,
Hangs o'er some city in a distant isle,
Which enemies beleaguer, swarming forth 260
From their own city, and in hateful strife
Contend all day, but when the sun goes down
Forthwith blaze many bale-fires, sending up
A brightness which the neighboring realms may see,
That haply they may send their ships and drive 265
The war away, — so from the hero's head
That flame streamed upward to the sky. He came
Without the wall and stood beside the trench,
Nor mingled with the Greeks, for he revered
His mother's words. He stood and called aloud, 270
And Pallas, from the host, returned his shout, —
A shout that carried infinite dismay
Into the Trojan squadrons. As the sound
Of trumpet rises clear when deadly foes
Lay siege to a walled city such was heard 275
The clear shout uttered by Æacides.

The hearts of all who heard that brazen voice
 Were troubled, and their steeds with flowing manes
 Turned backward with the chariots, — such the
 dread

Of coming slaughter. When the charioteers 280
 Beheld the terrible flame that played unquenched
 Upon the brow of the magnanimous son
 Of Peleus, lighted by the blue-eyed maid
 Minerva, they were struck with panic fear.
 Thrice o'er the trench Achilles shouted ; thrice 285
 The men of Troy and their renowned allies
 Fell into wild disorder. Then there died,
 Entangled midst their chariots, and transfixed
 By their own spears, twelve of their bravest chiefs.
 The Greeks bore off Patroclus from the field 290
 With eager haste, and placed him on a bier,
 And there the friends that loved him gathered round
 Lamenting. With them swift Achilles came,
 The hot tears on his cheeks, as he beheld
 His faithful comrade lying on his bier, 295
 Mangled with many wounds, whom he had sent
 With steeds and car to battle, never more
 To welcome him alive on his return.

Now Juno, large-eyed and august, bade set
 The never-wearied sun ; unwillingly 300
 He sank into the ocean streams. Then paused
 The noble Greeks from that ferocious strife,
 Deadly in equal measure to both hosts.
 The Trojans also paused, and from their cars

Unharnessed the fleet steeds, and ere they took 305
 Their evening meal assembled to consult.

Standing they held the council ; no man cared
 To sit, for all were trembling from the hour
 When, long a stranger to the bloody field,
 Achilles showed himself again. And now 310
 The son of Panthoüs, wise Polydamas,
 Began to speak. Beyond the rest he saw
 Things past and things to come, and he had been
 Hector's companion, born in the same night,
 Mighty in speech as Hector with the spear. 315

With prudent admonitions thus he spake :—

“Consider well, my friends. My counsel is
 That we return, nor wait the holy morn
 Here, by the fleet and in the open plain,
 Far from our city ramparts. While this man 320
 Was wroth with Agamemnon, we maintained
 A strife of far less peril with the Greeks,
 And I was ever ready to encamp
 By night beside the galleys, which we hoped
 To make our prize ; but now I fear the might 325
 Of swift Pelides. He will not remain
 Content upon the space between the fleet
 And town, where Greeks and Trojans wage a war
 Of changeful fortune, but will strive to take
 The city, and to carry off our wives. 330
 March we then homeward. Let my words prevail,—
 It must be so. The gentle Night now keeps
 The nimble-footed hero from the war.

But if to-morrow, issuing forth in arms,
He find us here, there are among us those 335
Who will have cause to know him. Gladly then
Will he find refuge who escapes his arm
In sacred Troy, and many a Trojan corpse
Will feed the dogs and vultures. May mine ear
Hear of it never. But if ye will heed 340
My words, though sorrowful, ye shall be safe
Assembled in the city squares at night.
The lofty towers and gates, with massive beams
Polished and strongly fitted each to each,
Will keep the town. To-morrow we shall take, 345
At dawn, our station on the towers, arrayed
In armor, and his difficult task will be,
Far from his ships, to fight us from below ;
And after he has tired his high-necked steeds
With coursing round the ramparts to and fro, 350
Back to his galleys he must go ; nor yet
With all his valor can he force his way
Into the town to lay its dwellings waste, —
The dogs will feed upon his carcass first.”

And crested Hector answered with a frown : 355
“The counsel thou hast given, Polydamas,
Pleases me not, — that we return to be
Pent up in Troy. Are ye not weary yet
Of lying long imprisoned within walls
And towers? The time has been that in all lands,
Wherever human speech is heard, the fame 360
Of Priam’s city, for its treasured gold

And brass, was in all mouths. Those treasures now
Have passed away ; our dwellings have them not.
Much that we had was sold on Phrygia's coast, 365
And in Mæonia's pleasant land, for Jove
The mighty was displeased with us. But now,
When politic Saturn's son hath granted me
To win great glory at the fleet, and hold
The Greeks imprisoned by the sea, refrain,
Idler, from laying counsels such as these
Before the people. Not a Trojan here
Will follow them, nor would I suffer it.
Now hearken all, and act as I advise :
First banquet, rank by rank, throughout the host, 375
And set your guards, and each of you keep watch ;
And then, if any Trojan stands in fear
For his possessions, let him bring them all
Into the common stock, to be consumed ;
Better that we enjoy them than the Greeks. 380
To-morrow, with the dawn and all in arms,
We will do battle at the roomy ships
Valiantly. If in truth the noble son
Of Peleus choose to rise and to defend
The ships, so much the worse for him, since I 385
Shall not for him desert the field, but stand
Firmly against him, whether he obtain
The victory or I. The chance of war
Is equal, and the slayer oft is slain."

So Hector spake : the Trojans shouted forth 390
Applause, the madmen ! Pallas took away

Their reason ; all approved the fatal plan
Of Hector ; no one ventured to commend
The sober counsel of Polydamas.

And then they banqueted throughout the host ; 395
But all night long the Achaians mourned with tears
Patroclus, while Pelides in the midst,
Leading the ceaseless lamentation, placed
His slaughter-dealing hands upon the breast
Of his companion with continual sighs. 400

As a maned lion, from whose haunt within
The thick, dark wood a hunter has borne off
The whelps, returning finds them gone, and grieves,
And roams the valleys, tracking as he goes
The robber, bent to find him, for his rage 405
Is fierce, — with such fierce sorrow Peleus' son
Spake, deeply sighing, to his Myrmidons : —

“O, idle were the words which once I spake,
When in our palace-halls I bade the chief
Menœtius bear a cheerful heart. I said 410
That I would bring to Opus yet again,
Laden with spoil from Ilium overthrown,
His valiant son. But Jove doth not fulfil
The plans of men. That both of us should stain
Earth with our blood in Troy was the decree 415
Of fate, and never will the aged knight
Peleus receive me in his palace-halls,
Returning from the war, nor Thetis, she
Who gave me birth ; the earth will hold me here.
And now, since after thee I take my place 420

In earth, Patroclus, I will not perform
Thy funeral rites before I bring to thee
The arms and head of the magnanimous chief
Hector, who slew thee. By thy funeral pile
I will strike off in vengeance for thy death 425
The heads of twelve illustrious Trojan youths.
Thou meanwhile, lying at the beakèd ships,
Shalt be lamented night and day, with tears,
By many a Trojan and Dardanian maid,
Deep-bosomed, won by our victorious spears 430
After hard wars and opulent cities sacked."

Thus having said, the great Achilles bade
Place a huge tripod on the fire in haste,
To cleanse Patroclus from the clotted blood.
They brought and set upon the glowing hearth 435
A tripod for the bath, and in it poured
Water, and piled the wood beneath. The flame
Crept up the vessel's rounded sides and warmed
The water. When within the murmuring brass
It boiled, they washed the dead, and with rich oil 440
Anointed him, and filled the open wounds
With ointment nine years old ; and laying him
Upon a couch, they spread from head to foot
Fine linen over him, and covered all
With a white mantle. Through the hours of night
The Myrmidons, lamenting their dead chief, 445
Wept round the swift Achilles. Then did Jove
Thus to his wife and sister Juno speak :—

"Large-eyed, imperial Juno, thou hast now

Accomplished thy desire, for thou hast roused 454
The swift Achilles. There is not a doubt
The long-haired Argives owe their birth to thee."

And large-eyed Juno answered : "What strange
words,

Austere Saturnius, hast thou said? A man,
A mortal far less skilled in shaping means 455
To compass ends, might do what I have done
Against his fellow-man. Then should not I —
Who boast to be the chief of goddesses
By birthright, and because I bear the name
Of wife to thee who rulest o'er the gods — 460
Plan evil to the Trojans, whom I hate?"

So talked they. Silver-footed Thetis came
Meanwhile to Vulcan's halls, eternal, gemmed
With stars, a wonder to the immortals, wrought
Of brass by the lame god. She found him there 465
Sweating and toiling, and with busy hand
Plying the bellows. He was fashioning
Tripods, a score, to stand beside the wall
Of his fair palace. All of these he placed
On wheels of gold, that, of their own accord, 470
They might roll in among the assembled gods,
And then roll back, a marvel to behold.
So far they all were finished ; but not yet
Were added the neat handles, and for these
The god was forging rivets busily. 475
While thus he labored, with a mind intent
Upon his skilful task, on silver feet

Came Thetis. Charis, of the snowy veil,
 The beautiful, whom the great god of fire,
 Vulcan, had made his wife, beheld, and came 480
 Forward to meet her, seized her hand, and said :—

“O Thetis of the flowing robe, beloved
 And honored, what has brought thee to our home
 Thou dost not often visit us. Come in,
 That I may pay the honors due a guest.” 485

So the bright goddess spake, and led the way,
 And seated Thetis on a sumptuous throne,
 With silver studs divinely wrought, and placed
 A footstool, and called out to Vulcan thus :
 “Come, Vulcan ; Thetis here hath need of thee.” 490

And the great artist, Vulcan, thus replied :
 “Then of a truth a goddess is within
 Whom I must ever honor and revere ;
 Who from the danger of my terrible fall
 Saved me, what time my shameless mother sought
 To cast me from her sight, for I was lame. 496
 Then great had been my misery, had not
 Eurynomè and Thetis in their laps
 Received me as I fell, — Eurynomè,
 Daughter of billowy Ocean. There I dwelt 500
 Nine years, and many ornaments I wrought
 Of brass, — clasps, buckles, bracelets, necklaces, —
 Within a vaulted cave, round which the tides
 Of the vast ocean murmured and flung up
 Their foam ; nor any of the gods or men 505
 Knew of my hiding-place, save only they

Who saved me, Thetis and Eurynomè.
And now, as she is with us, I must make
To fair-haired Thetis some thank-offering
For having rescued me. Haste, spread the board 510
Amplly with generous fare, while I shall lay
Aside my bellows and my implements."

He spake, and from his anvil-block arose.
A mighty bulk ; his weak legs under him,
Halting, moved painfully. He laid apart
His bellows from the fire, and gathered up
The scattered implements with which he wrought,
And locked them in a silver chest, and wiped
With a moist sponge his face and both his hands,
Stout neck and hairy chest. He then put on 520
His tunic, took his massive regal wand
Into his hand, and, tottering, sallied forth.
Two golden statues, like in form and look
To living maidens, aided with firm gait
The monarch's steps. And mind was in their
breasts, 525

And they had speech and strength, and from the gods
Had learned becoming arts. Beside their lord
They walked and tended him. As he drew near,
Halting, to Thetis on the shining throne,
He took the goddess by the hand and said :— 530

"What cause, O Thetis of the flowing robe,
Honored and dear, has brought thee to our home?
Not often com'st thou hither. Freely say
Whatever lies upon thy mind. My heart

Commands me to obey, if it be aught
That can be done and may be done by me.” 535

And Thetis answered, with a gush of tears :
“ O Vulcan ! of the goddesses who dwell
Upon Olympus, is there one who bears
Such bitter sorrows as Saturnian Jove 540
Inflicts on me, distressed above them all ?
Me, of the ocean deities, he forced
To take a mortal husband, — Peleus, son
Of Æacus. Within his palace-halls, 545
Worn with a late old age, my husband lies
Now I have other woes ; for when a son
Was granted me, and I had brought him forth
And reared him, flourishing like a young plant,
A sapling in a fertile field, and great 550
Among the heroes, — thus maturely trained,
I sent him with his beakèd ships to Troy,
To combat with her sons ; but never more
Will it be mine to welcome him returned
Home to the halls of Peleus. While to me 555
He lives, and sees the sunshine, he endures
Affliction, nor can I, though at his side,
Aid him in aught. The maiden whom the Greeks
Decreed him as his prize, the king of men,
Atrides, took away, and grief for her 560
Consumes his heart. The Trojans keep the Greeks
Beleaguered by their ships, nor suffer them
To pass beyond their gates. The elder chiefs

Implored him to relent, and offered him
 Large presents ; he refused to avert the doom 564
 That threatened them himself, but sent instead
 Patroclus to the war with his own arms,
 And with him sent much people. All the day
 They fought before the Scæan gates ; and then
 Had Ilium fallen, but that Apollo slew 570
 The brave son of Menœtius, who had caused
 Vast slaughter, — slew him fighting in the van
 Of war, and gave the glory of his death
 To Hector. Therefore I approach thy knees,
 And ask for him, my son, so soon to die, 575
 Buckler and helm, and beautiful greaves, shut close
 With clasps, and all the other arms complete,
 Which in the war my son's companion lost.
 For now Achilles lies upon the ground
 Bitterly grieving in his inmost soul." 580

And Vulcan, the great artist, answered her :
 " Be comforted, and take no further thought
 Of this ; for would I could as certainly
 Shield him from death's dread summons when his
 hour

Is come at last, as I shall have for him 585
 Beautiful armor ready to put on,
 And such as every man, of multitudes
 Who look on it hereafter, shall admire."

So speaking he withdrew, and went where lay
 The bellows, turned them toward the fire, and bade
 The work begin. From twenty bellows came 59

Their breath into the furnaces, — a blast
Varied in strength as need might be ; for now
They blew with violence for a hasty task,
And then with gentler breath, as Vulcan pleased 595
And as the work required. Upon the fire
He laid impenetrable brass, and tin,
And precious gold and silver ; on its block
Placed the huge anvil, took the ponderous sledge,
And held the pincers in the other hand. 600

And first he forged the huge and massive shield,
Divinely wrought in every part, — its edge
Clasped with a triple border, white and bright.
A silver belt hung from it, and its folds
Were five ; a crowd of figures on its disk 605
Were fashioned by the artist's passing skill,
For here he placed the earth and heaven, and here
The great deep and the never-resting sun
And the full moon, and here he set the stars
That shine in the round heaven, — the Pleiades, 610
The Hyades, Orion in his strength,
And the Bear near him, called by some the Wain,
'That, wheeling, keeps Orion still in sight,
Yet bathes not in the waters of the sea.

There placed he two fair cities full of men. 615
In one were marriages and feasts ; they led
The brides with flaming torches from their bowers,
Along the streets, with many a nuptial song.
There the young dancers whirled, and flutes and lyres
Gave forth their sounds, and women at the doors 620

Stood and admired. Meanwhile a multitude
Was in the forum, where a strife went on, —
Two men contending for a fine, the price
Of one who had been slain. Before the crowd
One claimed that he had paid the fine, and one 625
Denied that aught had been received, and both
Called for the sentence which should end the strife.
The people clamored for both sides, for both
Had eager friends ; the heralds held the crowd
In check ; the elders, upon polished stones, 630
Sat in a sacred circle. Each one took,
In turn, a herald's sceptre in his hand,
And, rising, gave his sentence. In the midst
Two talents lay in gold, to be the meed
Of him whose juster judgment should prevail. 635

Around the other city sat two hosts
In shining armor, bent to lay it waste,
Unless the dwellers would divide their wealth, —
All that their pleasant homes contained, — and yield
The assailants half. As yet the citizens 640
Had not complied, but secretly had planned
An ambush. Their beloved wives meanwhile,
And their young children, stood and watched the
walls,

With aged men among them, while the youth^s
Marched on, with Mars and Pallas at their head, 645
Both wrought in gold, with golden garments on,
Stately and large in form, and over all
Conspicuous, in bright armor, as became

The gods ; the rest were of an humbler size.
And when they reached the spot where they should lie
In ambush, by a river's side, a place 651
For watering herds, they sat them down, all armed
In shining brass. Apart from all the rest
They placed two sentries, on the watch to spy 654
The approach of sheep and hornèd kine. Soon came
The herds in sight ; two shepherds walked with them,
Who, all unweeing of the evil nigh,
Solaced their task with music from their reeds.
The warriors saw and rushed on them, and took
And drave away large prey of beeves, and flocks 660
Of fair white sheep, whose keepers they had slain.
When the besiegers in their council heard
The sound of tumult at the watering-place,
They sprang upon their nimble-footed steeds,
And overtook the pillagers. Both bands 665
Arrayed their ranks and fought beside the stream,
And smote each other. There did Discord rage,
And Tumult, and the great Destroyer, Fate.
One wounded warrior she had seized alive,
And one unwounded yet, and through the field 670
Dragged by the foot another, dead. Her robe
Was reddened o'er the shoulders with the blood
From human veins. Like living men they ranged
The battle-field, and dragged by turns the slain.
There too he sculptured a broad fallow field 675
Of soft rich mould, thrice ploughed, and over which
Walked many a ploughman, guiding to and fro

His steers, and when on their return they reached
The border of the field the master came
To meet them, placing in the hands of each 683
A goblet of rich wine. Then turned they back
Along the furrows, diligent to reach
Their distant end. All dark behind the plough
The ridges lay, a marvel to the sight,
Like real furrows, though engraved in gold. 685

There, too, the artist placed a field which lay
Deep in ripe wheat. With sickles in their hands
The laborers reaped it. Here the handfuls fell
Upon the ground ; there binders tied them fast
With bands, and made them sheaves. Three bind-
ers went 690

Close to the reapers, and behind them boys,
Bringing the gathered handfuls in their arms,
Ministered to the binders. Staff in hand,
The master stood among them by the side
Of the ranged sheaves and silently rejoiced. 695
Meanwhile the servants underneath an oak
Prepared a feast apart ; they sacrificed
A fatling ox and dressed it, while the maids
Were kneading for the reapers the white meal.

A vineyard also on the shield he graved, 700
Beautiful, all of gold, and heavily
Laden with grapes. Black were the clusters all ;
The vines were stayed on rows of silver stakes.
He drew a blue trench round it, and a hedge
Of tin. One only path there was by which 704

The vintagers could go to gather grapes.
Young maids and striplings of a tender age
Bore the sweet fruit in baskets. Midst them all,
A youth from his shrill harp drew pleasant sounds,
And sang with soft voice to the murmuring strings.
They danced around him, beating with quick feet ⁷¹¹
The ground, and sang and shouted joyously.

And there the artist wrought a herd of beeves,
High-horned, and sculptured all in gold and tin.
They issued lowing from their stalls to seek ⁷¹⁵
Their pasture, by a murmuring stream, that ran
Rapidly through its reeds. Four herdsmen, graved
In gold, were with the beeves, and nine fleet dogs
Followed. Two lions, seizing on a bull
Among the foremost cattle, dragged him off ⁷²⁰
Fearfully bellowing ; hounds and herdsmen rushed
To rescue him. The lions tore their prey,
And lapped the entrails and the crimson blood.
Vainly the shepherds pressed around and urged
Their dogs, that shrank from fastening with their
teeth ⁷²⁵

Upon the lions, but stood near and bayed.

There also did illustrious Vulcan grave
A fair, broad pasture, in a pleasant glade,
Full of white sheep, and stalls, and cottages,
And many a shepherd's fold with sheltering roof. ⁷³⁰

And there illustrious Vulcan also wrought
A dance, — a maze like that which Dædalus,
In the broad realm of Gnossus once contrived

For fair-haired Ariadne. Blooming youths
And lovely virgins, tripping to light airs, 735
Held fast each other's wrists. The maidens wore
Fine linen robes ; the youths had tunics on
Lustrous as oil, and woven daintily.
The maids wore wreaths of flowers ; the young men
swords

Of gold in silver belts. They bounded now 740
In a swift circle, — as a potter whirls
With both his hands a wheel to try its speed,
Sitting before it, — then again they crossed
Each other, darting to their former place.
A multitude around that joyous dance 745
Gathered, and were amused, while from the crowd
Two tumblers raised their song, and flung themselves
About among the band that trod the dance.

Last on the border of that glorious shield
He graved in all its strength the ocean-stream. 750

And when that huge and massive shield was done,
He forged a corselet brighter than the blaze
Of fire ; he forged a solid helm to fit
The hero's temples, shapely and enchased
With rare designs, and with a crest of gold. 755
And last he forged him greaves of ductile tin.

When the great artist Vulcan saw his task
Complete, he lifted all that armor up
And laid it at the feet of her who bore
Achilles. Like a falcon in her flight, 760
Down plunging from Olympus capped with snow,
She bore the shining armor Vulcan gave.

BOOK XIX.

IN saffron-colored mantle from the tides
Of Ocean rose the Morning to bring light
To gods and men, when Thetis reached the fleet,
Bringing the gift of Vulcan. There she found
Her son, who, bending o'er Patroclus, wept
Aloud, and all around a troop of friends
Lamented bitterly. Beside him stood
The glorious goddess, took his hand, and said :—
“Leave we the dead, my son, since it hath pleased
The gods that he should fall ; and now receive
This sumptuous armor, forged by Vulcan's hand,
Beautiful, such as no man ever wore.”

The goddess spake, and laid the armor down
Before Achilles ; as they touched the earth,
The well-wrought pieces clanked, and terror seized
The Myrmidons. No one among them all
Dared fix his gaze upon them ; all shrank back.
Achilles only, as he saw them, felt
His spirit roused within him. In his eyes
A terrible brightness flashed, as if of fire.
He lifted up the god's magnificent gift
Rejoicing, and, when long his eyes had dwelt
Delighted on the marvellous workmanship,
Thus to his mother said, in wingèd words :—

“A god indeed, my mother, must have given

These arms, the work of heavenly hands : no man
Could forge them. Now I arm myself for war.
But for the valiant Menœtiades
I greatly fear that flies will gather round
The wounds inflicted by the spear, and worms 30
Be bred within them, to pollute the corpse
Now that the life is gone, and taint the whole."

And silver-footed Thetis answered thus :
"Son, have no care for that. The task be mine
To drive away the importunate swarm that feed 35
On heroes slain in battle. Though it lie
The whole year long, the body shall remain
Even more than uncorrupted. Call thou now
To council all the Achaian chiefs ; renounce
Thy feud with Agamemnon, king of men, 40
And arm for war, and put on all thy might."

She spake, and called a fiery courage up
Within the hero's breast. The goddess then
Infused ambrosia and the ruddy juice
Of nectar through the nostrils of the dead 45
Into the frame, to keep it from decay.

Along the beach the great Achilles went,
Calling with mighty shouts the Grecian chiefs.
Then even they who till that day remained
Beside the fleet, — the pilots and the men 50
Who held the helm, the stewards of the ships,
And the purveyors, — all made haste to swell
The assembly, for they knew that he who long
Had borne no part in the disastrous war

Had now come forth. Two ministers of Mars, 55
The brave Tydides and the nobly born
Ulysses, both supported by their spears,
Came halting, for their wounds were painful yet ;
They came and sat among the foremost chiefs.

And last came Agamemnon, king of men, 60
Wounded, for he had felt in thick of fight
The edge of the sharp spear which Coön bore,
Antenor's son. Now when the Greeks were all
Assembled, swift Achilles rose and said : —

“ Atrides, of a truth it would have been 65
Better for both of us had we done this
At first, though sorely angered, when we strove
For a girl's sake so fiercely. Would that she
Had perished in my ships, by Dian's shaft,
The day on which I laid Lyrnessus waste ! 70
So many Greeks would then have not been forced,
Slain by the enemy's hand, to bite the dust
Of the great earth, while I was brooding o'er
My wrath. All that was for the good of Troy
And Hector ; but the Greeks, I think, will long 75
Remember our contention. Let us leave
These things among the things that were, and,
though

They make us grieve, let us subdue our minds
To what the time requires. Here then my wrath
Shall end ; it is not meet that it should burn 80
Forever. Hasten thou and rouse to war
The long-haired Greeks, that I may yet again

Go forth among the men of Troy, and learn
 If they design to encamp another night
 Before the fleet. There is among them all 85
 No man, I ween, who will not joyfully
 Sit down when he escapes my deadly spear."

He ended, and the Achaïans all rejoiced
 To hear the brave Pelides thus renounce
 His anger. Agamemnon, king of men, 90
 Then rose. He came not forth into the midst,
 But stood beside his seat, and thus he spake :—

"O friends, Achaïan heroes, ministers
 Of Mars! Whoever rises up to speak
 'T is well to hear him through, and not break in 95
 Upon his speech, else is the most expert
 Confounded. Who amid a clamorous throng
 Can listen or can speak? The orator
 Of clearest voice must utter it in vain.

Now I address Pelides ; for the rest, 100
 Harken ye all, and ponder what I say.
 The Greeks speak often of this feud, and cast
 The blame on me. Yet was I not the cause,
 But Jupiter and Fate, and she who walks
 In darkness, dread Erynnis. It was they 105
 Who filled my mind with fury in the hour
 When from Achilles I bore off his prize.
 What could I do? A deity prevails
 In all things, Atè, mighty to destroy,
 Daughter of Jove, and held in awe by all. 110

• • • • •

And now since I have borne the penalty,
 And Jupiter it was who took away
 My reason, I would gladly make amends 170
 With liberal gifts. But rise and join the war ;
 Inflame the courage of the rest ; the gifts
 Will I supply, — all that were promised thee
 When nobly born Ulysses yesterday
 Went to thy tents. Or, if it please thee, wait, 175
 Though armed for battle, and my train shall bring
 The treasures from my ship, that thou mayst see
 My presents are peace-offerings indeed."

The swift of foot, Achilles, answered thus :
 "Most glorious son of Atreus, king of men ! 180
 Whether, O Agamemnon, thou wilt give
 Gifts, as is meet, or keep them, rests with thee.
 Now let us think of war ; it is not well
 To waste the hour in talking, and put off
 The mighty work that we have yet to do. 185
 Let every Greek among you, as he sees
 Achilles fighting in the foremost ranks,
 And slaughtering the Trojan phalanxes,
 Take heart and boldly combat with his man."

And then Ulysses, wise in council, spake, 190
 Answering Achilles : "Nay, thou shouldst not thus,
 Brave as thou art, lead on the sons of Greece,
 Yet fasting, to the conflict with the men
 Of Troy beside their city. No brief space
 The struggle will endure when once the foes 195
 Rush on each other, and a god inspires

Both hosts with fury. Bid the Achaians take
 In their swift galleys food and wine ; in these
 Are force and vigor. No man can endure
 To combat all the day till set of sun,

200

Save with the aid of food, however great
 The promptings of his valor ; for his limbs
 Grow heavy, thirst and hunger weaken him,
 And his knees fail him as he walks. Not so
 The warrior well supplied with food and wine :
 He fights the foe all day ; a resolute heart
 Is in his bosom ; nor does weariness
 O'ertake him till all others leave the field.

205

Now let the people be dismissed awhile,
 And a repast be ordered. Let the king,
 Atrides, bring into the assembly here
 His gifts, that all the Greeks may look on them,
 And thou rejoice to see them.

210

.

 Thus let thy heart

215

Be satisfied. Yet let the monarch spread
 A sumptuous banquet in his tent for thee,
 That thy redress may be complete. And thou,
 Atrides, wilt hereafter be more just
 To others. It dishonors not a king
 To make amends to one whom he has wronged."

220

And then King Agamemnon spake in turn :
 "Son of Laertes, gladly have I heard
 What thou hast said, and well hast thou discoursed

Of all things in their order. I will take 226
 The oath of which thou speakest, — so my heart
 Commands me. In the presence of a god
 I take it, and commit no perjury.
 Now let Achilles, though he longs for war, 230
 Delay awhile ; and all assembled here,
 Remain ye on the ground till from my ship
 The gifts are brought. This charge and this com-
 mand

I give to thee, Ulysses. Take with thee
 A band of youths, the noblest of the host, 235
 And bring the presents promised yesterday
 To Peleus' son, and hither let them lead
 The women. Meantime let Talthylbius haste
 To bring from our broad camp a boar, which I
 Will offer up to Jove and to the Sun." 240

The swift of foot, Achilles, thus replied :
 " Most glorious son of Atreus, king of men,
 These things are for the time when there shall come
 A pause from battle, and this warlike heat
 Within my breast shall cool. They whom the spear
 Of Hector, son of Priam, has o'ercome 246
 Lie mangled on the earth, since Jupiter
 Awarded him the glory of the day : —
 And ye propose a banquet. I would call
 The sons of Greece to rush into the war 250
 Unfed and fasting, and when this disgrace
 Shall be avenged, I would, at sunset, spread
 A liberal feast. Be sure that I, till then,

Taste neither food nor drink, while my slain friend
Lies gashed with weapons in my tent, amidst 255
His sorrowing comrades. Little I regard
The things of which thou speakest, for my thoughts
Are all of bloodshed and of dying groans."

Ulysses, the sagacious, thus rejoined :

"Achilles, son of Peleus, bravest far 260
Of all the Achaians, mightier with the spear
By no small odds than I, yet do I stand
In prudence much above thee ; I have lived
More years, and more have learned. Let then thy
mind

Accept what I shall say. Men soon become 265
Weary of warfare, even when the sword
Lays its most ample harvest on the earth.
But fewer sheaves are reaped when Jupiter,
The arbiter of battles, turns the scale.

It is not well that we of Greece should mourn 270
The dead with fasting, since from day to day
Our warriors fall in numbers. Where were then
Respite from daily fasts? Lay we our slain
In earth and mourn a day. We who outlive

The cruel combat should refresh ourselves 275
With food and wine, that we may steadily
Maintain in arms the conflict with the foe.

And then let no man idly wait to hear
A further call to war, — for it will come
Freighted with evil to the man who skulks 280
Among the ships, — but let us all go forth

To wage fierce battle with the knights of Troy."

He spake, and summoned to his side the sons
Of glorious Nestor, and Meriones,
And Meges, son of Phyleus, and with them 285
Thoas, and Lycomedes, Creon's son,
And Melanippus. Straight they took their way
To Agamemnon's tent, and there their task
Was done as quickly as the word was given. 289
They brought seven tripods forth, the promised gifts,
And twenty burnished caldrons, and twelve steeds,
And led away seven graceful women trained
In household arts, — the maid with rosy cheeks,
Briseis, was the eighth. Ulysses came,
Leading the way, and bearing, duly weighed, 295
Ten talents, all of gold. The Achaian youths
Followed, and placed the presents in the midst
Of that assembly. Agamemnon rose ;
And then Talthybius, who was like a god
In power of voice, came near and took his place 300
Beside the monarch, holding in his hands
A boar. The son of Atreus drew a knife,
Which hung by the great scabbard of his sword,
And, cutting off the forelock of the boar,
Prayed with uplifted hands to Jupiter : 305
Meantime the Greeks in silence kept their seats,
And, as became them, listened to the king,
Who looked into the sky above, and said : —
"Now first bear witness, Jove, of all the gods
Greatest and best, and also Earth and Sun, 310

And Furies dwelling under Earth, who take
Vengeance on men forsworn, that never I
Have laid my hand upon the maid
Briseis. She hath dwelt inviolate 315
Within my tents. If yet in aught I say
Lurk perjury, then may the blessed gods
Heap on my head the many miseries
With which they punish those who falsely swear !”

He spake, and drew the unrelenting blade 320
Across the animal's throat. Talthymbius took
And swung the carcass round, and cast it forth
Into the gray sea's depths, to be the food
Of fishes. Then again Achilles rose
Among the warlike sons of Greece, and said : — 325

“Great sorrows thou dost send, O Father Jove !
Upon mankind ; for never would the son
Of Atreus have provoked the wrath that burned
Within my bosom, never would have thought
To bear away the maiden from my tent 330
In spite of me, had it not been the will
Of Jupiter that many a Greek should die.
But banquet now, and then prepare for war.”

So spake Achilles, and at once dissolved
The assembly, each repairing to his ship 335
Save the large-hearted Myrmidons, who still
Were busy with the gifts, and carried them
Toward their great general's galley. These they laid
Carefully in the tents, and seated there

The women, while the attentive followers drave 340
The coursers to the stables. When the maid
Briseis, beautiful as Venus, saw
Patroclus lying gashed with wounds, she sprang
And threw herself upon the dead, and tore
Her bosom, her fair cheeks and delicate neck ; 345
And thus the graceful maiden, weeping, said :—

“ Patroclus, dear to my unhappy heart !
I left thee in full life, when from this tent
They led me ; I return and find thee dead,
O chieftain of the people ! Thus it is 350
That sorrow upon sorrow is my lot.
Him to whose arms my father, in my youth,
And gracious mother gave me as a bride,
I saw before our city pierced and slain,
And the three brothers whom my mother bore 355
Slain also, — brothers whom I dearly loved.
Yet thou, when swift Achilles struck to earth
My hapless husband, and laid waste the town
Of godlike Mynes, wouldst not suffer me
To weep despairingly ; for thou didst give 360
Thy word to make me yet the wedded wife
Of great Achilles, bear me in the fleet
To Phthia, and prepare the wedding feast
Among the Myrmidons. O ever kind !
I mourn thy death, and cannot be consoled.” 365

Weeping she spake ; the women wept with her
Seemingly for the dead, but each, in truth,
For her own griefs. Meanwhile the elders came

Around Achilles, praying him to join
The banquet, but the chief, with sighs, refused. 370

“Dear comrades, if ye love me, do not thus
Press me to sit and feast. A mighty woe
Weighs down my spirit ; it is my resolve
To wait and bear until the setting sun.”

So saying, he dismissed the other kings. 375
The sons of Atreus, and the high-born chief
Ulysses, Nestor, and Idomeneus,
And Phœnix, aged knight, alone remained,
And anxiously they sought to comfort him
In his great grief ; but comfort would he none 380
Ere entering the red jaws of war. He drew
Deep sighs, and, thinking on Patroclus, spake :

“The time has been when thou too, hapless one,
Dearest of all my comrades, wouldst have spread
With diligent speed before me in my tent 385
A genial banquet, while the Greeks prepared
For desperate battle with the knights of Troy.
Thou liest now a mangled corse, and I,
Through grief for thee, refrain from food and drink,
Though they are near. No worse calamity 390
Could light on me, not even should I hear
News of my father’s death, who haply now
Tenderly mourns with tears his absent son
In Phthia, while upon a foreign coast
I wage for hated Helen’s sake the war 395
Against the Trojans ; or were I to hear
Tidings that my beloved son had died,

The noble Neoptolemus, who now,
 If living, is in Scyros, growing up
 To manhood. Once the hope was in my heart 400
 That I alone should perish here at Troy,
 Far from the Argive pastures full of steeds,
 And thou return to Phthia and bring home
 My son from Scyros in thy ship, and show
 The youth my wealth, my servants, and my hails, 405
 High-roofed and spacious. For my mind misgives
 That Peleus either lives not, or endures
 A painful age, and hardly lives, yet waits
 To hear the sorrowful news that I am slain."

So spake he weeping, and the elders sighed 410
 To see his tears, as each recalled to mind
 Those whom he left at home, while Saturn's son
 Beheld their grief with pity, and bespake
 His daughter Pallas thus with wingèd words:—

"My child, wilt thou desert that valiant man? 415
 And shall Achilles be no more thy care?
 Lo, by his ships, before their lofty prows,
 He sits, lamenting his beloved friend.
 The rest are at the banquet; he remains
 Apart from them, and fasting. Hasten thou; 420
 With nectar and ambrosial sweets refresh
 His frame, that hunger overtake him not."

As thus he spake he sent the goddess forth
 Eager to do her errand. Plunging down,
 In form a shrill-voiced harpy with broad wings, 425
 She cleft the air. The Greeks throughout the camp

Were putting on their armor. She infused
Into the hero's frame ambrosial sweets
And nectar, that his limbs might not grow faint
With hunger. Then the goddess sought again 430
The stable mansion of Almighty Jove,
While all the Greeks came pouring from the fleet.

As when the flakes of snow fall thick from heaven,
Driven by the north wind sweeping on the clouds
Before it, so from out the galleys came 435
Helms crowding upon helms that glittered fair,
Strong hauberks, bossy shields, and ashen spears.
The gleam of armor brightened heaven and earth,
And mighty was the sound of trampling feet.
Amidst them all the great Achilles stood, 440
Putting his armor on ; he gnashed his teeth ;
His eyes shot fire ; a grief too sharp to bear
Was in his heart, as, filled with rage against
The men of Troy, he cased his limbs in mail,
The gift of Vulcan, from whose diligent hand 445
It came. And first about his legs he clasped
The beautiful greaves, with silver fastenings,
Fitted the corselet to his bosom next,
And from his shoulders hung the brazen sword
With silver studs, and then he took the shield, 450
Massive and broad, whose brightness streamed as
far

As the moon's rays. And as at sea the light
Of beacon, blazing in some lonely spot
By night, upon a mountain summit, shines

To mariners whom the tempest's force has driven 455
Far from their friends across the fishy deep,
So from that glorious buckler of the son
Of Peleus, nobly wrought, a radiance streamed
Into the sky. And then he raised and placed
Upon his head the impenetrable helm 460
With horse-hair plume. It glittered like a star,
And all the shining tufts of golden thread,
With which the maker's hand had thickly set
Its cone, were shaken. Next the high-born chief
Tried his new arms, to know if they were well 465
Adjusted to his shape, and left his limbs
Free play. They seemed like wings, and lifted up
The shepherd of the people. Then he drew
From its ancestral sheath his father's spear,
Heavy and huge and tough. No man of all 470
The Grecian host could wield that weapon save
Achilles only. 'T was a Pelian ash,
Which Chiron for his father had cut down
On Pelion's highest peak, to be the death
Of heroes. Meantime, busy with the steeds, 475
Automedon and Alcimus put on
Their trappings and their yoke, and round their
necks
Bound the fair collars, thrust into their mouths
The bit, and backward drew the reins to meet
The well-wrought chariot. Then Automedon 480
'Took in his hand the showy lash, and leaped
Into the seat. Behind him, all equipped

For war, Achilles mounted, in a blaze
 Of arms that dazzled like the sun, and thus
 Called to his father's steeds with terrible voice :—

“Xanthus and Balius, whom Podargè bore, — 486
 A noble stock, — I charge you to bring back
 Into the Grecian camp, the battle done,
 Him whom ye now are bearing to the field,
 Nor leave him, as ye left Patroclus, dead.” 490

Swift-footed Xanthus from beneath the yoke
 Answered him with bowed head and drooping mane
 That, flowing through the yoke-ring swept the
 ground, —

For Juno gave him then the power of speech :—

“For this one day, at least, we bear thee safe, 495
 O fiery chief, Achilles ! but the hour
 Of death draws nigh to thee, nor will the blame
 Be ours ; a mighty god and cruel fate
 Ordain it. Not through our neglect or sloth
 Did they of Troy strip off thy glorious arms 500
 From slain Patroclus. That invincible god,
 The son of golden-haired Latona, smote
 The hero in the foremost ranks, and gave
 Glory to Hector. Even though our speed
 Were that of Zephyr, fleetest of the winds, 505
 Yet certain is thy doom to be o'ercome
 In battle by a god and by a man.”

Thus far he spake, and then the Furies checked
 His further speech. Achilles, swift of foot,
 Replied in anger : “Xanthus, why foretell 510

My death? It is not needed ; well I know
 My fate, — that here I perish, far away
 From Peleus and my mother. I shall fight
 Till I have made the Trojans sick of war."

He spake, and, shouting to his firm-paced steeds,
 Drave them, among the foremost, toward the war. 516

BOOK XX.

THUS, O Pelides, did the sons of Greece,
 Impatient for the battle, arm themselves,
 By their beaked ships, around thee. Opposite,
 Upon a height that rose amidst the plain,
 The Trojans waited. Meantime Jupiter
 Sent Themis from the Olympian summit, ploughed
 With dells, to summon all the immortal ones
 To council. Forth she went from place to place,
 Bidding them to the palace halls of Jove.
 Then none of all the Rivers failed to join 10
 The assembly, save Oceanus, and none
 Of all the Nymphs were absent whose abode
 Is in the pleasant groves and river-founts
 And grassy meadows. When they reached the halls
 Of cloud-compelling Jove they sat them down 15
 On shining thrones, divided each from each
 By polished columns, wrought for Father Jove
 By Vulcan's skill. Thus all to Jove's abode

Were gathered. Neptune had not disobeyed
 The call. He left the sea, and took his seat 20
 Among them, and inquired the will of Jove.

“Why, wielder of the lightning, dost thou call
 The gods again to council? Do thy plans
 Concern the Greeks and Trojans? For the war
 Between their hosts will be rekindled soon.” 25

And thus the Cloud-compeller Jove replied :
 “Thou who dost shake the shores, thou knowest
 well

The purpose of my mind, and for whose sake
 I call this council. Though so soon to die,
 They are my care. Yet will I keep my place, 30
 Seated upon the Olympian mount, and look
 Calmly upon the conflict. All of you
 Depart, and aid the Trojans or the Greeks,
 As it may list you. For should Peleus’ son
 Alone do battle with the men of Troy, 35
 Their squadrons could not stand before the assault
 Of the swift-footed warrior for an hour.
 Beforetime, at the sight of him they fled,
 O’ercome with fear, and now, when he is roused
 To rage by his companion’s death, I fear 40
 Lest, though it be against the will of fate,
 He level with the ground the walls of Troy.”

Saturnius spake, and moved the hosts to join
 In desperate conflict. All the gods went forth
 To mingle with the war on different sides. 45
 Juno and Pallas hastened to the fleet

With Neptune, he who makes the earth to shake,
And Hermes, god of useful arts, and shrewd
In forecast. Vulcan also went with them,
Strong and stern-eyed, yet lame, his feeble legs 50
Moving with labor. To the Trojan side
Went crested Mars, Apollo with his locks
Unshorn, Diana mighty with the bow,
Latona, Xanthus, and the Queen of smiles,
Venus ; for while the gods remained apart 55
From men, the Achaian host was high in hope
Because Achilles, who so long had left
The war, now reappeared upon the field,
And terror shook the limbs of every son
Of Troy when he beheld the swift of foot, 60
Pelides, terrible as Mars — that curse
Of human-kind — in glittering arms again.
But when the dwellers of Olympus joined
The crowd of mortals, Discord, who makes mad
The nations, rose and raged ; Minerva raised 65
Her war-cry from the trench without the wall,
And then she shouted from the sounding shore ;
While, like a cloudy whirlwind, opposite,
Moved Mars, and fiercely yelled, encouraging
The men of Troy, as on the city heights 70
He stood, or paced with rapid steps the hill
Beside the Simois, called the Beautiful.

Thus, kindling hate between the hosts, the gods
Engaged, and hideous was the strife that rose
Among them. From above, with terrible crash, 75

Thundered the father of the blessed gods
And mortal men, while Neptune from below
Shook the great earth and lofty mountain peaks.
Then watery Ida's heights and very roots,
The city of Troy, and the Greek galleys, quaked. 84
Then Pluto, ruler of the nether world,
Leaped from his throne in terror, lest the god
Who makes the earth to tremble, cleaving it
Above him, should lay bare to gods and men
His horrible abodes, the dismal haunts 85
Which even the gods abhor. Such tumult filled
The field of battle when the immortals joined
The conflict. Then against King Neptune stood
Phœbus Apollo, with his wingèd shafts,
And Pallas, goddess of the azure eyes, 90
Confronted Mars. Encountering Juno came
The sister of Apollo, archer-queen
And huntress, Dian of the golden bow.
The helpful Hermes, god of useful arts,
Opposed Latona, and the mighty stream 95
Called Xanthus by the immortals, but by men
Scamander, with his eddies strong and deep,
Stood face to face with Vulcan in the field.

So warred the gods with gods. Meantime the son
Of Peleus, ranging through the thick of fight, 100
Sought only Hector, Priam's son, whose blood
He meant to pour to greedy Mars, the god
Of carnage. But Apollo, who impels
Warriors to battle, stirred Æneas up

To meet Pelides. First he filled his heart
 With resolute valor, and then took the voice
 Of Priam's son, Lycaon. In his shape
 Thus spake Apollo, son of Jupiter :—

“Æneas, prince of Troy, where now are all
 The boasts which thou hast made before the chiefs
 Of Troy at banquets, that thou yet wouldst meet
 Pelides in the combat hand to hand?”

Æneas made reply : “Priamides,
 Why dost thou bid me, when thou knowest me
 Unwilling, meet in combat Peleus' son,
 The mighty among men? It will not be
 For the first time if I confront him now.
 He chased me once from Ida with his spear, —
 Me and my fellows, when he took our herds
 And laid Lyrnessus waste and Pedasus.
 But Jove, who gave me strength and nimble feet,
 Preserved me ; I had else been slain by him
 And by Minerva, for the goddess went
 Before him, giving him the victory
 And moving him to slay the Leleges
 And Trojans with the brazen spear he bore.
 'Tis not for mortal man to fight the son
 Of Peleus, at whose side there ever stands
 One of the immortal gods, averting harm.
 And then his weapon flies right on, nor stops
 Until it bites the flesh. Yet were the god
 To weigh the victory in an equal scale,
 Achilles would not vanquish me with ease,

Though he might boast his frame were all of brass."

Then spake the king Apollo, son of Jove. 135

"Pray, warrior, to the eternal gods. They say
That Venus gave thee birth, who has her own
From Jove. His mother is of lower rank
Than thine. Thine is a child of Jove, but his
A daughter of the Ancient of the Deep. 140
Strike at him with that conquering spear of thine,
Nor let him scare thee with stern words and threats."

He said, and breathed into the prince's breast
Fresh valor, as, arrayed in glittering arms,
He pressed to where the foremost warriors fought ;
Yet not unseen by Juno's eye went forth 145
The son of old Anchises. She convened
The gods in council, and addressed them thus :—

"Neptune and Pallas, what shall now be done?
Consider ye. Æneas, all arrayed 150
In glittering arms, is pressing on to meet
Pelides. Phœbus sends him. Let us join
To turn him back, or let some one of us
Stand near Achilles, fill his limbs with strength,
Nor let his heart grow faint, but let him see 155
That we, the mightiest of the immortals, look
On him with favor, and that those who strive
Amid the war and bloodshed to protect
The sons of Troy are empty boasters all.
For this we came from heaven to interpose 160
In battle, that Achilles may endure
No harm from Trojan hands, although, no doubt,

Hereafter he must suffer all that Fate
 Spun for him when his mother brought him forth.
 But if he hear not, from some heavenly voice, 165
 Of this assurance, fear may fall on him
 When, haply, in the battle he shall meet
 Some god ; for when revealed to human sight
 The presence of the gods is terrible."

And then did Neptune, he who shakes the earth,
 Make answer : " Juno, it becomes thee ill 171
 To be so greatly vexed. I cannot wish
 A contest with the other gods, though we
 In power excel them. Rather let us sit
 Apart, where we can look upon the war, 175
 And leave it to mankind. And yet if Mars
 Or Phœbus should begin the fight, or seek
 To thwart Achilles or restrain his arm,
 There will be cause for us to join the strife
 In earnest, and I deem that they full soon, 180
 The contest ended, will return to join
 The assembled gods upon the Olympian mount,
 Forced to withdraw by our all-potent hands."

So spake the dark-haired god, and led the way
 To the high mound of godlike Hercules, 185
 Raised from the earth by Trojans, with the aid
 Of Pallas, that the hero there might find
 A refuge when the monster of the deep
 Should chase him from the sea-beach to the plain.
 With other gods beside him Neptune there 190
 Sat down and drew a shadow, which no sight

Could pierce, around their shoulders. Other gods,
Upon the hill called Beautiful, were grouped
Round thee, Apollo, archer-god, and Mars,
Spoiler of cities. On both sides they sat, 195
Devising plans, unwilling to begin
The fierce encounter, though Almighty Jove
From where he sat in heaven commanded it.

The warriors thronged into the field, which shone
With brazen armor and caparisons 200
Of steeds ; earth trembled with the sounding tramp
Of marching squadrons. From the opposing ranks
Two chieftains, each the bravest of his host,
Impatient to engage, — Anchises' son,
Æneas, and the great Achilles, — came. 205
And first Æneas, with defiant mien
And nodding casque, stood forth. He held his shield
Before him, which he wielded right and left,
And shook his brazen spear. On the other side,
Pelides hurried toward him, terrible 210
As is a lion, which the assembled hinds
Of a whole village chase and seek to slay,
While on he stalks, contemning their assault ;
But if the arrow of some strong-armed youth
Have smitten him, he stands, and gathers all 215
His strength to spring, with open jaws and teeth
Half hid in foam, and uttering fearful growls
From his deep chest ; he lashes with his tail
His sides and sinewy thighs to rouse himself
To combat, and then, grimly frowning, leaps 220

To slay, or by the foremost youths be slain,
So sprang Achilles, moved by his bold heart
To meet the brave Æneas. As the twain
Drew near each other, the swift-footed chief,
The great Achilles, was the first to speak :— 225

“Why, O Æneas, hast thou come so far
Through this vast crowd to seek me? Does thy
heart

Bid thee confront me in the hope to gain
The place which Priam holds, and to bear rule
Over the knights of Troy? Yet shouldst thou take
My life, think not that Priam in thy hand 231
Will place such large reward. He has his sons,
Nor is he fickle, but of stable mind.

Or will the Trojans, if thou slayest me,
Bestow on thee broad acres, of a soil 235
Fruitful exceedingly, and suited well

To vines or to the plough, which thou mayst till
'That also, as I hope, thou wilt obtain
With difficulty ; for, unless I err,
I forced thee once to flee before my spear. 240

Dost thou remember, when thou wert alone
Among thy beeves, I drave thee, running fast,
Down Ida's steeps? Then didst thou never turn
To face me, but didst seek a hiding-place
Within Lyrnessus, which I also took 245

And wasted, with the aid of Father Jove
And Pallas. From the town I led away
The women, never to be free again.

Jove and the other gods protected thee
That day. Yet will they not protect thee now, 254
As thou dost vainly hope. Withstand me not,
I counsel thee, but hide thyself among
The crowd before thou suffer harm, for he
Who sees past evils only is a fool."

And then Æneas answered: "Do not think, 255
Pelides, with such words to frighten me,
As if I were a beardless boy. I too
Might use reproach and taunt; but well we know
Each other's birth and lineage, through report
Of men, although by sight I know not thine, 260
Nor know'st thou mine. They say that thou art
sprung

From Peleus the renowned, and from the nymph
Of ocean, fair-haired Thetis, while I boast
My birth from brave Anchises, and can claim
Venus as mother. Two of these to-day 265
Must weep the death of a beloved son,
For we are not to part, I think, nor end
The combat after a few childish words;
Yet let me speak, that thou mayst better know
Our lineage, known already far and wide. 270
Jove was the father, cloud-compelling Jove,
Of Dardanus, by whom Dardania first
Was peopled, ere our sacred Troy was built
On the great plain, — a populous town; for men
Dwelt still upon the roots of Ida fresh 275
With many springs. To Dardanus was born

King Erichthonius, richest in his day
Of mortal men, and in his meadows grazed
Three thousand mares, exulting in their brood
Of tender foals. Of some of this vast herd 280
Boreas became enamored as they fed.
He came to them in likeness of a steed
That wore an azure mane, and they brought forth
Twelve foals, which all were females, of such speed
That when they frolicked on the teeming earth 285
They flew along the topmost ears of wheat
And broke them not, and when they sported o'er
The mighty bosom of the deep they ran
Along the hoary summits of its waves.
To Erichthonius Tros was born, who ruled 290
The Trojans, and from Tros there sprang three sons
Of high renown, — Ilus, Assaracus,
And godlike Ganymede, most beautiful
Of men ; the gods beheld and caught him up
To heaven, so beautiful was he, to pour 295
The wine to Jove, and ever dwell with them.
And Ilus had a son, Laomedon,
Of mighty fame, to whom five sons were born,
Tithonus, Priam, Lampus, Clytius,
And Hicetaon, trained to war by Mars. 300
Assaracus begat my ancestor,
Capys, to whom Anchises owes his birth.
Anchises is my father ; Priam's son
Is noble Hector. Such I claim to be
My lineage and my blood ; but Jove at will 305

Gives in large measure, or diminishes,
Men's warlike prowess ; and the power of Jove
Is over all. But let us talk no more
Of things like these, as if we were but boys,
While here in the mid-field we stand between 210
The warring armies. Both of us might cast
Reproaches at each other, many and foul,
Such as no galley of a hundred oars
Could bear and float. Men's tongues are voluble,
And endless are the modes of speech, and far 315
Extends from side to side the field of words.
Such as thou utterest it will be thy lot
To hear from others. But what profits it
For us to rail and wrangle, in high brawl,
Like women angered to the quick, that rush 320
Into the middle of the street and scold
With furious words, some true and others false,
As rage may prompt them? Me thou shalt not move
With words from my firm purpose ere thou raise
Thy arm against me. Let us hasten first 325
To prove the temper of our brazen spears."

He spake, and hurled his brazen spear to smite
The dreadful shield, a terror in men's eyes ;
That mighty buckler rang with the strong blow.
Achilles, as it came, held forth his shield 330
With nervous arm far from him, for he feared
That the long javelin of his valiant foe
Might pierce it. Idle fear ; he had not thought
That the bright armor given him by the gods

Not easily would yield to force of man. 335
Nor could the rapid spear that left the hand
Of brave Æneas pierce the shield ; the gold,
The gift of Vulcan, stopped it. Through two folds
It went, but three remained ; for Vulcan's skill
Fenced with five folds the disk, — the outer two 340
Of brass, the inner two of tin ; between
Was one of gold, and there the brazen spear
Was stayed. And then in turn Achilles threw
His ponderous spear, and struck the orbèd shield
Borne by Æneas near the upper edge, 345
Where thinnest was the brass and thinnest lay
The bullock's hide. The Pelian ash broke through ;
The buckler crashed ; Æneas, stooping low,
Held it above him, terrified ; the spear,
Tearing both plate and hide of that huge shield, 350
Passed over him, and, eager to go on,
Plunged in the earth and stood. He, when he saw
The massive lance which he had just escaped
Fixed in the earth so near him, stood awhile
As struck with fear, and with despairing looks. 355
Achilles drew his trenchant sword and rushed
With fury on Æneas, uttering
A fearful shout. Æneas lifted up
A stone, a mighty weight, which no two men,
As men are now, could raise, yet easily 360
He wielded it. Æneas then, to save
His threatened life, had smitten with the stone
His adversary's buckler or his helm,

And with his sword Pelides had laid dead
 The Trojan, had not he who shakes the earth, 365
 Neptune, beheld him in that perilous hour,
 And instantly addressed the immortal gods :—

“ My heart, ye gods, is heavy for the sake
 Of the great-souled Æneas, who will sink
 To Hades overcome by Peleus’ son. 370
 Rash man ! he listened to the archer-god
 Apollo, who has now no power to save
 The chief from death. But, guiltless as he is,
 Why should he suffer evil for the wrong
 Of others ? He has always sought to please 375
 With welcome offerings the gods who dwell
 In the broad heaven. Let us withdraw him, then,
 From this great peril, lest, if he should fall
 Before Achilles, haply Saturn’s son
 May be displeased. And ’t is the will of fate 380
 That he escape ; that so the Dardan race,
 Beloved by Jove above all others sprung
 From him and mortal women, may not yet
 Perish from earth and leave no progeny.
 For Saturn’s son already holds the house 385
 Of Priam in disfavor, and will make
 Æneas ruler o’er the men of Troy,
 And his sons’ sons shall rule them after him.”

Imperial Juno with large eyes replied :
 “ Determine, Neptune, for thyself, and save 390
 Æneas, or, all blameless as he is,
 Abandon him to perish by the hand

Of Peleus' son, Achilles. We have sworn —
 Minerva and myself — that never we
 Would aid in aught the Trojans to escape 395
 Their day of ruin, though the town of Troy
 Sink to the dust in the destroying flames, —
 Flames kindled by the warlike sons of Greece.”

And then did Neptune, shaker of the shores,
 Go forth into the battle and amidst 400
 The clash of spears, and come where stood the
 chiefs,

Æneas and his mighty foe, the son
 Of Peleus. Instantly he caused to rise
 A darkness round the eyes of Peleus' son,
 And from the buckler of Æneas drew 405
 The spear with ashen stem and brazen blade,
 And laid it at Achilles' feet, and next
 He lifted high Æneas from the ground
 And bore him thence. O'er many a warrior's head,
 And many a harnessed steed, Æneas flew, 410
 Hurl'd by the god, until he reached the rear
 Of that fierce battle, where the Caucons stood
 Arrayed for war. The shaker of the shores
 Drew near, and said to him in wingèd words :—

“ What god, Æneas, moved thee to defy 415
 Madly the son of Peleus, who in might
 Excels thee, and is dearer to the gods?
 Whenever he encounters thee in arms
 Give way, lest thou, against the will of fate,
 Pass down to Hades. When he shall have met 420

His fate and perished, thou mayst boldly dare
To face the foremost of the enemy ;
No other of the Greeks shall take thy life.

He spake, and having thus admonished him
He left Æneas there, and suddenly 425
Swept off the darkness that so thickly rose
Around Achilles, who, with sight now clear,
Looked forth, and, sighing, said to his great soul :—

“ How strange is this ! My eyes have seen to-day
A mighty marvel. Here the spear I flung 430
Is lying on the earth, and him at whom
I cast it, in the hope to take his life,
I see no longer. Well beloved, no doubt,
Is this Æneas by the immortal gods.
Yet that, I thought, was but an empty boast 435
Of his. Well, let him go ; I cannot think
That he who gladly fled from death will find
The courage to encounter me again.
And now will I exhort the Greeks to fight
This battle bravely, while I go to prove 440
The prowess of the other chiefs of Troy.”

He spake, and, cheering on the soldiery,
He sprang into the ranks : “ Ye noble Greeks,
Avoid no more the Trojans ; press right on.
Let each man single out his man, and fight 445
With eager heart. 'T is hard for me to chase,
With all my warlike might, so many men,
And fight with all. Not even Mars, the god,
Although immortal, nor Minerva's self,

Could combat with so vast a multitude 450
 Unwearied ; yet whatever I can do,
 With hands and feet and strength, I give my word
 Not to decline, or be remiss in aught.
 I go to range the Trojan files, where none,
 I think, will gladly stand to meet my spear." 455

Such stirring words he uttered, while aloud
 Illustrious Hector called, encouraging
 The men of Troy, and promising to meet
 Achilles : " Valiant Trojans, do not quail
 Before Pelides. In the strife of words 460
 I too might bear my part against the gods ;
 But harder were the combat with the spear,
 For greater is their might than ours. The son
 Of Peleus cannot make his threatenings good.
 A part will he perform and part will leave 465
 Undone. I go to wait him ; I would go
 Although his hands were like consuming flame, —
 His hands like flame, his strength the strength of
 steel."

He spake : the Trojans at his stirring word
 Lifted their lances, and the adverse hosts 470
 Joined battle with a fearful din. Then came
 Apollo and admonished Hector thus : —

" Hector, encounter not Achilles here
 Before the armies, but amidst the throng
 And tumult of the battle, lest perchance 475
 He strike thee with the javelin or the sword."

He spake : the Trojan chief, dismayed to hear

The warning of the god, withdrew among
 The crowded ranks. Meantime Achilles sprang
 Upon the Trojans with a terrible cry, 480
 And slew a leader of the host, the brave
 Iphition, whom a Naiad, at the foot
 Of snowy Tmolus, in the opulent vale
 Of Hyda, bore to the great conqueror
 Of towns, Otrynteus. As he came in haste, 485
 The noble son of Peleus with his spear
 Smote him upon the forehead in the midst,
 And cleft the head in two. He fell ; his arms
 Clashed, and Achilles boasted o'er him thus :—

“ Son of Otrynteus, terrible in arms, 490
 Thou art brought low ; thou meetest here thy death,
 Though thou wert born by the Gygæan lake
 Where lie, by fishy Hyllus and the stream
 Of eddying Hermus, thy paternal fields.”

Thus boastfully he spake, while darkness came 495
 Over Iphition's eyes, and underneath
 The chariots of the Greeks who foremost fought
 His corse was mangled. Next Achilles smote
 Antenor's son, Demoleon, gallantly
 Breasting the onset of the Greeks. He pierced 500
 His temple through the helmet's brazen cheek ;
 The brass stayed not the blow ; the eager spear
 Brake through the bone, and crushed the brain
 within,

And the brave youth lay dead. Achilles next
 Struck down Hippodamas ; he pierced his back 505

As, leaping from his car, the Phrygian fled
 Before him. With a moan he breathed away
 His life, as moans a bull when dragged around
 The altar of the Heliconian king
 By youths on whom the god that shakes the earth 510
 Looks down well pleased. With such a moaning
 sound

The fiery spirit left the Phrygian's frame.

Then sprang Achilles with his spear to slay
 The godlike Polydorus, Priam's son,
 Whose father bade him not to join the war, 515
 For he was younger than the other sons,
 And dearest of them all. In speed of foot
 He had no peer. Yet, with a boyish pride
 To show his swiftness, in the foremost ranks
 He ranged the field, until he lost his life. 520
 Him with a javelin the swift-footed son
 Of Peleus smote as he was hurrying by.
 The weapon pierced the middle of his back,
 Where, by its golden rings, the belt was clasped.
 Above the double corselet. 525

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 When Hector saw

His brother thus upon the earth, there came
 A darkness o'er his eyes, nor could he bear 530
 Longer to stand aloof, but, brandishing
 His spear, came forward like a rushing flame
 To meet the son of Peleus, who beheld

And bounded toward him, saying boastfully :
“ So, he is near whose hand hath given my heart 535
Its deepest wound, who slew my dearest friend.
No more are we to shun each other now,
Timidly stealing through the paths of war.”

And then he said to Hector with a frown :
“ Draw nearer, that thou mayst the sooner die.” 540

The crested Hector, undismayed, replied :
“ Pelides, do not hope with empty words
To frighten me, as if I were a boy.
Insults and taunts I could with ease return.
I know that thou art brave ; I know that I 545
In might am not thy equal ; but the event
Rests in the laps of the great gods, and they
May, though I lack thy prowess, give thy life
Into my hands when I shall cast my spear.
The weapon that I bear is keen like thine.” 550

Thus having spoken, brandishing his spear,
He sent it forth ; but with a gentle breath
Minerva turned it from the glorious Greek,
And laid it at the noble Hector's feet.
Then did Achilles, resolute to slay 555
His enemy, rush against him with a shout
Of fury ; but Apollo, with such power
As gods put forth, withdrew him thence, and spread
A darkness round him. Thrice the swift of foot,
Achilles, rushed against him with his spear, 560
And thrice he smote the cloud. But when once
more,

In godlike might, he made the assault, he spake
These wingèd words of menace and reproach :—

“Hound as thou art, thou hast once more escaped
Thy death ; for it was near. Again the hand 565
Of Phœbus rescues thee ; to him thy vows
Are made ere thou dost trust thyself amidst
The clash of javelins. I shall meet thee yet
And end thee utterly, if any god
Favor me also. I will now pursue 570
And strike the other Trojan warriors down.”

He spake, and in the middle of the neck
Smote Dryops with his spear. The Phrygian fell
Before him at his feet. He left him there,
And wounding with his spear Philetor's son, 575
Demuchus, tall and valiant, in the knee,
Stayed him until he slew him with his sword.
Then from their chariot to the ground he cast
Laogonus and Dardanus, the sons
Of Bias, piercing with a javelin one, 580
And cutting down the other with his sword.

And Tros, Alastor's son, who came to him
And clasped his knees, in hope that he would spare
A captive, — spare his life, nor slay a youth
Of his own age, — vain hope ! he little knew 585
That not by prayers Achilles could be moved,
Nor was he pitiful, nor mild of mood,
But hard of heart, — while Tros embraced his knees
And passionately sued, Pelides thrust
His sword into his side ; the liver came 590

Forth at the wound ; the dark blood gushing filled
The Phrygian's bosom ; o'er his eyes there crept
A darkness, and his life was at an end.

Approaching Mulius next, Achilles smote
The warrior at the ear ; the brazen point 595
Passed through the other ear ; and then he slew
Agenor's son, Echeclus, letting fall
His heavy-hilted sword upon his head
Just in the midst ; the blade grew warm with blood,
And gloomy death and unrelenting fate 600
Darkened the victim's eyes. Achilles next
Wounded Deucalion, thrusting through his arm
The brazen javelin, where the sinews met
That strung the elbow. While with powerless arm
The wounded Trojan stood awaiting death, 605
Achilles drave his falchion through his neck.
Far flew the head and helm, the marrow flowed
From out the spine, and stretched upon the ground
Deucalion lay. Pelides still went on,
O'ertaking Rigmus, the renownèd son 610
Of Peireus, from the fruitful fields of Thrace,
And smote him in the stomach with his lance.
There hung the weapon fixed ; the wounded man
Fell from the car. At Areïthoüs
The charioteer, who turned his steeds to flee, 615
Achilles sent his murderous lance, and pierced
His back, and dashed him from the car, and left
His horses wild with fright. As when, among
The deep dells of an arid mountain-side,

A great fire burns its way, and the thick wood 600
Before it is consumed, and shifting winds
Hither and thither sweep the flames, so ranged
Achilles in his fury through the field
From side to side, and everywhere o'ertook
His victims, and the earth ran dark with blood. 625

As when a yeoman underneath the yoke
Brings his broad-fronted oxen to tread out
White barley on the level threshing-floor,
The sheaves are quickly trodden small beneath
The heavy footsteps of the bellowing beasts, 630
So did the firm-paced coursers, which the son
Of Peleus guided, trample with their feet
Bucklers and corpses, while beneath the car
Blood steeped the axle, and the chariot-seat
Dripped on its rim with blood, that from below 635
Was splashed upon them by the horses' hoofs
And by the chariot-wheels. Such havoc made
Pelides in his ardor for renown,
Till his invincible hands were foul with blood.

[Book XXI is omitted. This describes how Achilles continues his dreadful slaughter as the Trojans flee before him to the city.

“None now dared without the walls
To wait for others, or remain to know
Who had escaped with life, and who were slain
In battle; eagerly they flung themselves
Into the city,—every one whose feet
And knees had borne him from the field alive.”

None but Hector — whose

“adverse fate
Detained him still without the walls of Troy,
And near the Scæan gates.”]

BOOK XXII.

THUS were they driven within the city walls
Like frightened fawns, and there dispersing
cooled

Their sweaty limbs, and quenched their eager thirst,
And rested on the battlements. The Greeks,
Bearing their shields upon their shoulders, came
Close to the ramparts. Hector's adverse fate
Detained him still without the walls of Troy,
And near the Scæan gates. Meantime the god
Apollo to the son of Peleus said :—

“O son of Peleus! why pursue me thus
With thy swift feet, — a mortal man in chase

10

Of an immortal? That I am a god
Thou seest not yet, but turnest all thy rage
On me, and, having put the host of Troy
To rout, dost think of them no more. They find 15
A refuge in their town, while far astray
Thou wanderest hither. Thou hast not the power
To slay me ; I am not of mortal birth.”

The swift Achilles angrily replied :

“ O archer-god, thou most unjust of all 20
The immortals ! thou hast wronged me, luring me
Aside ; since many a warrior I had forced
To bite the dust before they reached the gates’
Of Ilium but for thee, who from my grasp
Hast snatched the glory and hast rescued them 25
Thou didst not fear my vengeance ; yet if power
Were given me, I would punish thee for this.”

He spake, and with heroic purpose turned
Toward Ilium. As a steed that wins the race
Flies at his utmost speed across the plain, 30
And whirls along the chariot, with such speed
The son of Peleus moved his rapid feet.

The aged monarch Priam was the first
To see him as he scoured the plain, and shone
Like to the star which in the autumn time 35
Rises and glows among the lights of heaven
With eminent lustre at the dead of night, —
Orion’s Hound they call it, — bright indeed,
And yet of baleful omen, for it brings
Distressing heat to miserable men. 40

So shone the brass upon the warrior's breast
As on he flew. The aged Priam groaned,
And smote his head with lifted hands, and called
Aloud, imploring his beloved son,
Who eagerly before the city gate 45
Waited his foe Achilles. Priam thus,
With outstretched hands, besought him piteously :—

“O wait not, Hector, my beloved son,
To combat with Pelides, thus alone
And far from succor, lest thou meet thy death, 50
Slain by his hand, for he is mightier far
Than thou art. Would that he, the cruel one,
Were but as much the favorite of the gods
As he is mine ! then should the birds of prey
And dogs devour his carcass, and the grief 55
That weighs upon my spirit would depart.
I have been robbed by him of many sons, —
Brave youths, whom he has slain or sold as slaves
In distant isles ; and now I see no more
Among our host on whom the gates are closed 60
My Polydorus and Lycaon, whom
The peerless dame Laothoë bore to me.
If yet they are within the Grecian camp,
I will redeem their lives with brass and gold ;
For I have store, which Altes, the renowned 65
And aged, gave his daughter. If they live
No longer, but have passed to the abode
Of Hades, bitter will our sorrow be, —
Mine and their mother's, — but the popular grief

Will sooner be consoled if thou fall not, 70
Slain by Achilles. Come within the walls,
My son, that thou mayst still be the defence
Of Ilium's sons and daughters, nor increase
The glory of Pelides with the loss
Of thine own life. Have pity upon me, 75
Who only live to suffer, — whom the son
Of Saturn, on the threshold of my age,
Hath destined to endure a thousand griefs,
And then to be destroyed, — to see my sons
Slain by the sword, my daughters dragged away 80
Into captivity, their chambers made
A spoil, our infants dashed against the ground
By cruel hands, the consorts of my sons
Borne off by the ferocious Greeks ; and last,
Perchance the very dogs which I have fed 85
Here in my palaces and at my board,
The guardians of my doors, when, by the spear
Or sword, some enemy shall take my life,
And at my threshold leave me stretched a corpse,
Will rend me, and, with savage greediness, 90
Will lap my blood, and in the porch lie down.
When one in prime of youth lies slain in war,
Gashed with the spear, his wounds become him well,
And honor him in all men's eyes ; but when
An aged man is slain, and his white head 95
And his white beard and limbs are foully torn
By ravening dogs, there is no sadder sight."

So the old monarch spake, and with his hands

Tore his gray hair, but moved not Hector thus.
 Then came, with lamentations and in tears, 100
 The warrior's mother forward. One hand laid
 Her bosom bare ; she pressed the other hand
 Beneath it, sobbed, and spake these wingèd words :—

“ Revere this bosom, Hector, and on me
 Have pity. If when thou wert but a babe 105
 I ever on this bosom stilled thy cries,
 Think of it now, beloved child ; avoid
 That dreadful chief ; withdraw within the walls,
 Nor madly think to encounter him alone.

. If he 110
 Should slay thee, I shall not lament thy death
 Above thy bier, — I, nor thy noble wife, —
 But far from us the greedy dogs will throng
 To mangle thee beside the Grecian fleet.”

Thus, weeping bitterly, the aged pair 115
 Entreated their dear son, yet moved him not.
 He stood and waited for his mighty foe
 Achilles, as a serpent at his den,
 Fed on the poisons of the wild, awaits
 The traveller, and, fierce with hate of man, 120
 And glaring fearfully, lies coiled within.
 So waited Hector with a resolute heart,
 And kept his ground, and, leaning his bright shield
 Against a tower that juttèd from the walls,
 Conferred with his great soul impatiently : — 125

“ Ah me ! if I should pass within the walls,
 Then will Polydamas be first to cast

Reproach upon me ; for he counselled me
To lead the Trojans back into the town
That fatal night which saw Achilles rise 130
To join the war again. I yielded not
To his advice ; far better if I had.
Now, since my fatal stubbornness has brought
This ruin on my people, I most dread
The censure of the men and long-robed dames 135
Of Ilium. Men less brave than I will say,
' Foolhardy Hector in his pride has thrown
His people's lives away.' So will they speak,
And better were it for me to return,
Achilles slain, or, slain myself by him, 140
To perish for my country gloriously.
But should I lay aside this bossy shield
And this stout helm, and lean against the wall
This spear, and go to meet the gallant son
Of Peleus, with a promise to restore 145
Helen and all the treasure brought with her
To Troy by Paris, in his roomy ships, —
All that the war was waged for, — that the sons
Of Atreus may convey it hence, besides
Wealth drawn from all the hoards within the town,
And to be shared among the Greeks ; for I 151
Would bind the Trojans by a solemn oath
To keep back nothing, but divide the whole —
Whate'er of riches this fair town contains —
Into two parts — But why should I waste thought
On plans like these? I must not act the part 156

Of suppliant to a man who may not show
Regard or mercy, but may hew me down
Defenceless, with my armor laid aside
As if I were a woman. Not with him 164
May I hold parley from a tree or rock,
As youths and maidens with each other hold
Light converse. Better 't were to rush at once
To combat, and the sooner learn to whom
Olympian Jove decrees the victory." 165

Such were his thoughts. Achilles now drew near.
Like crested Mars, the warrior-god, he came.
On his right shoulder quivered fearfully
The Pelian ash, and from his burnished mail
There streamed a light as of a blazing fire, 170
Or of the rising sun. When Hector saw,
He trembled, nor could venture to remain,
But left the gates and fled away in fear.
Pelides, trusting to his rapid feet,
Pursued him. As, among the mountain wilds, 175
A falcon, fleetest of the birds of air,
Darts toward a timid dove that wheels away
To shun him by a sidelong flight, while he
Springs after her again and yet again,
And screaming follows, certain of his prey, — 180
Thus onward flew Achilles, while as fast
Fled Hector in dismay, with hurrying feet,
Beside the wall. They passed the Mount of View,
And the wind-beaten fig-tree, and they ran
Along the public way by which the wall 185

Was skirted, till they came where from the ground
The two fair springs of eddying Xanthus rise, —
One pouring a warm stream from which ascends
And spreads a vapor like a smoke from fire ;
The other, even in summer, sending forth 190
A current cold as hail, or snow, or ice.
And there were broad stone basins, fairly wrought,
At which, in time of peace, before the Greeks
Had landed on the plain, the Trojan dames
And their fair daughters washed their sumptuous
robes. 195

Past these they swept ; one fled, and one pursued, —
A brave man fled, a braver followed close,
And swiftly both. Not for a common prize,
A victim from the herd, a bullock's hide,
Such as reward the fleet of foot, they ran, — 200
The race was for the knightly Hector's life.
As firm-paced coursers, that are wont to win,
Fly toward the goal, when some magnificent prize,
A tripod or a damsel, is proposed
In honor of some hero's obsequies, 205
So these flew thrice on rapid feet around
The city of Priam. All the gods of heaven
Looked on, and thus the Almighty Father spake : —

“ Alas ! I see a hero dear to me
Pursued around the wall. My heart is grieved 210
For Hector, who has brought so many thighs
Of bullocks to my altar on the side
Of Ida ploughed with glens, or on the heights

Of Ilium. The renowned Achilles now
Is chasing him with rapid feet around 215
The city of Priam. Now bethink yourselves,
And answer. Shall we rescue him from death?
Or shall we doom him, valiant as he is,
To perish by the hand of Peleus' son?"

Minerva, blue-eyed goddess, answered thus : 220
"O Father, who dost hurl the thunderbolt,
And hide the sky in clouds, what hast thou said?
Wouldst thou reprieve from death a mortal man,
Whose doom is fixed? Then do it ; but know this,
That all the other gods will not approve." 225

Then spake again the Cloud-compeller Jove :
"Tritonia, my dear child, be calm. I spake
Of no design. I would be kind to thee.
Do as thou wilt, and be there no delay."

He spake ; and Pallas from the Olympian peaks,
Encouraged by his words in what her thought 231
Had planned already, downward shot to earth.
Still, with quick steps, the fleet Achilles pressed
On Hector's flight. As when a hound has roused
A fawn from its retreat among the hills, 235
And chases it through glen and forest ground,
And to close thickets, where it skulks in fear
Until he overtake it, Hector thus
Sought vainly to elude the fleet pursuit
Of Peleus' son. As often as he thought, 240
By springing toward the gates of Troy, to gain
Aid from the weapons of his friends who stood

On the tall towers, so often was the Greek
Before him, forcing him to turn away
From Ilium toward the plain. Achilles thus 245
Kept nearest to the city. As in dreams
The fleet pursuer cannot overtake,
Nor the pursued escape, so was it now ;
One followed but in vain, the other fled
As fruitlessly. But how could Hector thus 250
Have put aside the imminent doom of death,
Had not Apollo met him once again,
For the last time, and given him strength and speed ?

The great Achilles nodded to his host
A sign that no man should presume to strike 255
At Hector with his weapon, lest perchance
Another, wounding him, should bear away
The glory, and Pelides only wear
The second honors. When the twain had come
For the fourth time beside Scamander's springs, 260
The All-Father raised the golden balance high,
And, placing in the scales two lots which bring
Death's long dark sleep, — one lot for Peleus' son,
And one for knightly Hector, — by the midst
He poised the balance. Hector's fate sank down 265
To Hades, and Apollo left the field.

The blue-eyed goddess Pallas then approached
The son of Peleus with these wingèd words : —

“ Renowned Achilles, dear to Jupiter !
Now may we, as I hope, at last return 270
To the Achaian army and the fleet

With glory, Hector slain, the terrible
 In war. Escape he cannot, even though
 The archer-god Apollo fling himself
 With passionate entreaty at the feet 275
 Of Jove the Ægis-bearer. Stay thou here
 And breathe a moment, while I go to him
 And lure him hither to encounter thee."

She spake, and he obeyed, and gladly stood
 Propped on the ashen stem of his keen spear ; 280
 While, passing on, Minerva overtook
 The noble Hector. In the outward form,
 And with the strong voice of Deiphobus,
 She stood by him and spake these wingèd words : —

" Hard pressed I find thee, brother, by the swift 285
 Achilles, who, with feet that never rest,
 Pursues thee round the walls of Priam's town.
 But let us make a stand and beat him back."

And then the crested Hector spake in turn :
 " Deiphobus, thou ever hast been dear 290
 To me beyond my other brethren, sons
 Of Hecuba and Priam. Now still more
 I honor thee, since thou hast seen my plight,
 And for my sake hast ventured forth without
 The gates, while all the rest remain within." 295

And then the blue-eyed Pallas spake again :
 " Brother ! 't is true, my father, and the queen,
 My mother, and my comrades, clasped my knees
 In turn, and earnestly entreated me
 That I would not go forth, such fear had fallen 300

On all of them ; but I was grieved for thee.
Now let us combat valiantly, nor spare
The weapons that we bear, and we shall learn
Whether Achilles, having slain us both,
Will carry to the fleet our bloody spoil, 305
Or die himself, the victim of thy spear."

The treacherous goddess spake, and led the way ;
And when the advancing chiefs stood face to face,
The crested hero, Hector, thus began : —

"No longer I avoid thee as of late, 310
O son of Peleus ! Thrice around the walls
Of Priam's mighty city have I fled,
Nor dared to wait thy coming. Now my heart
Bids me encounter thee ; my time is come
To slay or to be slain. Now let us call 315
The gods to witness, who attest and guard
The covenants of men. Should Jove bestow
On me the victory, and I take thy life,
Thou shalt meet no dishonor at my hands ;
But, stripping off the armor, I will send 320
The Greeks thy body. Do the like by me."

The swift Achilles answered with a frown :
"Accursed Hector, never talk to me
Of covenants. Men and lions plight no faith,
Nor wolves agree with lambs, but each must plan 325
Evil against the other. So between
Thyself and me no compact can exist,
Or understood intent. First, one of us
Must fall and yield his life-blood to the god

Of battles. Summon all thy valor now. 33
A skilful spearman thou hast need to be,
And a bold warrior. There is no escape,
For now doth Pallas doom thee to be slain
By my good spear. Thou shalt repay to me
The evil thou hast done my countrymen, — 335
My friends whom thou hast slaughtered in thy rage.”

He spake, and, brandishing his massive spear,
Hurled it at Hector, who beheld its aim
From where he stood. He stooped, and over him
The brazen weapon passed, and plunged to earth. 340
Unseen by royal Hector, Pallas went
And plucked it from the ground, and brought it back
And gave it to the hands of Peleus' son,
While Hector said to his illustrious foe : —

“Godlike Achilles, thou hast missed thy mark ; 345
Nor hast thou learned my doom from Jupiter,
As thou pretendest. Thou art glib of tongue,
And cunningly thou orderest thy speech,
In hope that I who hear thee may forget
My might and valor. Think not I shall flee, 350
That thou mayst pierce my back ; for thou shalt send
Thy spear, if God permit thee, through my breast
As I rush on thee. Now avoid in turn
My brazen weapon. Would that it might pass
Clean through thee, all its length ! The tasks of war
For us of Troy were lighter for thy death, 355
Thou pest and deadly foe of all our race !”

He spake, and brandishing his massive spear,

Hurled it, nor missed, but in the centre smote
 The buckler of Pelides. Far away 360
 It bounded from the brass, and he was vexed
 To see that the swift weapon from his hand
 Had flown in vain. He stood perplexed and sad ;
 No second spear had he. He called aloud
 On the white-bucklered chief, Deiphobus, 365
 To bring another ; but that chief was far,
 And Hector saw that it was so, and said : —

“ Ah me ! the gods have summoned me to die.
 I thought my warrior-friend, Deiphobus,
 Was by my side ; but he is still in Troy, 370
 And Pallas has deceived me. Now my death
 Cannot be far, — is near ; there is no hope
 Of my escape, for so it pleases Jove
 And Jove’s great archer-son, who have till now
 Delivered me. My hour at last is come ; 375
 Yet not ingloriously or passively
 I die, but first will do some valiant deed,
 Of which mankind shall hear in after time.”

He spake, and drew the keen-edged sword that
 hung,
 Massive and finely tempered, at his side, 380
 And sprang — as when an eagle high in heaven,
 Through the thick cloud, darts downward to the
 plain

To clutch some tender lamb or timid hare,
 So Hector, brandishing that keen-edged sword,
 Sprang forward, while Achilles opposite 385

Leaped toward him, all on fire with savage hate,
 And holding his bright buckler, nobly wrought,
 Before him. On his shining helmet waved
 The fourfold crest ; there tossed the golden tufts
 With which the hand of Vulcan lavishly 395
 Had decked it. As in the still hours of night
 Hesper goes forth among the host of stars,
 The fairest light of heaven, so brightly shone,
 Brandished in the right hand of Peleus' son,
 The spear's keen blade, as, confident to slay 395
 The noble Hector, o'er his glorious form
 His quick eye ran, exploring where to plant
 The surest wound. The glittering mail of brass
 Won from the slain Patroclus guarded well
 Each part, save only where the collar-bones 400
 Divide the shoulder from the neck, and there
 Appeared the throat, the spot where life is most
 In peril. Through that part the noble son
 Of Peleus drave his spear ; it went quite through
 The tender neck, and yet the brazen blade 405
 Cleft not the windpipe, and the power to speak
 Remained. The Trojan fell amid the dust,
 And thus Achilles boasted o'er his fall : —

“ Hector, when from the slain Patroclus thou
 Didst strip his armor, little didst thou think 410
 Of danger. Thou hadst then no fear of me,
 Who was not near thee to avenge his death.
 Fool ! there was left within the roomy ships
 A mightier one than he, who should come forth,

The avenger of his blood, to take thy life. 415

Foul dogs and birds of prey shall tear thy flesh ;
The Greeks shall honor him with funeral rites."

And then the crested Hector faintly said :

"I pray thee by thy life, and by thy knees,
And by thy parents, suffer not the dogs 420

To tear me at the galleys of the Greeks.

Accept abundant store of brass and gold,

Which gladly will my father and the queen,

My mother, give in ransom. Send to them

My body, that the warriors and the dames 425

Of Troy may light for me the funeral pile."

The swift Achilles answered with a frown :

"Nay, by my knees entreat me not, thou cur,

Nor by my parents. I could even wish

My fury prompted me to cut thy flesh 430

In fragments, and devour it, such the wrong

That I have had from thee. There will be none

To drive away the dogs about thy head,

Not though thy Trojan friends should bring to me

Tenfold and twenty-fold the offered gifts, 435

And promise others, — not though Priam, sprung

From Dardanus, should send thy weight in gold.

Thy mother shall not lay thee on thy bier,

To sorrow over thee whom she brought forth ;

But dogs and birds of prey shall mangle thee." 440

And then the crested Hector, dying, said :

"I know thee, and too clearly I foresaw

I should not move thee, for thou hast a heart

Of iron. Yet reflect that for my sake
The anger of the gods may fall on thee, 445
When Paris and Apollo strike thee down,
Strong as thou art, before the Scæan gates."

Thus Hector spake, and straightway o'er him
closed

The night of death ; the soul forsook his limbs,
And flew to Hades, grieving for its fate, — 450
So soon divorced from youth and youthful might.
Then said the great Achilles to the dead : —

"Die thou ; and I, whenever it shall please
Jove and the other gods, will meet my fate."

He spake, and, plucking forth his brazen lance, 455
He laid it by, and from the body stripped
The bloody mail. The thronging Greeks beheld
With wonder Hector's tall and stately form,
And no one came who did not add a wound ;
And, looking to each other, thus they said : — 460

"How much more tamely Hector now endures
Our touch than when he set the fleet on fire !"

Such were the words of those who smote the dead ;
But now, when swift Achilles from the corpse
Had stripped the armor, he stood forth among 465
The Achaian host, and spake these wingèd words : —

"Leaders and princes of the Grecian host !
Since we, my friends, by favor of the gods,
Have overcome the chief who wrought more harm
To us than all the rest, let us assault 470
The town, and learn what they of Troy intend, —

Whether their troops will leave the citadel
Since he is slain, or hold it with strong hand,
Though Hector is no more. But why give thought
To plans like these while yet Patroclus lies 475
A corse unwept, unburied, at the fleet?
I never will forget him while I live
And while these limbs have motion. Though below
In Hades they forget the dead, yet I
Will there remember my beloved friend. 486
Now then, ye youths of Greece, move on and chant
A pæan, while, returning to the fleet,
We bring great glory with us ; we have slain
The noble Hector, whom, throughout their town,
The Trojans ever worshipped like a god." 484
He spake, and, planning in his mind to treat
The noble Hector shamefully, he bored
The sinews of his feet between the heel
And ankle ; drawing through them leathern thongs
He bound them to the car, but left the head 490
To trail in dust. And then he climbed the car,
Took in the shining mail, and lashed to speed
The coursers. Not unwillingly they flew.
Around the dead, as he was dragged along,
The dust arose ; his dark locks swept the ground. 494
That head, of late so noble in men's eyes,
Lay deep amid the dust, for Jove that day
Suffered the foes of Hector to insult
His corse in his own land. His mother saw,
And tore her hair, and flung her lustrous veil 500

Away, and uttered piercing shrieks. No less
His father, who so loved him, piteously
Bewailed him ; and in all the streets of Troy
The people wept aloud, with such lament
As if the towery Ilium were in flames
Even to its loftiest roofs. They scarce could keep
The aged king within, who, wild with grief,
Struggled to rush through the Dardanian gates,
And, rolling in the dust, entreated all
Who stood around him, calling them by name : — 510

“ Refrain, my friends, though kind be your intent.
Let me go forth alone, and at the fleet
Of Greece will I entreat this man of blood
And violence. He may perchance be moved
With reverence for my age, and pity me 515
In my gray hairs ; for such a one as I
As Peleus, his own father, by whose care
This Greek was reared to be a scourge to Troy,
And, more than all, a cause of grief to me,
So many sons of mine in life’s fresh prime 520
Have fallen by his hand. I mourn for them,
But not with such keen anguish as I mourn
For Hector. Sorrow for his death will bring
My soul to Hades. Would that he had died
Here in my arms ! this solace had been ours, — 525
His most unhappy mother and myself
Had stooped to shed these tears upon his bier.”

He spake, and wept, and all the citizens
Wept with him. Hecuba among the dames

Took up the lamentation, and began :—

530

“Why do I live, my son, when thou art dead,
And I so wretched?—thou who wert my boast
Ever, by night and day, where’er I went,
And whom the Trojan men and matrons called
Their bulwark, honoring thee as if thou wert
A god. They glory in thy might no more,
Since Fate and Death have overtaken thee.”

535

Weeping she spake. Meantime Andromache
Had heard no tidings of her husband yet.

No messenger had even come to say

540

That he was still without the gates. She sat

In a recess of those magnificent halls,

And wove a twofold web of brilliant hues,

On which were scattered flowers of rare device ;

And she had given her bright-haired maidens charge

To place an ample caldron on the fire,

545

That Hector, coming from the battle-field,

Might find the warm bath ready. Thoughtless one !

She knew not that the blue-eyed archer-queen,

Far from the bath prepared for him, had slain

550

Her husband by the hand of Peleus’ son.

She heard the shrieks, the wail upon the tower,

Trembled in every limb, and quickly dropped

The shuttle, saying to her bright-haired maids :—

“Come with me, two of you, that I may learn
What now has happened. ’T is my mother’s voice

555

That I have heard. My heart leaps to my mouth ;

My limbs fail under me. Some deadly harm

Hangs over Priam's sons ; far be the hour
When I shall hear of it. And yet I fear 564
Lest that Achilles, having got between
The daring Hector and the city gates,
May drive him to the plain alone, and quell
The desperate valor that was ever his ;
For never would he keep the ranks, but ranged 565
Beyond them, and gave way to no man's might."

She spake, and from the royal mansion rushed
Distractedly, and with a beating heart.
Her maids went with her. When she reached the
tower

And throng of men, and, standing on the wall, 570
Looked forth, she saw her husband dragged away
Before the city. Toward the Grecian fleet
The swift steeds drew him. Sudden darkness came
Over her eyes, and in a breathless swoon
She sank away and fell. The ornaments 575
Dropped from her brow, — the wreath, the woven
band,

The net, the veil which golden Venus gave
That day when crested Hector wedded her,
Dowered with large gifts, and led her from her home,
Eëtion's palace. Round her in a throng 580
Her sisters of the house of Priam pressed,
And gently raised her in that deathlike swoon.
But when she breathed again, and to its seat
The conscious mind returned, as in their arms
She lay, with sobs and broken speech she said : — 585

“Hector, — O wretched me! — we both were
born

To sorrow ; thou at Troy, in Priam’s house,

And I at Thebè in Eëtion’s halls,

By woody Placos. From a little child

He reared me there, — unhappy he, and I 590;

Unhappy ! O that I had ne’er been born !

Thou goest down to Hades and the depths

Of earth, and leavest me in thine abode,

Widowed, and never to be comforted.

Thy son, a speechless babe, to whom we two 595

Gave being, — hapless parents ! — cannot have

Thy loving guardianship now thou art dead,

Nor be a joy to thee. Though he survive

The cruel warfare which the sons of Greece

Are waging, hard and evil yet will be 600

His lot hereafter ; others will remove

His landmarks and will make his fields their own.

The day in which a boy is fatherless

Makes him companionless ; with downcast eyes

He wanders, and his cheeks are stained with tears.

Unfed he goes where sit his father’s friends, 604

And plucks one by the cloak, and by the robe

Another. One who pities him shall give

A scanty draught, which only wets his lips,

But not his palate ; while another boy, 610

Whose parents both are living, thrusts him thence

With blows and vulgar clamor : ‘Get thee gone !

Thy father is not with us at the feast.’

Then to his widowed mother shall return
Astyanax in tears, who not long since 615
Was fed, while sitting in his father's lap,
On marrow and the delicate fat of lambs.
And ever when his childish sports had tired
The boy, and sleep came stealing over him,
He slumbered, softly cushioned, on a couch 620
And in his nurse's arms, his heart at ease
And satiate with delights. But now thy son
Astyanax, — whom so the Trojans name
Because thy valor guarded gate and tower, —
Thy care withdrawn, shall suffer many things. 625
While far from those who gave thee birth, beside
The roomy ships of Greece, the restless worms
Shall make thy flesh their banquet when the dogs
Have gorged themselves. Thy garments yet remain
Within the palace, delicately wrought 630
And graceful, woven by the women's hands ;
And these, since thou shalt put them on no more,
Nor wear them in thy death, I burn with fire
Before the Trojan men and dames ; and all
Shall see how gloriously thou wert arrayed." 635
Weeping she spake, and with her wept her maids.

BOOK XXIII.

S O mourned they in the city ; but the Greeks,
When they had reached the fleet and Helles-
pont,

Dispersed, repairing each one to his ship,
Save that Achilles suffered not his band
Of Myrmidons to part in disarray.

And thus the chief enjoined his warrior friends :—

“ Myrmidons, gallant knights, my cherished
friends !

Let us not yet unyoke our firm-paced steeds,

But bring them with the chariots, and bewail

Patroclus with the honors due the dead,

And, when we have indulged in grief, release

Our steeds and take our evening banquet here.”

He spake, and led by him the host broke forth
In lamentation. Thrice around the dead,

Weeping, they drave their steeds with stately manes,

While Thetis in their hearts awoke the sense

Of hopeless loss ; their tears bedewed the sands,

And dropped upon their arms, so brave was he

For whom they sorrowed. Peleus’ son began

The mourning ; on the breast of his dead friend

He placed his homicidal hands, and said :—

“ Hail thou, Patroclus, even amid the shades !

For now shall I perform what once I vowed :

That, dragging Hector hither, I will give
His corse to dogs, and they shall rend his flesh ; 25
And at thy funeral pile there shall be slain
Twelve noble Trojan youths, to avenge thy death."

So spake he, meditating outrages
To noble Hector's corse, which he had flung
Beside the bier of Menœtiades, 30
Amid the dust. The Myrmidons unbraced
Their shining brazen armor, and unyoked
Their neighing steeds, and sat in thick array
Beside the ship of swift Æacides,
While he set forth a sumptuous funeral feast. 35
Many a white ox, that day, beneath the axe
Fell to the earth, and many bleating goats
And sheep were slain, and many fattened swine,
White-toothed, were stretched to roast before the
flame

Of Vulcan, and around the corse the earth 40
Floated with blood. Meantime the Grecian chiefs
To noble Agamemnon's royal tent
Led the swift son of Peleus, though he went
Unwillingly, such anger for the death
Of his companion burned within his heart. 45
As soon as they had reached his tent, the king
Bade the clear-throated heralds o'er the fire
Place a huge tripod, that Pelides there
Might wash away the bloody stains he bore.
Yet would he not, and with an oath replied : — 50
"No ! by the greatest and the best of gods,

By Jupiter, I may not plunge my head
Into the bath before I lay my friend
Patroclus on the fire, and heap his mound,
And till my hair is shorn ; for never more 55
In life will be so great a sorrow mine.
But now attend we to this mournful feast.
And with the morn, O king of men, command
That wood be brought, and all things duly done
Which may beseem a warrior who goes down 60
Into the lower darkness. Let the flames
Seize fiercely and consume him from our sight,
And leave the people to the tasks of war."

He spake ; they hearkened and obeyed, and all
Prepared with diligent hands the meal, and each 65
Sat down and took his portion of the feast.
And when their thirst and hunger were allayed,
Most to their tents betook them and to rest.
But Peleus' son, lamenting bitterly,
Lay down among his Myrmidons, beside 70
The murmuring ocean, in the open space,
Where plashed the billows on the beach. And
there,

When slumber, bringing respite from his cares,
Came softly and enfolded him, — for much
His shapely limbs were wearied with the chase 75
Of Hector round the windy Ilium's walls, —
The soul of his poor friend Patroclus came,
Like him in all things, — stature, beautiful eyes,
And voice, and garments which he wore in life.

Beside his head the vision stood and spake : — 80

“ Achilles, sleepest thou, forgetting me ?

Never of me unmindful in my life,

Thou dost neglect me dead. O, bury me

Quickly, and give me entrance through the gates

Of Hades ; for the souls, the forms of those 85

Who live no more, repulse me, suffering not

That I should join their company beyond

The river, and I now must wander round

The spacious portals of the House of Death.

Give me thy hand, I pray ; for never more 90

Shall I return to earth when once the fire

Shall have consumed me. Never shall we take

Counsel together, living, as we sit

Apart from our companions ; the hard fate

Appointed me at birth hath drawn me down. 95

Thou too, O godlike man, wilt fall beneath

The ramparts of the noble sons of Troy.

Yet this I ask, and if thou wilt obey,

This I command thee, — not to let my bones

Be laid apart from thine. As we were reared 100

Under thy roof together, from the time

When first Menœtius brought thee, yet a boy,

From Opus, where I caused a sorrowful death ; —

For by my hand, when wrangling at the dice,

Another boy, son of Amphidamas, 105

Was slain without design, — and Peleus made

His halls my home, and reared me tenderly,

And made me thy companion ; — so at last

May one receptacle, the golden vase
Given by thy gracious mother, hold our bones." 110

The swift Achilles answered : " O most loved
And honored, wherefore art thou come, and why
Dost thou command me thus? I shall fulfil
Obediently thy wish ; yet draw thou near,
And let us give at least a brief embrace, 115
And so indulge our grief." He said, and stretched
His longing arms to clasp the shade. In vain ;
Away like smoke it went, with gibbering cry,
Down to the earth. Achilles sprang upright,
Astonished, clapped his hands, and sadly said : — 120

" Surely there dwell within the realm below
Both soul and form, though bodiless. All night
Hath stood the spirit of my hapless friend
Patroclus near me, sad and sorrowful,
And asking many duties at my hands, 125
A marvellous semblance of the living man."

He spake, and moved the hearts of all to grief
And lamentation. Rosy-fingered Morn
Dawned on them as around the hapless dead
They stood and wept. Then Agamemnon sent 130
In haste from all the tents the mules and men
To gather wood, and summoned to the task
Meriones, himself a gallant chief,
Attendant on the brave Idomeneus.
These went with woodmen's axes and with ropes 135
Well twisted, and before them went the mules.
O'er steep, o'er glen, by straight, by winding ways,

They journeyed till they reached the woodland wilds
Of Ida fresh with springs, and quickly felled
With the keen steel the towering oaks that came 140
Crashing to earth. Then, splitting the great trunks,
They bound them on the mules, that beat the earth
With hasty footsteps through the tangled wood,
Impatient for the plain. Each woodcutter
Shouldered a tree, for so Meriones, 145
Companion of the brave Idomeneus,
Commanded, and at last they laid them down
In order on the shore, where Peleus' son
Planned that a mighty sepulchre should rise
Both for his friend Patroclus and himself. 150

So brought they to the spot vast heaps of wood,
And sat them down, a numerous crowd. But then
Achilles bade his valiant Myrmidons
Put on their brazen mail and yoke their steeds.
At once they rose, and put their harness on, 155
And they who fought from chariots climbed their
seats

With those who reined the steeds. These led the
van,

And after them a cloud of men on foot
By thousands followed. In the midst was borne
Patroclus by his comrades. Cutting off 160
Their hair, they strewed it, covering the dead.
Behind the corpse, Achilles in his hands
Sustained the head, and wept, for on that day
He gave to Hades his most cherished friend.

Now when they reached the spot which Peleus'
son

165

Had chosen, they laid down the dead, and piled
The wood around him, while the swift of foot,
The great Achilles, bent on other thoughts,
Standing apart, cut off his amber hair,
Which for the river Sperchius he had long
Nourished to ample growth, and, sighing, turned
His eyes upon the dark-blue sea, and said :—

170

“Sperchius, in vain my father made a vow
That I, returning to my native shore,
Should bring my hair, an offering to thee,
And slay a consecrated hecatomb,
And burn a sacrifice of fifty rams,
Beside the springs where in a sacred field
Thy fragrant altar stands. Such was the vow
Made by the aged man, yet hast thou not
Fulfilled his wish. And now, since I no more
Shall see my native land, the land I love,
Let the slain hero bear these locks away.”

175

180

He spake, and in his dear companion's hands
He placed the hair, and all around were moved
To deeper grief ; the setting sun had left
The host lamenting, had not Peleus' son
Addressed Atrides, standing at his side :—

185

“Atrides, thou whose word the Greeks obey
Most readily, all mourning has an end.
Dismiss the people from the pyre to take
Their evening meal, while we with whom it rests

190

To pay these mournful duties to the dead
Will close the rites ; but let the chiefs remain."

This when the monarch Agamemnon heard, 195
Instantly he dismissed to their good ships
The people. They who had the dead in charge
Remained, and heaped the wood, and built a pyre
A hundred feet each way from side to side. 199
With sorrowful hearts they raised and laid the corse
Upon the summit. Then they flayed and dressed
Before it many fatlings of the flock,
And oxen with curved feet and crooked horns.
From these magnanimous Achilles took
The fat, and covered with it carefully 205
The dead from head to foot. Beside the bier,
And leaning toward it, jars of honey and oil
He placed, and flung, with many a deep-drawn sigh,
Twelve high-necked steeds upon the pile. Nine
hounds

There were, which from the table of the prince 210
Were daily fed ; of these Achilles struck
The heads from two, and laid them on the wood,
And after these, and last, twelve gallant sons
Of the brave Trojans, butchered by the sword ;
For he was bent on evil. To the pile 215
He put the iron violence of fire,
And, wailing, called by name the friend he loved :—

“ Rejoice, Patroclus, even in the land
Of souls. Lo ! I perform the vow I made ;
Twelve gallant sons of the brave men of Troy 220

The fire consumes with thee. For Hector's corse,
The flames shall not devour it, but the dogs."

Such was his threat ; but Hector was not made
The prey of dogs, for Venus, born to Jove,
Drave off by night and day the ravenous tribe, 225
And with a rosy and ambrosial oil
Anointed him, that he might not be torn
When dragged along the earth. Above the spot
And all around it, where the body lay,
Phœbus Apollo drew a veil of clouds 230
Reaching from heaven, that on his limbs the flesh
And sinews might not stiffen in the sun.

The flame seized not upon the funeral pile
Of the dead chief. Pelides, swift of foot,
Bethought him of another rite. He stood 235
Apart, and offered vows to the two winds,
Boreas and Zephyr. Promising to bring
Fair offerings to their shrines, and pouring out
Libations from a golden cup, he prayed
That they would haste and wrap the pile in flames,
And burn the dead to ashes. At his prayer 241
Fleet Iris on a message to the Winds
Took instant wing. They sat within the halls
Of murmuring Zephyr, at a solemn feast.
There Iris lighted on the threshold-stone. 245
As soon as they beheld her, each arose
And bade her sit beside him. She refused
To seat her at the banquet, and replied :—

“Not now ; for I again must take my way

Over the ocean currents to the land
Where dwell the Æthiopians, who adore
The gods with hecatombs, to take my share
Of sacrifice. Achilles supplicates,
With promise of munificent offerings,
Boreas and sounding Zephyrus to come 255
And blow the funeral structure into flames
On which, bewailed by all the Grecian host,
Patroclus lies, and waits to be consumed."

So spake she, and departed. Suddenly
Arose the Winds with tumult, driving on 260
The clouds before them. Soon they reached the
deep ;

Beneath the violence of their sounding breath
The billows heaved. They swept the fertile fields
Of Troas, and descended on the pyre,
And mightily it blazed with fearful roar. 265
All night they howled and tossed the flames. All
night

Stood swift Achilles, holding in his hand
A double beaker ; from a golden jar
He dipped the wine, and poured it forth, and steeped
The earth around, and called upon the soul 270
Of his unhappy friend. As one laments
A newly married son upon whose corse
The flames are feeding, and whose death has made
His parents wretched, so did Peleus' son,
Burning the body of his comrade, mourn, 275
As round the pyre he moved with frequent sighs.

Now when the star that ushers in the day
Appeared, and after it the morning, clad
In saffron robes, had overspread the sea,
The pyre sank wasted, and the flames arose 280
No longer, and the Winds, departing, flew
Homeward across the Thracian sea, which tossed
And roared with swollen billows as they went.
And now Pelides from the pyre apart
Weary lay down, and gentle slumber soon 285
Came stealing over him. Meantime the Greeks
Gathered round Agamemnon, and the stir
And bustle of their coming woke the chief,
Who sat upright and thus addressed his friends :—

“Atrides, and all ye who lead the hosts 290
Of Greece ! our task is, first to quench the pyre
With dark red wine where'er the flames have spread,
And next to gather, with discerning care,
The bones of Menœtiades. And these
May well be known ; for in the middle space 295
He lay, and round about him, and apart
Upon the border, were the rest consumed, —
The bodies of the captives and the steeds.
Be his enclosed within a golden vase,
And wrapped around with caul, a double fold, 300
Till I too pass into the realm of Death.
And be a tomb not over-spacious reared,
But of becoming size, which afterward
Ye whom we leave behind in our good ships,
When we are gone, will build more broad and high.”

So spake the swift Pelides, and the chiefs 306
Complied ; and first they quenched with dark red
wine

The pyre, where'er the flames had spread, and where
Lay the deep ashes ; then, with many tears,
Gathered the white bones of their gentle friend, 310
And laid them in a golden vase, wrapped round
With caul, a double fold. Within the tents
They placed them softly, wrapped in delicate lawn,
Then drew a circle for the sepulchre,
And, laying its foundations to enclose 315
The pyre, they heaped the earth, and, having reared
A mound, withdrew. Achilles yet detained
The multitude, and made them all sit down,
A vast assembly. From the ships he brought
The prizes, — caldrons, tripods, steeds, and mules,
Oxen in sturdy pairs, and graceful maids, 321
And shining steel. Then for the swiftest steeds
A princely prize he offered first, — a maid
Of peerless form, and skilled in household arts,
And a two-handled tripod of a size 325
For two-and-twenty measures. He gave out
The second prize, — a mare unbroken yet.
For the third winner in the race he staked
A caldron that had never felt the fire, 330
Holding four measures, beautiful, and yet
Untarnished. For the fourth, he offered gold,
Two talents. For the fifth, and last, remained

A double vessel never touched by fire.
He rose and stood, and thus addressed the
Greeks : — 335

“ Atrides, and ye other well-armed Greeks,
These prizes lie within the chariot-course,
And wait the charioteers. Were but these games
In honor of another, then would I
Contend, and win and carry to my tent 340
The first among these prizes. For my steeds,
Ye know, surpass the rest in speed, since they
Are of immortal birth, by Neptune given
To Peleus, and by him in turn bestowed
On me his son. But I and they will keep 345
Aloof ; they miss their skilful charioteer,
Who washed in limpid water from the fount
Their manes, and moistened them with softening oil.
And now they mourn their friend, and sadly stand
With drooping heads and manes that touch the
ground. 350

Let such of you as trust in their swift steeds
And their strong cars prepare to join the games.”

Pelides spake : the abler charioteers
Arose, and, first of all, the king of men,
Eumelus, eminent in horsemanship, 355
The dear son of Admetus. Then arose
The valiant son of Tydeus, Diomed,
And led beneath the yoke the Trojan steeds
Won from Æneas when Apollo saved
That chief from death. The son of Atreus next, 360

The noble Menelaus, yellow-haired,
 Brought two swift coursers underneath the yoke,
 King Agamemnon's Æthè, and with her
 His own Podargus. Echepolus once,
 Anchises' son, sent Æthè as a gift 365
 To Agamemnon, that he might be free
 From following with the army to the heights
 Of Ilium, and enjoy the ease he loved ;
 For Jove had given him wealth, and he abode
 On Sicyon's plains. Now, eager for the race, 370
 She took the yoke. Antilochus, the fourth,
 The gallant son of the magnanimous king,
 Neleian Nestor, harnessed next his steeds
 With stately manes. Swift coursers that were foaled
 At Pylus drew his chariot. To his side 375
 His father came and stood, and spake and gave
 Wise counsels, though the youth himself was wise :—

“ Antilochus, I cannot doubt that Jove
 And Neptune both have loved thee, teaching thee,
 Young as thou art, all feats of horsemanship. 380
 Small is the need to instruct thee. Thou dost know
 Well how to turn the goal, and yet thy steeds
 Are slow, and ill for thee may be the event.
 Their steeds are swift, yet have they never learned
 To govern them with greater skill than thou. 385
 Now then, dear son, bethink thee heedfully
 Of all precautions, lest thou miss the prize.
 By skill the woodman, rather than by strength,
 Brings down the oak ; by skill the pilot guides

His wind-tossed galley over the dark sea ; 390
And thus by skill the charioteer o'ercomes
His rival. He who trusts too much his steeds
And chariot lets them veer from side to side
Along the course, nor keeps a steady rein
Straight on, while one expert in horsemanship, 395
Though drawn by slower horses, carefully
Observes the goal, and closely passes it,
Nor fails to know how soon to turn his course,
Drawing the leathern reins, and steadily
Keeps on, and watches him who goes before. 400
Now must I show the goal which, easily
Discerned, will not escape thine eye. It stands
An ell above the ground, a sapless post,
Of oak or larch, — a wood of slow decay
By rain, and at its foot on either side 405
Lies a white stone ; there narrow is the way,
But level is the race-course all around.
The monument it is of one long dead,
Or haply it has been in former days
A goal, as the swift-footed Peleus' son 410
Has now appointed it. Approach it near,
Driving thy chariot close upon its foot,
Then in thy seat lean gently to the left
And cheer the right-hand horse, and ply the lash,
And give him a loose rein, yet firmly keep 415
The left-hand courser close beside the goal, —
So close that the wheel's nave may seem to touch
The summit of the post ; yet strike thou not

The stone beside it, lest thou lame thy steeds
And break the chariot, to thy own disgrace 424
And laughter of the others. My dear son,
Be on thy guard ; for if thou pass the goal
Before the rest, no man in the pursuit
Can overtake or pass thee, though he drave
The noble courser of Adrastus, named 425
Arion the swift-footed, which a god
Bade spring to life, or those of matchless speed
Reared here in Ilium by Laomedon."

Neleian Nestor spake, and, having thus
Given all the needful cautions, took his seat 430
In his own place. Meriones, the fifth,
Harnessed his steeds with stately manes, and all
Mounted their chariots. Lots were cast ; the son
Of Peleus shook the helmet, and the lot
Of Nestor's son, Antilochus, leaped forth ; 435
And next the lot of King Eumelus came ;
And Menelaus, mighty with the spear,
Had the third lot ; Meriones was next ;
And to the bravest of them all, the son
Of Tydeus, fell the final lot and place. 440
They stood in order, while Achilles showed
The goal far off upon the level plain,
And near it, as the umpire of the race,
He placed the godlike Phœnix, who had been
His father's armor-bearer, to observe 445
With judging eye, and bring a true report.

All raised at once the lash above their steeds,

And smote them with the reins, and cheered them on
With vehement cries. Across the plain they swept,
Far from the fleet ; beneath them rose the dust, ⁴⁵⁰
A cloud, a tempest, and their tossing manes
Were lifted by the wind. And now the cars
Touched earth, and now were flung into the air.
Erect the drivers stood, with beating hearts,
Eager for victory, each encouraging ⁴⁵⁵
His steeds, that flew beneath the shroud of dust.

But when they turned their course, and swiftly ran
Back to the hoary deep to close the course,
Well did the skill of every chief appear.
They put their horses to the utmost speed, ⁴⁶⁰
And then did the quick-footed steeds that drew
Eumelus bear him on beyond the rest.
But with his Trojan coursers Diomed
Came next, so near it seemed that they would mount
The car before them, and upon the back ⁴⁶⁵
And ample shoulders of Eumelus smote
Their steaming breath ; for as they ran their heads
Leaned over him. And then would Diomed
Have passed him by, or would at least have made
The victory doubtful, had not Phœbus struck, ⁴⁷⁰
In his displeasure, from the hero's hand
The shining scourge. It fell, and to his eyes
Started indignant tears ; for now he saw
The others gaining on him, while the speed
Of his own steeds, which feared the lash no more, ⁴⁷⁵
Was slackened. Yet Apollo's stratagem

Was not unseen by Pallas, who o’ertook
The shepherd of the people, and restored
The scourge he dropped, and put into his steeds
New spirit. In her anger she approached 486
Eumelus, snapped his yoke, and caused his mares
To start asunder from the track ; the pole
Was dashed into the ground, and from the seat
The chief was flung beside the wheel, his mouth,
Elbows, and nostrils torn, his forehead bruised. 485
Grief filled his eyes with tears and choked his voice,
While Diomed drave by his firm-paced steeds,
Outstripping all the rest ; for Pallas nerved
Their limbs with vigor, and bestowed on him
Abundant glory. After him the son 490
Of Atreus, fair-haired Menelaus, came,
While Nestor’s son cheered on his father’s steeds :—
“ On, on ! press onward with your utmost speed !
Not that I bid you strive against the steeds
Of warlike Diomed, for Pallas gives 495
Swiftness to them and glory to the man
Who holds the reins ; but let us overtake
The horses of Atrides, nor submit
To be thus distanced, lest the victory
Of the mare *Æthè* cover you with shame. 500
Fleet as ye are, why linger ? This at least
I tell you, and my words will be fulfilled :
Look not for kindly care at Nestor’s hands,
That shepherd of the people, but for death
With the sharp steel, if through your fault we take 505

A meaner prize. Then onward and away,
 With all your strength, for this is my design, --
 To pass by Menelaus where the way
 Is narrow, and he cannot thwart my plan."

He spake, and they who feared their master's
 threat

515

Mended their speed awhile. The warlike son
 Of Nestor saw just then the narrow pass
 Within the hollow way, a furrow ploughed
 By winter floods, which there had torn the course
 And deepened it. Atrides, to avoid

515

The clash of wheels, drave thither ; thither too
 Antilochus — who turned his firm-paced steeds
 A little from the track in which they ran --
 Followed him close. Atrides saw with fear,
 And shouted to Antilochus aloud : —

520

"Antilochus, thou drivest rashly ; rein
 Thy horses in. The way is narrow here,
 But soon will broaden, and thou then canst pass.
 Beware lest with thy chariot-wheels thou dash
 Against my own, and harm befall us both."

525

He spake ; but all the more Antilochus
 Urged on his coursers with the lash, as if
 He had not heard. As far as flies a quoit
 Thrown from the shoulder of a vigorous youth
 Who tries his strength, so far they ran abreast.
 The horses of Atrides then fell back ;
 He slacked the reins ; for much he feared the steeds
 Would dash against each other in the way,

530

And overturn the sumptuous cars, and fling
 The charioteers contending for the prize
 Upon the dusty track. With angry words
 The fair-haired Menelaus chided thus :—

535

“Antilochus, there is no man so prone
 As thou to mischief, and we greatly err,
 We Greeks, who call thee wise. Go now, and yet
 Thou shalt not take the prize without an oath.”

541

Again he spake, encouraging his steeds :
 “Check not your speed, nor sorrowfully stand :
 Their feet and knees will fail with weariness
 Before your own ; they are no longer young.”

545

He spake ; the coursers, honoring his voice,
 Ran with fresh speed, and soon were near to those
 Of Nestor's son. Meantime the assembled Greeks
 Sat looking where the horses scoured the plain
 And filled the air with dust. Idomeneus,
 The lord of Crete, descried the coursers first,
 For on a height he sat above the crowd.

550

He heard the chief encouraging his steeds,
 And knew him, and he marked before the rest
 A courser, chestnut-colored save a spot
 Upon the middle of the forehead, white,
 And round as the full moon. And then he stood
 Upright, and from his place harangued the Greeks :—

555

“O friends, the chiefs and leaders of the Greeks,
 Am I the sole one that describes the steeds,
 Or do ye also? Those who lead the race,
 I think, are not the same, and with them comes

560

A different charioteer. The mares, which late
Were foremost, may have somewhere come to harm.

I saw them first to turn the goal, and now 564

I can no more discern them, though my sight
Sweeps the whole Trojan plain from side to side.

Either the charioteer has dropped the reins,

And could not duly round the goal, or else

Met with disaster at the turn, o'erthrown, 570

His chariot broken, and the affrighted mares

Darting, unmastered, madly from the way.

But rise : look forth yourselves. I cannot well

Discern, but think the charioteer is one

Who, born of an Ætolian stock, commands 575

Among the Argives, — valiant Diomed,

A son of Tydeus, tamer of wild steeds.”

And Ajax, swift of foot, Oileus' son,

Answered with bitter words : “ Idomeneus,

Why this perpetual prating? Far away 580

The mares with rapid hoofs are traversing

The plain, and thou art not the youngest here

Among the Argives, nor hast such sharp eyes

Beneath thy brows, yet must thou chatter still.

Among thy betters here it ill becomes 585

A man like thee to be so free of tongue.

The coursers of Eumelus, which at first

Outran the rest, are yet before them all,

And he is drawing near and holds the reins.”

The Cretan leader angrily rejoined :

59

“ Ajax, thou railer, first in brawls, yet known

As in all else below the other Greeks,
 A man of brutal mood, come, let us stake
 A tripod or a caldron, and appoint
 As umpire Agamemnon, to decide 594
 Which horses are the foremost in the race,
 That when thou lovest thou mayst be convinced."

He spake : Oilean Ajax, swift of foot,
 Started in anger from his seat, to cast
 Reproaches back, and long and fierce had been 600
 The quarrel if Achilles had not risen,
 And said : " No longer let this strife go on,
 Idomeneus and Ajax ! Ill such words
 Become you ; ye would blame in other men
 What now ye do. Sit then among the rest, 605
 And watch the race ; for soon the charioteers
 Contending for the victory will be here,
 And each of you — for well ye know the steeds
 Of the Greek chieftains — for himself will see
 Whose hold the second place, and whose are first."

He spake : Tydides rapidly drew near, 611
 Lashing the shoulders of his steeds, and they
 Seemed in the air as, to complete the course,
 They flew along, and flung the dust they trod
 Back on the charioteer. All bright with tin 615
 And gold, the car rolled after them ; its tires
 Made but a slender trace in the light dust,
 So rapidly they ran. And now he stopped
 Within the circle, while his steeds were steeped
 In sweat, that fell in drops from neck and breast. 620

Then from his shining seat he leaped, and laid
His scourge against the yoke. Brave Sthenelus
Came forward, and at once received the prize
For Diomed, and bade his comrades lead
The maid away, and in their arms bear off
The tripod, while himself unyoked the steeds.

Next the Neleian chief, Antilochus,
Came with his coursers. More by fraud than speed
He distanced Menelaus, yet that chief
Drove his fleet horses near him. Just so far 630
As runs the wheel behind a steed that draws
His master swiftly o'er the plain, his tail
Touching the tire with its long hairs, and small
The space between them as the spacious plain
Is traversed, Menelaus just so far 635
Was distanced by renowned Antilochus.
For though at first he fell as far behind
As a quoit's cast, yet was he gaining ground
Rapidly, now that Agamemnon's mare,
Æthè the stately-maned, increased her speed, 640
And Menelaus, had the race for both
Been longer, would have passed his rival by,
Nor left the victory doubtful. After him,
A spear's throw distant, came Meriones,
The gallant comrade of Idomeneus, 645
Whose full-maned steeds were slower than the rest,
And he unskilled in contests such as these.
And last of all Eumelus came. He drew
His showy chariot after him, and drove

His steeds before him. Great Achilles saw 65
 With pity, and from where he stood among
 The Greeks addressed him thus with winged
 words :—

“The ablest horseman brings his steeds the last,
 But let us, as is just, confer on him
 The second prize ; Tydides takes the first.” 65

He spake, and all approved his words ; and now
 The mare, to please the Greeks, had been bestowed
 Upon Eumelus, if Antilochus,
 Son of magnanimous Nestor, had not risen
 To plead for justice with Achilles thus :— 66

“Achilles, I shall deem it grave offence
 If thou fulfil thy word ; for thou wilt take
 My prize, because thou seest that this man’s car
 And his fleet steeds have suffered injury,
 Though he be skilful. Yet he should have prayed
 To the good gods ; then had he not been seen 66
 Bringing his steeds the last. But if thou feel
 Compassion for him, and if so thou please,
 Large store of brass and gold is in thy tent,
 And thine are cattle, and handmaidens thine, 67
 And firm-paced steeds ; hereafter give of these
 A nobler largess, or bestow it now,
 And hear the Greeks applaud thee. But this prize
 I yield not ; let the warrior who may claim
 To take it try with me his strength of arm.” 67

He ceased : the noble son of Peleus smiled,
 And, pleased to see Antilochus succeed, —

For he was a beloved friend, — he spake
 These wingèd words : “ Since, then, Antilochus,
 Thou wilt that I bestow some recompense 680
 Upon Eumelus from my store, I give
 The brazen corselet which my arm in war
 Took from Asteropæus, edged around
 With shining tin, — a gift of no mean price.”

He ceased, and sent his friend Automedon 685
 To bring it from the tent. He went and brought
 The corselet, and Eumelus joyfully
 Received it from Achilles. Then arose,
 Among them Menelaus, ill at ease,
 And angry with Antilochus. He took 690
 The sceptre from a herald’s hand, who hushed
 The crowd to silence, and the hero spake : —

“ Antilochus, who wert till now discreet,
 What hast thou done? Thou hast disgraced my
 skill

And wronged my steeds by thrusting in thine own, 695
 Which were less fleet, before them. Now, ye chiefs
 And leaders of the Achaians, judge between
 This man and me, and judge impartially,
 Lest that some warrior of the Greeks should say
 That Menelaus, having overcome 700
 Antilochus by falsehood, led away
 The mare a prize ; for his were slower steeds,
 But he the mightier man in feats of arms.
 Nay, I myself will judge ; and none of all
 The Greeks will censure me, for what I do 705

Will be but just. Antilochus, step forth,
Illustrious as thou art, and in due form,
Standing before thy horses and thy car,
And taking in thy hand the pliant scourge
Which thou just now hast wielded, touch thy steeds,
And swear by Neptune, whose embrace surrounds 711
The earth, that thou hast wittingly employed
No stratagem to break my chariot's speed."

And thus discreet Antilochus replied :
"Have patience with me : I am younger far 715
Than thou, King Menelaus ; thou art both
My elder and my better. Thou dost know
The faults to which the young are ever prone ;
The will is quick to act, the judgment weak.
Bear with me then. The mare which I received 720
I cheerfully make over to thy hands.
And if thou wilt yet more of what I have,
I give it willingly and instantly,
Rather, O loved of Jove, than lose a place
In thy good-will, and sin against the gods." 725

The son of large-souled Nestor, speaking thus,
Led forth the mare, and gave her to the hand
Of Menelaus, o'er whose spirit came
A gladness. As upon a field of wheat
Bristling with ears gathers the freshening dew, 730
So was his spirit gladdened in his breast,
And he bespoke the youth with wingèd words :—

"Antilochus, now shall my anger cease,
For hitherto thou hast not shown thyself

Foolish or fickle, though the heat of youth 735
 Just now hath led thee wrong. In time to come,
 Beware to practise stealthy arts on men
 Of higher rank than thou. No other Greek
 Would easily have made his peace with me.
 But thou hast suffered much, and much hast done, —
 Thou, and thy worthy father, and his son, 742
 Thy brother, — for my sake. I therefore yield
 To thy petition ; yet I give to thee
 The mare, though mine she be, that these who stand
 Around us may perceive that I am not 745
 Of unforgiving or unyielding mood.”

He spake, and to Noëmon gave the mare, —
 Noëmon, comrade of Antilochus, —
 To lead her thence, while for himself he took
 The shining caldron. Then Meriones, 750
 Fourth in the race, received the prize of gold, —
 Two talents. But the fifth prize and the last,
 The double goblet, still was left unclaimed ;
 And this Achilles carried through the crowd
 Of Greeks, and placed in Nestor's hands, and
 said : — 755

“Receive thou this, O ancient man, to keep
 In memory of the funeral honors paid
 Patroclus, whom thou never more shalt see
 Among the Greeks. I give this prize, which thou
 Hast not contended for, since thou wilt wield 760
 No more the cestus, nor wilt wrestle more,
 Nor hurl the javelin at the mark, nor join

The foot-race ; age lies heavy on thy limbs."

He spake, and gave the prize, which Nestor took,
Well pleased, and thus with wingèd words re-
plied :—

765

"Son, thou hast spoken rightly, for these limbs
Are strong no longer ; neither feet nor hands
Move on each side with vigor as of yore.
Would I were but as young, with strength as great,
As when the Epeians in Buprasium laid
King Amarynceus in the sepulchre,
And funeral games were offered by his sons !
Then of the Epeians there was none like me,
Nor of the Pylian youths, nor yet among
The brave Ætolians. In the boxing-match
I took the prize from Clytomedes, son
Of Enops, and in wrestling overcame
Ancæus the Pleuronian, who rose up
Against me. In the foot-race I outstripped,
Fleet as he was, Iphiclus, and beyond
Phyleus and Polydore I threw the spear.
Only the sons of Actor won the race
Against me with their chariot, and they won
Through force of numbers. Much they envied me,
And feared lest I should bear away the prize ;
For largest in that contest of the steeds
Was the reward, and they were two, — one held,
Steadily held, the reins, the other swung
The lash. Such was I once. Now feats like these
Belong to other, younger men, and I,

775

775

780

785

790

Though eminent among the heroes once,
 Must do as sad old age admonishes.
 Go thou, and honor thy friend's funeral
 With games. Thy gift I willingly accept,
 Rejoicing that thy thoughts revert to one 795
 Who loves thee, and that thou forgettest not
 To pay the honor due to me among
 The Greeks. The gods will give thee thy reward."

He ceased. The son of Peleus, having heard
 This praise from Nestor, left him, and passed
 through 800

The mighty concourse of the Greeks. He laid
 Before them prizes for the difficult strife
 Between the boxers. To the middle space
 He led a mule, and bound him, six years old
 And strong for toil, unbroken and most hard 805
 To break, while to the vanquished he assigned
 A goblet. Rising, he addressed the host:—

"Ye sons of Atreus and ye well-armed Greeks,
 We call for two of the most skilled to strive
 For these, by striking with the lifted fist; 810
 And he to whom Apollo shall decree
 The victory, acknowledged by you all,
 Shall have this sturdy mule to lead away.
 The vanquished takes this goblet as his meed."

He spake. A warrior strong and huge of limb,
 Skilled in the cestus, named Epeius, son 815
 Of Panopeus, rose at the word, and laid
 His hand upon the sturdy mule, and said:—

"Let him appear whose lot will be to take
 The goblet. No man of the Grecian host 820
 Will get the mule by overcoming me
 In combat with the cestus, — so I deem.
 In that I claim to be the best man here.
 And should it not suffice that in the war
 Others surpass me? All cannot excel 825
 In everything alike. I promise this,
 And shall fulfil my word, — that I will crush
 His body, and will break his bones. His friends
 Should all remain upon the ground to bear
 Their comrade off when beaten by my hand." 830

He spake, and all were silent. Only rose
 Euryalus, whose father was the king
 Mecisteus of Talaïon's line, the same
 Who went to Thebes and overcame, of old,
 In all the funeral games of Œdipus, 835
 The sons of Cadmus. To Euryalus
 Came Diomed, the spearman, bidding him
 Expect the victory which he greatly wished
 His friend might gain. Around his waist he drew
 A girdle, adding straps that from the hide 840
 Of a wild bull were cut with dextrous care.
 And, fully now arrayed, the twain stepped forth
 Into the middle space, and both began
 The combat. Lifting their strong arms, they
 brought
 Their heavy hands together. Fearfully 845
 Was heard the crash of jaws ; from every limb

The sweat was streaming. As Euryalus
Looked round, his noble adversary sprang
And smote him on the cheek, — too rude a blow
To be withstood ; his shapely limbs gave way 850
Beneath him. As upon the weedy shore,
When the fresh north wind stirs the water's face,
A fish leaps forth to light, and then again
The dark wave covers it, so sprang and fell
The chief. Magnanimous Epeius gave 855
His hands and raised him up ; his friends came
round

And led him thence with dragging feet, and head
That drooped from side to side, while from his
mouth

Came clotted blood. They placed him in the midst,
Unconscious still, and sent and took the cup. 860

Then, third in order, for the wrestling-match
The son of Peleus brought and showed the Greeks
Yet other prizes. To the conqueror
A tripod for the hearth, of ample size,
He offered ; twice six oxen, as the Greeks 865
Esteemed it, were its price. And next he placed
In view a damsel for the vanquished, trained
In household arts ; four beeves were deemed her
price.

Then rose Achilles, and addressed the Greeks :
“Ye who would try your fortune in this strife, 870
Arise.” He spake, and mighty Ajax rose,
The son of Telamon, and after him

The wise Ulysses, trained to stratagems.

They, girding up their loins, came forth and stood
In the mid space, and there with vigorous arms 875

They clasped each other, locked like rafters framed
By some wise builder for the lofty roof

Of a great mansion proof against the winds.

Then their backs creaked beneath the powerful
strain

Of their strong hands ; the sweat ran down their
limbs ; 880

Large whelks upon their sides and shoulders rose,
Crimson with blood. Still eagerly they strove

For victory and the tripod. Yet in vain

Ulysses labored to supplant his foe,

And throw him to the ground, and equally 885

Did Ajax strive in vain, for with sheer strength

Ulysses foiled his efforts. When they saw

That the Greeks wearied of the spectacle,

The mighty Telamonian Ajax said : —

“Son of Laertes, nobly born and trained 890

To wise expedients, lift me up, or I

Will lift up thee ; and leave the rest to Jove.”

He spake, and raised Ulysses from the ground,

Who dealt, with ready stratagem, a blow

Upon the ham of Ajax, and the limb 895

Gave way ; the hero fell upon his back,

And on his breast Ulysses, while the host

Stood wondering and amazed. Ulysses strove,

In turn, to lift his rival, but prevailed

Only to move him from his place ; he caught 900
 The knee of Ajax in his own, and both
 Came to the ground together, soiled with dust.
 They rose to wrestle still, but from his seat
 Achilles started, and forbade them thus : —

“Contend no longer, nor exhaust your strength 903
 With struggling ; there is victory for both,
 And equal prizes. Now depart, and leave
 The field of contest to the other Greeks.”

He spake : they listened and obeyed, and wiped
 The dust away, and put their garments on. 910
 And then the son of Peleus placed in sight
 Prizes of swiftness, — a wrought silver cup
 That held six measures, and in beauty far
 Excelled all others known ; the cunning hands
 Of the Sidonian artisans had given 915
 Its graceful shape, and over the dark sea
 Men of Phœnicia brought it, with their wares,
 To the Greek harbors ; they bestowed it there
 On Thoas. Afterward Euneüs, son
 Of Jason, gave it to the hero-chief, 920
 Patroclus, to redeem a captive friend,
 Lycaon, Priam's son. Achilles now
 Brought it before the assembly as a prize,
 For which, in honor of the friend he loved,
 The swiftest runners of the host should strive. 925
 Next, for the second in the race, he showed
 A noble fatling ox ; and for the last,
 Gold, half a talent. Then he stood and said

To the Achaians : "Those who would contend
For these rewards, rise up." And then arose 930
Oïlean Ajax, fleet of foot ; and next
Ulysses the sagacious ; last upstood
Antilochus, the son of Nestor, known
As swiftest of the youths. In due array
They stood ; Achilles showed the goal. At once 935
Forward they sprang. Oïlean Ajax soon
Gained on the rest, but close behind him ran
The great Ulysses. As a shapely maid
Flinging the shuttle draws with careful hand
The thread that fills the warp, and so brings near 940
The shuttle to her bosom, just so near
To Ajax ran Ulysses, in the prints
Made by his rival's feet, before the dust
Fell back upon them. As he ran, his breath
Smote on the head of Ajax. All the Greeks 945
Shouted applause to him, encouraging
His ardor for the victory ; but when now
They neared the goal, Ulysses silently
Prayed thus to Pallas : "Goddess, hear my prayer,
And help these feet to win." The goddess heard,
And lightened all his limbs, his feet, his hands ; 950
And just as they were rushing on the prize,
Ajax, in running, slipped and fell — the work
Of Pallas — where in heaps the refuse lay
From entrails of the bellowing oxen slain 955
In honor of Patroclus by the hand
Of swift Achilles. Mouth and nostrils both

Were choked with filth. The much-enduring man
Ulysses, coming first, received the cup,
While Ajax took the ox, and as he stood 960
Holding the animal's horn and spitting forth
The dirt, he said to those around : " 'T is plain
The goddess caused my feet to slide ; she aids
Ulysses like a mother." So he said,
And the Greeks laughed. And then Antilochus 965
Received the third reward, and with a smile
Said to the Greeks : " I tell you all, my friends,
What you must know already, that the gods
Honor the aged ever. Ajax stands
Somewhat in years above me, but this chief 970
Who takes the prize is of a former age
And earlier race of men ; they call him old,
But hard it were for any Greek to vie
With him in swiftness, save Achilles here."

Such praise he gave Pelides, fleet of foot, 975
Who answered : " Thy good word, Antilochus,
Shall not be vainly spoken. I will add
Yet half a talent to thy gold." He said,
And gave the gold ; Antilochus, well pleased,
Received it. Then Pelides brought a spear 980
Of ponderous length into the middle space,
And laid it down, and placed a buckler near
And helmet, which had been Sarpedon's arms,
And which Patroclus won of him in war.

Then stood Achilles and addressed the Greeks :—

" I call on two, the bravest of the host, 986

To arm themselves and take their spears in hand,
And in a contest for these weapons put
Each other to the proof. Whoever first
Shall wound his adversary, piercing through 998
The armor to the delicate skin beneath,
And draw the crimson blood, to him I give
This beautiful sword of Thrace, with silver studs,
Won from Asteropæus. And let both
Bear off these arms, a common gift, and both 995
Shall sit and banquet nobly in my tent."

He spake, and Telamonian Ajax rose,
The large of limb ; Tydides Diomed,
The strong, rose also. When they had put on
Their arms apart from all the host, they came, 1000
All eager for the combat, to the lists,
And fearful was their aspect. All the Greeks
Looked on with dread and wonder, and when now
Stood face to face the warriors, thrice they rushed
Against each other ; thrice they dealt their blows. 1005
Then Ajax thrust through Diomed's round shield
His weapon, but it wounded not ; the mail
Beyond it stopped the stroke. Tydides aimed
Over his adversary's mighty shield
A blow to reach his neck. The Greeks, alarmed 1010
For Ajax, shouted that the strife should cease,
And both divide the prize. Achilles heard,
But gave to Diomed the ponderous sword,
Its sheath, and the fair belt from which it hung.

Again Pelides placed before the host

A mass of iron, shapeless from the forge,
Which once the strong Eëtion used to hurl ;
But swift Achilles, when he took his life,
Brought it with other booty in his ships
To Troas. Rising, he addressed the Greeks :— 1020

“Stand forth, whoever will contend for this,
And if broad fields and rich be his, this mass
Will last him many years. The man who tends
His flocks, or guides his plough, need not be sent
To town for iron ; he will have it here.” 1025

He spake, and warlike Polypœtes rose.
Uprose the strong Leonteus, who in form
Was like a god. The son of Telamon
Rose also, and Epeius nobly born ;
Each took his place. Epeius seized the mass, 1030
And sent it whirling. All the Achaïans laughed.
The loved of Mars, Leonteus, flung it next,
And after him the son of Telamon,
The large-limbed Ajax, from his vigorous arm
Sent it beyond the mark of both. But when 1035
The sturdy warrior Polypœtes took
The mass in hand, as far as o’er his beeves
A herdsman sends his whirling staff, so far
This cast outdid the rest. A shout arose ;
The friends of sturdy Polypœtes took 1040
The prize, and bore it to the hollow ships.

Achilles for the archers brought forth steel,
Tempered for arrow-heads, — ten axes, each
With double edge, and single axes ten, —

And from a galley's azure prow took off 1045
A mast, and reared it on the sands afar,
And, tying to its summit by the foot
A timorous dove, he bade them aim at her :
"Whoever strikes the bird shall bear away
The double axes to his tent ; while he 1050
Who hits the cord, but not the bird, shall take
The single axes, as the humbler prize."

He ceased, and then arose the stalwart king,
Teucer ; then also rose Meriones,
The valiant comrade of Idomeneus. 1055
The lots were shaken in a brazen helm,
And Teucer's lot was first. He straightway sent
A shaft with all his strength, but made no vow
Of a choice hecatomb of firstling lambs
To Phœbus, monarch-god. He missed the bird, 1060
Such was the will of Phœbus, but he struck,
Close to her foot, the cord that made her fast.
The keen shaft severed it ; the dove flew up
Into the heavens ; the fillet dropped to earth
Amid the loud applauses of the Greeks. 1065
And then Meriones made haste to take
The bow from Teucer's hand. Long time he held
The arrow aimed, the while he made a vow
To Phœbus, the great archer, promising
A chosen hecatomb of firstling lambs ; 1070
Then, looking toward the dove, as high in air
She wheeled beneath the clouds, he pierced her
breast

Beneath the wing ; the shaft went through and fell,
 Fixed in the ground, beside Meriones,
 While the bird settled on the galley's mast 1075
 With drooping head and open wings. The breath
 Forsook her soon, and down from that high perch
 She fell to earth. The people all looked on,
 Admiring and amazed. Meriones
 Took up the double axes as his prize, 1080
 While Teucer bore the others to the fleet.

And then Pelides brought into the midst
 A ponderous spear, and laid a caldron down
 Which never felt the fire, inwrought with flowers,
 Its price an ox. And then the spearmen rose. 1085
 Atrides Agamemnon, mighty king,
 First rose, and after him Meriones,
 The brave companion of Idomeneus ;
 And thus to both the swift Achilles said : —

“O son of Atreus, for we know how far 1090
 Thou dost excel all others, and dost cast
 The spear with passing strength and skill, bear thou
 This prize, as victor, to the roomy ships,
 And if it please thee, let us, as I wish,
 Give to our brave Meriones the spear.” 1095

He spake, and Agamemnon, king of men,
 Complied, and gave Meriones in hand
 The brazen spear, while to Talthylbius,
 The herald, he consigned the greater prize

BOOK XXIV.

THE assembly was dissolved, the people all
Dispersed to their swift galleys, and prepared
With food and gentle slumber to refresh
Their wearied frames. But still Achilles wept,
Remembering his dear comrade. Sleep, whose
sway 5
Is over all, came not ; he turned and tossed,
Still yearning for his strong and valiant friend
Patroclus. All that they had ever done
Together, all the hardships they had borne,
The battles fought with heroes, the wild seas 10
O'erpassed, came thronging on his memory.
He shed warm tears, as now upon his sides,
Now on his back, now on his face he lay.
Then, starting from his couch, he wandered forth
In sorrow by the margin of the deep. 15
Nor did the morn that rose o'er sea and shore
Dawn unperceived by him ; for then he yoked
His fleet steeds to the chariot, and made fast
The corse of Hector, that it might be dragged
After the wheels. Three times around the tomb 20
Of Menœtiades he dragged the slain,
Then turned and sought his tent, again to rest,
And left him there stretched out amid the dust
With the face downward. Yet Apollo, moved

With pity for the hero, kept him free 25
From soil or stain, though dead, and o'er him held
The golden ægis, lest, when roughly dragged
Along the ground, the body might be torn.

So in his anger did Achilles treat
Unworthily the noble Hector's corse. 30
The blessed gods themselves with pity looked
Upon the slain, and bade the vigilant one,
The Argus-queller, bear him thence by stealth.
This counsel pleased the immortals all, except
Juno and Neptune and the blue-eyed maid, 35
And these persisted in their wrath. To them
Ilium, the hallowed city, and its king,
Priam, and all his people, from the first
Were hateful ; 't was for Alexander's fault,
Affronting the two goddesses what time 40
They sought his cottage, and preferring her
Who ministered to his calamitous love.
But now, when the twelfth morning from that day
Arose, Apollo spake among the gods :—

“Cruel are ye, O gods, and prone to wrong. 45
For was not Hector wont before your shrines
To burn the thighs of chosen bulls and goats?
And now that he is dead ye venture not
To rescue him, and let his wife and son
And mother and King Priam look again 50
Upon his face. Soon would they light the pile,
And burn the dead, and pay the funeral rite.
Ye seek to favor, O ye gods, that pest

Achilles, in whose breast there dwells no love
Of justice, nor a temper to be moved 55
By prayers, but who delights in savage deeds.
And as a lion, conscious of vast strength
And scornful of resistance, falls upon
The shepherd's flock, and slays for his repast,
Thus with Achilles neither mercy dwells 60
Nor shame, which often profits, often harms
Mankind. For when another man has met
A greater grief than he, — has lost, perchance,
A brother or a son, — he dries at length
His tears, and ceases to lament ; for fate 65
Bestows the power to suffer patiently.
But this Achilles, after he has spoiled
The godlike Hector of his life in war,
Hath bound him to his chariot, and hath dragged
The corse around his dear companion's tomb. 70
Unseemly is the deed, and small will be
The good it brings him. Brave although he be.
We may be angry with him when he thus
Insults a portion of insensible earth."

The white-armed Juno was incensed, and spake :
"So mightst thou say, God of the silver bow, 75
Were equal honor to Achilles due
And Hector. Hector is a mortal man,
And suckled at a woman's breast. Not so
Achilles ; he was born of one of us, 80
A goddess whom I nurtured and brought up
And gave to Peleus. Ye were present all,

Ye gods, when they were wedded. Thou wert there
To share the marriage banquet, harp in hand,
Thou plotter with the vile, thou faithless one!" 85

Then answered cloud-compelling Jove, and said:
"Let not thy anger rise against the gods,
O Juno, for the honor of the chiefs
Shall not be equal. Yet of all the race
Of mortals dwelling in the city of Troy 90
Was Hector dearest to the gods; to me
He ever was; and never did he fail
To offer welcome gifts. My altar ne'er
Lacked fitting feast, libation, and the fume
Of incense, — hallowed rites which are our due. 95
Yet seek we not to steal away the corse
Of valiant Hector; that we could not do
Without his slayer's knowledge, who by night
And day is ever near to him and keeps
Watch o'er him like a mother. Let some god 100
Call hither Thetis. I will counsel her
Prudently, that Achilles may receive
Ransom from Priam, and restore his son."

He ceased, and with the swiftness of the storm
Rose Iris up, to be his messenger. 105
Half-way 'twixt Samos and the rugged coast
Of Imbrus down she plunged to the dark sea,
Entering the deep with noise. Far down she sank
As sinks the ball of lead, that, sliding o'er
A wild bull's horn, bears into ocean's depths 110
Death to the greedy fishes. There she found

Thetis within her roomy cave, among
The goddesses of ocean, seated round
In full assembly. Thetis in the midst
Bewailed the fate of her own blameless son, 115
About to perish on the fertile soil
Of Troy, and far from Greece. The swift of wing,
Iris, approached her and addressed her thus :—

“ Arise, O Thetis. Father Jupiter,
Whose counsel stands forever, sends for thee.” 120

And silver-footed Thetis answered him :
“ Why should that potent deity require
My presence, who have many griefs, and shrink
From mingling with immortals? Yet I go,
Perforce, for never doth he speak in vain.” 125

So spake the goddess-queen, and, speaking, took
Her mantle, — darker web was never worn, —
And onward went. Wind-footed Iris led
The way ; the waters of the sea withdrew
On either side. They climbed the steepy shore, 130
And took their way to heaven. They found the son
Of Saturn, him of the far-sounding voice,
With all the blessed, ever-living gods
Assembled round him. Close to Father Jove
She took her seat, for Pallas yielded it, 135
And Juno put a beautiful cup of gold
Into her hand, and spake consoling words.
She drank and gave it back, and thus began
The father of immortals and of men :—

“ Thou comest to Olympus, though in grief, 140

O goddess Thetis, and I know the cause
 That makes thee sad and will not from thy thoughts ;
 Yet let me now declare why I have called
 Thee hither. For nine days the immortal gods
 Have been at strife concerning Hector's corse 145
 And Peleus' son, the spoiler. They have asked
 The vigilant Argus-queller to remove
 The dead by stealth. But I must yet bestow
 Fresh honor on Achilles, and thus keep
 Thy love and reverence. Now descend at once 150
 Into the camp and carry to thy son
 My message : say that it offends the gods,
 And me the most, that in his spite he keeps
 The corse of Hector at the beakèd ships,
 Refusing to restore it. He perchance 155
 Will listen, and, revering me, give back
 The slain. And I will send a messenger,
 Iris, to large-souled Priam, bidding him
 Hasten in person to the Grecian fleet,
 To ransom his beloved son, and bring 160
 Achilles gifts that shall appease his rage."

He spake : the goddess of the silver feet,
 Thetis, obeyed, and with precipitate flight
 Descended from the mountain-peaks. She came
 To her son's tent, and found him uttering moans 165
 Continually, while his beloved friends
 Were busy round him ; they prepared a feast,
 And had just slain within the tent a ewe
 Of ample size and fleece. She took her seat 169

Beside her son, and smoothed his brow, and said : —

“ How long, my son, wilt thou lament and grieve
 And pine at heart, abstaining from the feast
 And from thy couch? Yet well it is to seek
 A woman’s love. Thy life will not be spared
 Long time to me, for death and cruel fate 175
 Stand near thee. Listen to me ; I am come
 A messenger from Jove, who bids me say
 The immortals are offended, and himself
 The most, that thou shouldst in thy spite detain
 The corse of Hector at the beakèd ships, 180
 Refusing its release. Comply thou then,
 And take the ransom and restore the dead.”

And thus Achilles, swift of foot, replied :
 “ Let him who brings the ransom come and take
 The body, if it be the will of Jove.” 185

Thus did the mother and the son confer
 Among the galleys, and between them passed
 Full many a wingèd word, while Saturn’s son
 Bade Iris go with speed to sacred Troy : —

“ Fleet Iris, haste thee. Leave the Olympian
 seats, 190
 And send magnanimous Priam to the fleet,
 To ransom his dear son, and bear him back
 To Ilium. Let him carry gifts to calm
 The anger of Achilles. He should go
 Alone, no Trojan with him, save a man 195
 In years, a herald, who may guide the mules
 And strong-wheeled chariot, harnessed to bear back

Him whom the great Achilles has o'erthrown ;
 And let him fear not death nor other harm,
 For we will send a guide to lead him safe, 200
 The Argus-queller, till he stand beside
 Achilles ; and when once he comes within
 The warrior's tent, Achilles will not raise
 His hand to slay, but will restrain the rest.
 Nor mad, nor rash, nor criminal is he, 205
 And will humanely spare a suppliant man."

He spake, and Iris, the swift messenger,
 Whose feet are like the wind, went forth with speed,
 And came to Priam's palace, where she found
 Sorrow and wailing. Round the father sat 210
 His sons within the hall, and steeped with tears
 Their garments. In the midst the aged man
 Sat with a cloak wrapped round him, and much dust
 Strewn on his head and neck, which, when he rolled
 Upon the earth, he gathered with his hands. 215
 His daughters and the consorts of his sons
 Filled with their cries the mansion, sorrowing
 For those, the many and brave, who now lay slain
 By Grecian hands. The ambassadress of Jove
 Stood beside Priam, and in soft, low tones, 220
 While his limbs shook with fear, addressed him
 thus :—

"Be comforted, and have no fear ; for I
 Am come, Dardanian Priam, not to bring
 Mischief, but blessing. I am sent to thee
 A messenger from Jove, who, though afar, 225

Pities thee and will aid thee. He who rules
Olympus bids thee ransom thy slain son,
The noble Hector, carrying gifts to calm
The anger of Achilles. Thou shouldst go
Alone, no Trojan with thee, save a man 230
In years, a herald, who shall guide the mules
And strong-wheeled chariot, harnessed to bring back
Him whom the great Achilles has o'erthrown.
And have no fear of death or other harm ;
A guide shall go with thee to lead thee safe, 235
The Argus-queller, till thou stand beside
Achilles, and when once thou art within
The warrior's tent, Achilles will not raise
His hand to slay, but will restrain the rest.
He is not mad, nor rash, nor prone to crime, 240
And will humanely spare a suppliant man."

Thus the swift-footed Iris spake, and then
Departed. Priam bade his sons prepare
The strong-wheeled chariot, drawn by mules, and
bind

A coffer on it. He descended next 245
Into a fragrant chamber, cedar-lined;
High-roofed, and stored with many things of price,
And calling Hecuba, his wife, he said :—

"Dear wife, a message from Olympian Jove
Commands that I betake me to the fleet, 250
And thence redeem my slaughtered son with gifts
That may appease Achilles. Tell me now
How this may seem to thee? for I am moved

By a strong impulse to approach the ships,
And venture into the great Grecian camp." 255

He spake : his consort wept, and answered thus :
" Ah me ! the prudence which was once so praised
By strangers and by those who own thy sway,
Where is it now ? Why wouldst thou go alone
To the Greek fleet, to meet the eye of him 260
Who slew so many of thy gallant sons ?
An iron heart is thine. If that false man,
Remorseless as he is, should see thee there
And seize thee, neither pity nor respect
Hast thou to hope from him. Let us lament 265
Our Hector in these halls. A cruel fate
Spun, when I brought him forth, his thread of life, —
That far from us his corse should feed the hounds
Near that fierce man, whose liver I could tear
From out his bosom. Then the indignities 270
Done to my son would be repaid, for he
Was slain, not shunning combat, coward-like,
But fighting to defend the men of Troy
And the deep-bosomed Trojan dames. He fell
Without a thought of flight or of retreat." 275

And thus the aged, godlike king rejoined :
" Keep me not back from going, nor be thou
A bird of evil omen in these halls,
For thou shalt not persuade me. This I say :
If any of the dwellers of the earth, 280
Soothsayer, seer, or priest, had said to me
What I have heard, I well might deem the words

A lie, and heed them not. But since I heard
 Myself the mandate from a deity,
 And saw her face to face, I certainly 285
 Will go, nor shall the message be in vain.
 And should it be my fate to perish there
 Beside the galleys of the mail-clad Greeks,
 So be it ; for Achilles will forthwith
 Put me to death embracing my poor son, 290
 And satisfying my desire to weep."

He spake, and, raising the fair coffer-lids,
 Took out twelve robes of state most beautiful,
 Twelve single cloaks, as many tapestried mats,
 And tunics next and mantles twelve of each, 295
 And ten whole talents of pure gold, which first
 He weighed. Two burnished tripods from his store
 He added, and four goblets and a cup
 Of eminent beauty, which the men of Thrace
 Gave him when, as an envoy to their coast, 300
 He came from Troy, — a sumptuous gift, and yet
 The aged king reserved not even this
 To deck his palace, such was his desire
 To ransom his dear son. And then he drave
 Away the Trojans hovering round his porch, 305
 Rebuking them with sharp and bitter words :—

"Hence with you, worthless wretches! have ye
 not

Sorrow enough at home, that ye are come
 To vex me thus? Or doth it seem to you
 Of little moment, that Saturnian Jove 310

Hath sent such grief upon me in the loss
 Of my most valiant son? Ye yet will know
 How great that loss has been ; for it will be
 A lighter task for the beleaguering Greeks
 To work our ruin, now that he is dead. 315
 But I shall sink to Hades ere mine eyes
 Behold the city sacked and made a spoil."

He spake, and with his staff he chased away
 The loiterers ; forth before the aged man
 They went. With like harsh words he chid his sons.
 Helenus, Paris, noble Agathon, 321
 Pammon, Antiphonus, Deiphobus,
 Polites, great in war, Hippothoüs,
 And gallant Dios, nine in all he called,
 And thus bespake them with reproachful words : —

"Make haste, ye idle fellows, my disgrace ! 326
 Would ye had all been slain beside the fleet
 Instead of Hector ! Woe is me ! the most
 Unhappy of mankind am I, who had
 The bravest sons in all the town of Troy, 330
 And none of them, I think, are left to me.
 Mestor, divine in presence, Troilus,
 The gallant knight, and Hector, he who looked
 A god among his countrymen, — no son
 Of man he seemed, but of immortal birth, — 335
 Those Mars has slain, but these who are my shame
 Remain, — these liars, dancers, excellent
 In choirs, whose trade is public robbery
 Of lambs and kids. Why haste ye not to get

My chariot ready, and bestow these things 340
Within it, that my journey may begin?"

He spake, and they, in fear of his rebuke,
Lifted from out its place the strong-wheeled car,
Framed to be drawn by mules, and beautiful,
And newly built, and on it they made fast 345
The coffer. From its pin they next took down
The boxwood mule-yoke, fitted well with rings,
And carved with a smooth boss. With this they
brought

A yoke-band nine ells long, which carefully
Adjusting to the polished pole's far end, 350
They cast the ring upon the bolt, and thrice
Wound the long band on each side of the bolt
Around the yoke, and made it fast, and turned
The loose ends under. Then they carried forth
The treasures that should ransom Hector's corse ; 355
And having piled them in the polished car,
They yoked the hardy, strong-hoofed mules which
once

The Mysians gave to Priam, princely gifts.
To bear the yoke of Priam they led forth
The horses which the aged man himself 360
Fed at the polished manger. These the king
Yoked, aided by the herald, while in mind,
Within the palace court, they both revolved
Their prudent counsels. Hecuba, the queen,
Came to them in deep sorrow. In her hand 365
She bore a golden cup of delicate wine,

That they might make libations and depart.

She stood before the steeds, and thus she spake :—

“Take this, and pour to Father Jove, and pray
That thou mayst safely leave the enemy’s camp 370
For home, since ’t is thy will, though I dissuade,
To go among the ships. Implore thou then
The god of Ida and the gatherer
Of the black tempest, Saturn’s son, who looks
Down on all Troy, to send his messenger, 375
His swift and favorite bird, of matchless strength,
On thy right hand, that, with thine eye on him,
Thou mayst with courage journey to the ships
Of the Greek horsemen. But if Jupiter
All-seeing should withhold his messenger, 380
I cannot bid thee, eager as thou art,
Adventure near the galleys of the Greeks.”

And thus the godlike Priam made reply :

“Dear wife, indeed, I will not disobey
Thy counsel ; meet it is to raise our hands 385
To Jove, and ask him to be merciful.”

He spake, and bade the attendant handmaid pour
Pure water on his hands, for near him stood
A maid who came and held a basin forth
And ewer. When his hands were washed, he took
The goblet from the queen, and then, in prayer, 391
Stood in the middle of the court, and poured
The wine, and, looking heavenward, spake aloud :—

“O Father Jove, most glorious and most great,
Who rulest all from Ida, let me find 395

Favor and pity with Achilles. Send
A messenger, thy own swift, favorite bird,
Of matchless strength, on my right hand, that I,
Beholding him, may confidently pass
To where the fleet of the Greek horsemen lies ! ” 400

Thus in his prayer he spake, and Jupiter,
The All-disposer, hearkened, and sent forth
An eagle, bird of surest augury,
Named the Black Chaser, and by others called
Percnos, with wings as broad as is the door 405
Skilfully fashioned for the lofty hall
Of some rich man, and fastened with a bolt.
Such ample wings he spread on either side
As townward on the right they saw him fly.
They saw and they rejoiced ; their hearts grew light
Within their bosoms. Then the aged king 411
Hastened to mount the polished car, and drave
Through vestibule and echoing porch. The mules,
Harnessed to draw the four-wheeled car, went first,
Driven by the sage Idæus ; after them, 415
The horses, urged by Priam with the lash
Rapidly through the city. All his friends
Followed lamenting, as for one who went
To meet his death. And now when they had reached
The plain descending from the town, the sons 420
And sons-in-law of Priam all returned
To Ilium, and the twain proceeded on,
Yet not unmarked by all-beholding Jove,
Who, moved with pity for the aged man,

Turned to his well-beloved son and said :— 425

“Hermes, who more than any other god
Delightest to consort with human kind,
And willingly dost listen to their prayers,
Haste, guide King Priam to the Grecian fleet,
Yet so that none may see him, and no Greek 430
Know of his coming, till he stand before
Pelides.” Thus he spake: the messenger
Who slew the Argus hearkened and obeyed ;
And hastily beneath his feet he bound
The fair, ambrosial, golden sandals worn 435
To bear him over ocean like the wind,
And o’er the boundless land. His wand he took
Wherewith he seals in sleep the eyes of men,
And opens them at will. With this in hand,
The mighty Argus-queller flew, and soon 440
Was at the Troad and the Hellespont.

Like to some royal stripling seemed the god,
In youth’s first prime, when youth has most of grace.
And there the Trojans twain, when they had passed
The tomb of Ilus, halted with their mules 445
And horses, that the beasts might drink the stream ;
For twilight now was creeping o’er the earth.
The herald looked, and saw that Mercury
Was near, and thus, addressing Priam, said :—

“Be on thy guard, O son of Dardanus, 450
For here is cause for wariness. I see
A warrior, and I think he seeks our lives.
Now let us urge our steeds and fly, or else

Descend and clasp his knees, and sue for grace."

He spake, and greatly was the aged king 455
Bewildered by his words ; with hair erect
He stood, and motionless, while Mercury
Drew near, and took the old man's hand, and
asked : —

"Whither, O father, guidest thou thy mules
And steeds in the dim night, while others sleep? 460
Fearest thou nothing from the warlike Greeks,
Thy foes, who hate thee, and are near at hand?
Should one of them behold thee bearing off
These treasures in the swiftly darkening night,
What wouldst thou do? Thou art not young, and he
Who comes with thee is old ; ye could not make 466
Defence against the foe. Fear nought from me,
And I will save thee, since thou art so like
To my own father, from all other harm."

Priam, the godlike ancient, answered thus : 470
"Thou sayest true, dear son ; but sure some god
Holds over me his kind, protecting hand,
Who sends a guide like thee to join me here,
So noble art thou both in form and air, 475
And gracious are thy thoughts, and blessed they 475
Who gave thee birth." With that the messenger,
The Argus-queller, spake again, and said :
"Most wisely hast thou spoken, aged man.
But tell, and truly, why thou bearest hence
This store of treasures among stranger men? 480
Is it that they may be preserved for thee?

Or are ye all deserting in alarm
Your hallowed Troy? for such a man of might
Was thy brave son who died, that I may say
The Greeks in battle had no braver man." 485

And Priam, godlike ancient, spake in turn :
"Who then art thou, and of what parents born,
Excellent youth, who dost in such kind words
Speak of the death of my unhappy son?"

The herald, Argus-queller, answered him : 490
"I see that thou wouldst prove me, aged man,
By questions touching Hector, whom I oft
Have seen with mine own eyes in glorious fight,
Putting the Greeks to rout and slaying them
By their swift ships with that sharp spear of his. 495
We stood and marvelled, for Achilles, wroth
With Agamemnon, would not suffer us
To join the combat. I attend on him ;
The same good galley brought us to this shore.
And I am one among his Myrmidons. 500
Polyctor is my father, who is rich,
And now as old as thou. Six are his sons
Beside me, I the seventh. In casting lots
With them, it fell to me that I should come
To Ilium with Achilles. I am here 505
In coming from the fleet, for with the dawn
The dark-eyed Greeks are planning to renew
The war around the city. They have grown
Impatient of long idleness ; their chiefs
Seek vainly to restrain their warlike rage." 510

Then spake the godlike ancient, Priam, thus :
“ If thou indeed dost serve Pelides, tell,
And truly tell me, whether yet my son
Is at the fleet, or has Achilles cast,
Torn limb from limb, his body to the hounds ? ” 515

The herald, Argus-queller, thus replied :
“ O aged monarch, neither have the hounds
Devoured thy son, nor yet the birds of prey ;
But near the galleys of Achilles still
He lies neglected and among the tents. 520
Twelve mornings have beheld him lying there,
Nor hath corruption touched him, nor the worms
That make the slain their feast begun to feed.
'T is true that, when the holy morning dawns
Achilles drags him fiercely round the tomb 525
Of his dear friend ; yet that disfigures not
The dead. Shouldst thou approach him, thou
wouldst see

With marvelling eyes how fresh and dewy still
The body lies, the blood all cleansed away,
Unsoiled in every part, and all the wounds 530
Closed up wherever made ; for many a spear
Was thrust into his sides. Thus tenderly
The blessed gods regard thy son, though dead,
For dearly was he loved by them in life.”

He spake : the aged man was comforted, 535
And said : “ 'T is meet, O son, that we should pay
Oblations to the immortals ; for my son
While yet alive neglected not within

His palace the due worship of the gods
 Who dwell upon Olympus ; therefore they 540
 Are mindful of him, even after death.

Take this magnificent goblet ; be my guard,
 And guide me, by the favor of the gods,
 Until I reach Pelides in his tent."

Again the neraïd, Argus-queller, spake : 545
 "Thou seekest yet to try me, aged man,
 Who younger am than thou. Yet think thou not
 That I, without the knowledge of my chief,
 Will take thy gifts ; for in my heart I fear
 Achilles, nor would wrong him in the least, 550
 Lest evil come upon me. Yet I go
 Willingly with thee, as thy faithful guide.
 Were it as far as Argos the renowned,
 In a swift galley, or on foot by land,
 Yet none would dare to harm thee while with me."

So Hermes spake, and leaped into the car, 555
 And took into his hands the lash and reins,
 And breathed into the horses and the mules
 Fresh vigor. Coming to the wall and trench
 About the ships, they found the guard engaged 560
 With their night-meal. The herald Argicide
 Poured sleep upon them all, and quickly flung
 The gates apart, and pushed aside the bars,
 And led in Priam, with the costly gifts
 Heaped on the car. They went until they reached
 The lofty tent in which Achilles sat, 565
 Reared by the Myrmidons to lodge their king,

With timbers of hewn fir, and over-roofed
 With thatch, for which the meadows had been mown,
 And fenced for safety round with rows of stakes. 574
 One fir-tree bar made fast its gate, which three
 Strong Greeks were wont to raise aloft, and three
 Were needed to take down the massive beam.
 Achilles wielded the vast weight alone ;
 Beneficent Hermes opened it before 575
 The aged man, and brought the treasures in,
 Designed for swift Achilles. Then he left
 The car and stood upon the ground, and said :—

“O aged monarch, I am Mercury,
 An ever-living god ; my father, Jove, 580
 Bade me attend thy journey. I shall now
 Return, nor must Achilles look on me ;
 It is not meet that an immortal god
 Should openly befriend a mortal man.
 Enter, approach Pelides, clasp his knees ; 585
 Entreat him by his father, and his son,
 And fair-haired mother ; so shall he be moved.”

Thus having spoken, Hermes took his way
 Back to the Olympian summit. Priam then
 Sprang from the chariot to the ground. He left 590
 Idæus there to guard the steeds and mules,
 And, hastening to the tent where, dear to Jove,
 Achilles lodged, he found the chief within,
 While his companions sat apart, save two,—
 Automedon the brave, and Alcimus, 595
 Who claimed descent from Mars. These stood
 near by,

And ministered to Peleus' son, who then
 Was closing a repast, and had just left
 The food and wine, and still the table stood.
 Unmarked the royal Priam entered in, 604
 And, coming to Achilles, clasped his knees,
 And kissed those fearful slaughter-dealing hands,
 By which so many of his sons had died.

And as, when some blood-guilty man, whose hand
 In his own land has slain a fellow-man, 605
 Flees to another country, and the abode
 Of some great chieftain, all men look on him
 Astonished, — so, when godlike Priam first
 Was seen, Achilles was amazed, and all
 Looked on each other, wondering at the sight. 610

And thus King Priam supplicating spake : —

“Think of thy father, an old man like me,
 Godlike Achilles ! On the dreary verge
 Of closing life he stands, and even now
 Haply is fiercely pressed by those who dwell 615
 Around him, and has none to shield his age
 From war and its disasters. Yet his heart
 Rejoices when he hears thou yet dost live,
 And every day he hopes that his dear son
 Will come again from Troy. My lot is hard, 620
 For I was father of the bravest sons
 In all wide Troy, and none are left me now.
 Fifty were with me when the men of Greece
 Arrived upon our coast ; nineteen of these
 Owned the same mother, and the rest were born 625

Within my palaces. Remorseless Mars
Already had laid lifeless most of these,
And Hector, whom I cherished most, whose arm
Defended both our city and ourselves,
Him didst thou lately slay while combating 630
For his dear country. For his sake I come
To the Greek fleet, and to redeem his corse
I bring uncounted ransom. O, revere
The gods, Achilles, and be merciful,
Calling to mind thy father! happier he 635
Than I; for I have borne what no man else
That dwells on earth could bear, — have laid my lips
Upon the hand of him who slew my son.”
He spake: Achilles sorrowfully thought
Of his own father. By the hand he took 640
The suppliant, and with gentle force removed
The old man from him. Both in memory
Of those they loved were weeping. The old king,
With many tears, and rolling in the dust
Before Achilles, mourned his gallant son. 645
Achilles sorrowed for his father’s sake,
And then bewailed Patroclus, and the sound
Of lamentation filled the tent. At last
Achilles, when he felt his heart relieved
By tears, and that strong grief had spent its force, 650
Sprang from his seat; then lifting by the hand
The aged man, and pitying his white head
And his white chin, he spake these wingèd words:—
“Great have thy sufferings been, unhappy king!

How couldst thou venture to approach alone 655
The Grecian fleet, and show thyself to him
Who slew so many of thy valiant sons?
An iron heart is thine. But seat thyself,
And let us, though afflicted grievously,
Allow our woes to sleep awhile, for grief 660
Indulged can bring no good. The gods ordain
The lot of man to suffer, while themselves
Are free from care. Beside Jove's threshold stand
Two casks of gifts for man. One cask contains
The evil, one the good, and he to whom 665
The Thunderer gives them mingled sometimes falls
Into misfortune, and is sometimes crowned
With blessings. But the man to whom he gives
The evil only stands a mark exposed
To wrong, and, chased by grim calamity, 670
Wanders the teeming earth, alike unloved
By gods and men. So did the gods bestow
Munificent gifts on Peleus from his birth,
For eminent was he among mankind
For wealth and plenty ; o'er the Myrmidons 675
He ruled, and, though a mortal, he was given
A goddess for a wife. Yet did the gods
Add evil to the good, for not to him
Was born a family of kingly sons
Within his house, successors to his reign. 680
One short-lived son is his, nor am I there
To cherish him in his old age ; but here
Do I remain, far from my native land.

In Troy, and causing grief to thee and thine.
Of thee too, aged king, they speak, as one 66.
Whose wealth was large in former days, when all
That Lesbos, seat of Macar, owns was thine,
And all in Phrygia and the shores that bound
The Hellespont ; men said thou didst excel
All others in thy riches and thy sons. 690
But since the gods have brought this strife on thee
War and perpetual slaughter of brave men
Are round thy city. Yet be firm of heart,
Nor grieve forever. Sorrow for thy son
Will profit nought ; it cannot bring the dead 695
To life again, and while thou dost afflict
Thyself for him fresh woes may fall on thee."

And thus the godlike Priam, aged king,
Made answer : " Bid me not be seated here,
Nursling of Jove, while Hector lies among 700
Thy tents unburied. Let me ransom him
At once, that I may look on him once more
With my own eyes. Receive the many gifts
We bring thee, and mayst thou possess them long,
And reach thy native shore, since by thy grace 705
I live and yet behold the light of day."

Achilles heard, and, frowning, thus rejoined :
" Anger me not, old man ; 't was in my thought
To let thee ransom Hector. To my tent
The mother came who bore me, sent from Jove, 71.
The daughter of the Ancient of the Sea,
And I perceive, nor can it be concealed,

O Priam, that some god hath guided thee
To our swift galleys ; for no mortal man,
Though in his prime of youthful strength, would dare
To come into the camp ; he could not pass 716
The guard, nor move the beams that bar our gates.
So then remind me of my griefs no more,
Lest, suppliant as thou art, I leave thee not
Unharm'd, and thus transgress the laws of Jove." 720

He spake : the aged man in fear obeyed.
And then Pelides like a lion leaped
Forth from the door, yet not alone he went ;
For of his comrades two — Automedon,
The hero, and his comrade Alcimus, 725
He whom Achilles held in most esteem
After the slain Patroclus — followed him.
The mules and horses they unyoked, and led
The aged monarch's clear-voiced herald in,
And bade him sit. Then from the polished car 730
They took the costly ransom of the corse
Of Hector, save two cloaks, which back they laid
With a fair tunic, that their chief might give
The body shrouded to be borne to Troy.
And then he called the maidens, bidding them 735
Wash and anoint the dead, yet far apart
From Priam, lest, with looking on his son,
The grief within his heart might rise uncurbed
To anger, and Achilles in his rage
Might stay him and transgress the laws of Jove. 740
And when the handmaids finished, having washed

The body and anointed it with oil,
And wrapped a sumptuous cloak and tunic round
The limbs, Achilles lifted it himself
And placed it on a bier. His comrades gave 743
Their aid, and raised it to the polished car.
When all was done, Achilles groaned, and called
By name the friend he dearly loved, and said :—

“O my Patroclus, be not wroth with me
Shouldst thou in Hades hear that I restore 750
Hector to his dear father, since I take
A ransom not unworthy ; but of this
I yield to thee the portion justly thine.”

So spake the godlike warrior, and withdrew
Into his tent, and took the princely seat 755
From which he had arisen, opposite
To that of Priam, whom he thus bespake :—

“Behold thy son is ransomed, aged man,
As thou hast asked, and lies upon his bier.
Thou shalt behold him with the early dawn, 760
And bear him hence. Now let us break our fast,
For even Niobe, the golden-haired,
Refrained not from her food, though children twelve
Perished within her palace, — six young sons
And six fair daughters. Phœbus slew the sons 765
With arrows from his silver bow, incensed
At Niobe, while Dian, archer-queen,
Struck down the daughters ; for the mother dared
To make herself the peer of rosy-cheeked
Latona, who, she boastfully proclaimed, 770

Had borne two children only, while herself
Had brought forth many. Yet, though only two,
The children of Latona took the lives
Of all her own. Nine days the corses lay
In blood, and there was none to bury them, 775
For Jove had changed the dwellers of the place
To stone; but on the tenth the gods of heaven
Gave burial to the dead. Yet Niobe,
Though spent with weeping long, did not refrain
From food. And now forever mid the rocks 780
And desert hills of Sipylus, where lie,
Fame says, the couches of the goddess-nymphs,
Who lead the dance where Acheloüs flows,
Although she be transformed to stone, she broods
Over the woes inflicted by the gods. 785
But now, O noble Ancient, let us sit
At our repast, and thou mayst afterward
Mourn thy beloved son, while bearing him
Homeward, to be bewailed with many tears."

Achilles, the swift-footed, spake, and left 790
His seat, and, slaying a white sheep, he bade
His comrades flay and dress it. Then they carved
The flesh in portions which they fixed on spits,
And roasted carefully, and drew them back.
And then Automedon distributed 795
The bread in shapely canisters around
The table, while Achilles served the flesh,
And all put forth their hands and shared the feast.
But when their thirst and hunger were appeased,

Dardanian Priam fixed a wondering look 800
Upon Achilles, who in nobleness
Of form was like the gods. Achilles fixed
A look of equal wonder on his guest,
Dardanian Priam, for he much admired
His gracious aspect and his pleasant speech. 805
And when at length they both withdrew their gaze,
Priam, the godlike Ancient, spake, and said : —

“Nursling of Jove, dismiss me speedily
To rest, that we may lie, and be refreshed
With gentle slumbers. Never have these eyes 810
Been closed beneath their lids, since by thy hand
My Hector lost his life ; and evermore
I mourn and cherish all my griefs, and writhe
Upon the ground within my palace courts ;
But I have taken food at last, and drunk 815
Draughts of red wine, untasted till this hour.”

Achilles bade the attending men and maids
Place couches in the porch, and over them
Draw sumptuous purple mats on which to lay
Embroidered tapestries, and on each of these 820
Spread a broad, fleecy mantle, covering all.
Forth went the train with torches in their hands,
And quickly spread two couches. Then the swift
Achilles pleasantly to Priam said : —

“Sleep, excellent old man, without the tent, 825
Lest some one of our counsellors arrive,
Such as oft come within my tent to sit
And talk of warlike matters. Seeing thee

In the dark hours of night, he might relate
 The tale to Agamemnon, king of men, 830
 And hinder thus the ransom of thy son.
 But say, and truly say, how many days
 Requirest thou to pay the funeral rites
 To noble Hector, so that I may rest
 As many, and restrain the troops from war." 835

Then answered godlike Priam, aged king :
 " Since, then, thou wilt, Achilles, that we pay
 The rites of burial to my noble son,
 I own the favor. Well thou knowest how
 We Trojans are constrained to keep within 840
 The city walls, for it is far to bring
 Wood from the mountains, and we fear to dare
 The journey. Nine days would we mourn the dead
 Within our dwellings, and upon the tenth
 Would bury him, and make a solemn feast, 845
 And the next day would rear his monument,
 And on the twelfth, if needful, fight again."

And swift Achilles, godlike chief, rejoined :
 " Be it, O reverend Priam, as thou wilt,
 And for that space will I delay the war." 850

He spake, and that the aged king might feel
 No fear, he grasped his right hand at the wrist ;
 And then King Priam and the herald went
 To sleep within the porch, but wary still.
 Achilles slumbered in his stately tent, 855
 And all the other gods and men who fought

In chariots gave themselves to slumber, save
 Beneficent Hermes ; sleep came not to him,
 For still he meditated how to bring 861
 King Priam back from the Achaian fleet
 Unnoticed by the watchers at the gate.

So at the monarch's head he stood, and spake : —

“O aged king, thou givest little heed
 To danger, sleeping thus amid thy foes, 865
 Because Achilles spares thee. Thou hast paid
 Large ransom for thy well-beloved son,
 And yet the sons whom thou hast left in Troy
 Would pay three times that ransom for thy life,
 Should Agamemnon, son of Atreus, learn — 870
 Or any of the Greeks — that thou art here.”

He spake : the aged king in fear awaked
 The herald. Hermes yoked the steeds and mules,
 And drave them quickly through the camp un-
 marked

By any there. But when they reached the ford 875
 Where Xanthus, progeny of Jupiter,
 Rolls the smooth eddies of his stream, the god
 Departed for the Olympian height, and Morn
 In saffron robes o'erspread the Earth with light. 879
 Townward they urged the steeds, and as they went
 Sorrowed and wailed : the mules conveyed the dead,
 And they were seen by none of all the men
 And graceful dames of Troy save one alone.
 Cassandra, beautiful as Venus, stood
 On Pergamus, and from its height discerned 884

Her father, standing on the chariot-seat,
And knew the herald, him whose voice so oft
Summoned the citizens, and knew the dead
Stretched on a litter drawn by mules. She raised
Her voice, and called to all the city thus : — 890

“O Trojan men and women, hasten forth
To look on Hector, if ye e’er rejoiced
To see him coming from the field alive,
The pride of Troy, and all who dwell in her.”

She spake, and suddenly was neither man 895
Nor woman left within the city bounds.

Deep grief was on them all ; they went to meet,
Near to the gates, the monarch bringing home
The dead. And first the wife whom Hector loved
Rushed with his reverend mother to the car 900

As it rolled on, and, plucking out their hair,
Touched with their hands the forehead of the dead,
While round it pressed the multitude, and wept,
And would have wept before the gates all day,
Even to the set of sun, in bitter grief 905

For Hector’s loss, had not the aged man
Addressed the people from his chariot-seat :

“Give place to me, and let the mules pass on,
And ye may weep your fill when once the dead
Is laid within the palace.” As he spake, 910

The throng gave way and let the chariot pass ;
And having brought it to the royal halls,
On a fair couch they laid the corse, and placed
Singers beside it, leaders of the dirge,

Who sang a sorrowful, lamenting strain, 91
And all the women answered it with sobs.
White-armed Andromache in both her hands
Took warlike Hector's head, and over it
Began the lamentation midst them all : —

“Thou hast died young, my husband, leaving me
In this thy home a widow, and one son, 921
An infant yet. To an unhappy pair
He owes his birth, and never will, I fear,
Bloom into youth ; for ere that day will Troy
Be overthrown, since thou, its chief defence, 925
Art dead, the guardian of its walls and all
Its noble matrons and its speechless babes,
Yet to be carried captive far away,
And I among them, in the hollow barks ;
And thou, my son, wilt either go with me, 930
Where thou shalt toil at menial tasks for some
Pitiless master ; or perhaps some Greek
Will seize thy little arm, and in his rage
Will hurl thee from a tower and dash thee dead,
Remembering how thy father, Hector, slew 935
His brother, son, or father ; for the hand
Of Hector forced full many a Greek to bite
The dust of earth. Not slow to smite was he
In the fierce conflict ; therefore all who dwell
Within the city sorrow for his fall. 940
Thou bringest an unutterable grief,
O Hector, on thy parents, and on me
The sharpest sorrows. Thou didst not stretch forth

Thy hands to me, in dying, from thy couch,
 Nor speak a word to comfort me, which I 945
 Might ever think of night and day with tears."

So spake the weeping wife : the women all
 Mingled their wail with hers, and Hecuba
 Took up the passionate lamentation next : —

"O Hector, thou who wert most fondly loved 950
 Of all my sons ! While yet thou wert alive,
 Dear wert thou to the gods, who even now,
 When death has overtaken thee, bestow
 Such care upon thee. All my other sons
 Whom swift Achilles took in war he sold 955
 At Samos, Imbrus, by the barren sea,
 And Lemnos harborless. But as for thee,
 When he had taken with his cruel spear
 Thy life, he dragged thee round and round the tomb
 Of his young friend, Patroclus, whom thy hand 960
 Had slain, yet raised he not by this the dead ;
 And now thou liest in the palace here,
 Fresh and besprinkled as with early dew,
 Like one just slain with silent arrows aimed
 By Phœbus, bearer of the silver bow." 965

Weeping she spake, and woke in all who heard
 Grief without measure. Helen, last of all,
 Took up the lamentation, and began : —

"O Hector, who wert dearest to my heart
 Of all my husband's brothers, — for the wife 970
 Am I of godlike Paris, him whose fleet
 Brought me to Troy, — would I had sooner died !

And now the twentieth year is past since first
I came a stranger from my native shore,
Yet have I never heard from thee a word 975
Of anger or reproach. And when the sons
Of Priam, and his daughters, and the wives
Of Priam's sons, in all their fair array,
Taunted me grievously, or Hecuba
Herself, — for Priam ever was to me 980
A gracious father, — thou didst take my part
With kindly admonitions, and restrain
Their tongues with soft address and gentle words.
Therefore my heart is grieved, and I bewail
Thee and myself at once, — unhappy me ! 985
For now I have no friend in all wide Troy, —
None to be kind to me : they hate me all."

Weeping she spake : the mighty throng again
Answered with wailing. Priam then addressed
The people : " Now bring wood, ye men of Troy, 990
Into the city. Let there be no fear
Of ambush from the Greeks, for when of late
I left Achilles at the dark-hulled barks,
He gave his promise to molest no more
The men of Troy till the twelfth morn shall rise." 995

He spake, and speedily they yoked the mules
And oxen to the wains, and came in throngs
Before the city walls. Nine days they toiled
To bring the trunks of trees, and when the tenth
Arose to light the abodes of men, they brought 1000
The corse of valiant Hector from the town

With many tears, and laid it on the wood
High up, and flung the fire to light the pile.

Now when the early rosy-fingered Dawn
Looked forth, the people gathered round the pile 1005
Of glorious Hector. When they all had come
Together, first they quenched the funeral fires,
Wherever they had spread, with dark-red wine,
And then his brothers and companions searched
For the white bones. In sorrow and in tears, 1010
That streaming stained their cheeks, they gathered
them,

And placed them in a golden urn. O'er this
They drew a covering of soft purple robes,
And laid it in a hollow grave, and piled
Fragments of rock above it, many and huge. 1015
In haste they reared the tomb, with sentries set
On every side, lest all too soon the Greeks
Should come in armor to renew the war.
When now the tomb was built, the multitude
Returned, and in the halls where Priam dwelt, 1020
Nursling of Jove, were feasted royally.
Such was the mighty Hector's burial rite.

THE END.

EXTENSION DIVISION
BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY
PROVO, UTAH

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY

I. THE STORY

THE action of the *Iliad* covers forty-nine days of the tenth year of the siege of Troy by the Greeks. It begins with the quarrel between Achilles and Agamemnon and ends with the death of Hector. Before reading the *Iliad*, the student should consult some good mythology in order to become familiar with the main points in the story of the Trojan War. He should know that Paris, son of Priam, King of Troy, while on a visit to Menelaus, King of Sparta, abducted his wife, the beautiful Helen, and carried her off to Troy; that the Greek chiefs rushed to the aid of the insulted king and sailed with him across the sea for the Trojan city; that they encamped before the town, but, for ten long years, were unable to enter Troy. He should further learn that in the tenth year the Trojans finally issued from their walled city, and, led by the gallant Hector, drove the Greeks back to their ships; that the Greeks rallied only when the mighty Achilles, who had withdrawn from the struggle because of his quarrel with Agamemnon, came to their aid and sent the Trojans fleeing back to the refuge of their city; that the two hero-chiefs, Achilles and Hector, met in single combat, and that, after a valiant fight, Hector was slain by Achilles; that after the death of Hector the Greeks pretended to sail away toward home, leaving on the shore a colossal wooden horse; that the Trojans, lured by curiosity and false oracles, came forth from their city and brought the horse in triumph within their gates; and that then, by this

means, the city of Troy was taken at last by the army of Greeks which issued from the horse, to the utter confusion and undoing of the Trojans. And the student should follow, too, the fortunes of the heroes who survived the struggle, at least two of them, — Æneas, sailing away to found the city of Rome, and Ulysses, reaching home and his faithful Penelope only after ten long years of wandering. These things he should read if he would understand the *Iliad* aright, if he would find the "open sesame" to the treasures its pages contain.

II. READING THE POEM

In taking up the study of the *Iliad*, the student is advised, first of all, to read the poem through aloud, so that he may get the story, absorb the atmosphere of that early age, hear the music of the lines, and become familiar with and master of the pronunciation of the Greek proper names. He can hardly go astray in this last respect, since the meter of the verse determines the sound of the name and a correct rhythmic reading and re-reading of the lines will make the pronunciation not only evident but easy. For verification he should then consult the Pronouncing Vocabulary of Proper Names included in this volume.

In this first reading he will be impressed with the carefully wrought-out similes and the recurrent characteristic epithets. Such similes as the following, for instance, are to be found on almost every page :

"As when a forest on the mountain-top
Is in a blaze with the devouring flame
And shines afar, so, while the warriors marched,
The brightness of their burnished weapons flashed
On every side and upward to the sky.

"And as when water-fowl of many tribes —
Geese, cranes, and long-necked swans — disport themselves

In Asia's fields beside Caÿster's streams,
 And to and fro they fly with screams, and light,
 Flock after flock, and all the fields resound ;
 So poured, from ships and tents, the swarming tribes
 Into Scamander's plain, when fearfully
 Earth echoed to the tramp of steeds and men ;
 And there they mustered on the river's side,
 Numberless as the flowers and leaves of spring.
 And as when flies in swarming myriads haunt
 The herdsman's stalls in spring-time when new milk
 Has filled the pails, — in such vast multitudes
 Mustered the long-haired Greek upon the plain
 Impatient to destroy the Trojan race.

“ Then, as the goatherds, when their mingled flocks
 Are in the pastures, know and set apart
 Each his own scattered charge, so did the chiefs
 Moving among them, marshal each his men.”

Book II, lines 561-84.

Here are four elaborate similes and a brief one within the space of twenty-four lines.

Another beautiful one is the famous simile of the moon and the stars at the end of the eighth book :

“ As when in heaven the stars look brightly forth
 Round the clear-shining moon, while not a breeze
 Stirs in the depths of air, and all the stars
 Are seen, and gladness fills the shepherd's heart,
 So many fires in sight of Ilium blazed,
 Lit by the sons of Troy between the ships
 And eddying Xanthus : on the plain there shone
 A thousand ; fifty warriors by each fire
 Sat in its light.”

Book VIII, lines 682-90.

The student may be led to write original Homeric similes in imitation of those he finds in the *Iliad*, and he will learn without effort the epithets applied over and over again to people and things, such as : “ ægis-bear-

ing Jove"; "Hector of the beamy helm"; "Hector, the man-queller"; "Achilles, the swift-footed"; "Achilles, spoiler of walled towns"; "Æneas, the shepherd of the people"; "Juno, of the snow-white arms"; "the ever-living gods"; "seven-gated Thebes"; "wind-swept Troy"; "the early rosy-fingered Dawn."

And he will notice, no doubt, the Homeric pause which frequently delays the action of the story, when the poet looks backward or forward and gives detailed accounts of events long past or of those yet to come. As illustrations of this, note the account of the meeting of Diomed and Glaucus, Book VI, lines 151-304, in which the family history of the two heroes is recorded at length while the battle waits; and again, the interruption in the narrative, Book XII, lines 11-46, to foretell the doom of the wall erected by the Greeks for the defense of their ships.

Next he should begin all over again and this time set sail upon a voyage of discovery to see how many treasures he can bring back to port, the treasures being, in every case, lines of verse indicating the spoils collected. In this way he can gather for himself the details of the life of the early Greeks and the ideals determining that life. Significant facts in the domestic, social, economic, religious, and political régime of the people will thus be revealed and he can reconstruct in imagination the age in which the Trojan heroes lived. For instance: The Greeks and Trojans lived under an economy of war. It will be interesting, then, to discover first of all their method of warfare, to learn about the implements and devices used. The following lines throw light upon these points:

Description of armor and weapons

"Patroclus then in glittering brass
Arrayed himself; and first around his thighs

He put the beautiful greaves, and fastened them
 With silver clasps ; around his chest he bound
 The breastplate of the swift Æcides,
 With star-like points and richly chased ; he hung
 The sword with silver studs and blade of brass
 Upon his shoulders, and with it the shield
 Solid and vast ; upon his gallant head
 He placed the glorious helm with horse-hair plume,
 That grandly waved on high. Two massive spears
 He took, that fitted well his grasp, but left
 The spear which great Achilles only bore. . . ."

(Book XVI, lines 168-80.)

Single combat

"First Paris hurled his massive spear ; it smote
 The round shield of Atrides, but the brass
 Broke not beneath the blow ; the weapon's point
 Was bent on that strong shield. The next assault
 Atrides Menelaus made, but first
 Offered this prayer to Father Jupiter.

.
 He spake, and flung his brandished spear ; it smote
 The round shield of Priamides ; right through
 The shining buckler went the rapid steel,
 And, cutting the soft tunic near the flank,
 Stood fixed in the fair corselet. Paris bent
 Sideways before it and escaped his death.
 Atrides drew his silver-studded sword,
 Lifted it high and smote his enemy's crest.
 The weapon, shattered to four fragments, fell :
 He looked to the broad heaven, and thus exclaimed :—
 'O Father Jove! thou art of all the gods
 The most unfriendly. I had hoped to avenge
 The wrong by Paris done me, but my sword
 Is broken in my grasp, and from my hand
 The spear was vainly flung and gave no wound.' "

(Book III, lines 426-51.)

Use of chariots in battle

“ . . . the indignant deity
Took by the side of Diomed her place;
The beechen axle groaned beneath the weight
Of that great goddess and that man of might.
Then Pallas seized the lash and caught the reins,
And, urging the firm-footed coursers, drave
Full against Mars, who at that moment slew
Huge Periphas, the mightiest one of all
The Ætolian band. . . .
And now, when they were near, and face to face,
Mars o'er the chariot-yoke and horses' reins
First hurled his brazen spear, in hope to take
His enemy's life; but Pallas with her hand
Caught it and turned it, so that it flew by
And gave no wound. The valiant Diomed
Made with his brazen spear the next assault,
And Pallas guided it to strike the waist
Where girded by the baldric. . . . The furious god
Uttered a cry as of nine thousand men,
Or of ten thousand, rushing to the fight.”

(Book v, lines 1048-76.)

Battle formation

“So moved the serried phalanxes of Greece
To battle, rank succeeding rank, each chief
Giving command to his own troops; the rest
Marched noiselessly; you might have thought no voice
Was in the breasts of all that mighty throng,
So silently they all obeyed their chiefs,
Their showy armor glittering as they moved
In firm array.”

(Book iv, lines 540-47.)

“Hector, leaped to earth
With all his arms, and left his car. The rest
Rode with their steeds no more, but, hastily
Dismounting, as they saw their noble chief,

Each bade his charioteer hold back his steeds,
 Reined at the trench, in ranks. And then, apart,
 They mustered in five columns, following close
 Their leaders.

Then all, with their stout bucklers of bull's-hide
 Adjusted to each other, bravely marched
 Against the Greeks, who, as they deemed, must fly
 Before them, and must fall by their black ships."

(Book XII, lines 97-133.)

"The cavalry with steeds and cars he placed
 In front. A vast and valiant multitude
 Of infantry he stationed in the rear,
 To be the bulwark of the war. Between
 He made the faint of spirit take their place,
 That, though unwillingly they might be forced
 To combat with the rest. And first he gave
 His orders to the horsemen, bidding them
 To keep their coursers reined, nor let them range
 At random through the tumult of the crowd."

(Book IV, lines 378-87.)

We glean something of Greek political ideas, of the assembly as a political institution, from such passages as the following:

Divine right of kings

"We, the Greeks,
 Cannot be all supreme in power. The rule
 Of the many is not well. One must be chief
 In war, and one the King, to whom the son
 Of Saturn gives the sceptre, making him
 The lawgiver, that he may rule the rest."

(Book II, lines 252-57.)

Council of elders

"Agamemnon bade
 The shrill-voiced heralds call the long-haired Greeks

Together; they proclaimed his will, and straight
The warriors came in throngs. But first he bade
A council of large-minded elders meet
On Pylion Nestor's royal bark, and there
Laid his well-pondered thought before them thus:—"
(Book II, lines 66-72.)

The assembly

" All the Greeks
Meanwhile came thronging to the appointed place.
.
And now, when they were met, the place was stunned
With clamor; earth, as the great crowd sat down,
Groaned under them; a din of mingled cries
Arose; nine shouting heralds strove to hush
The noisy crowd to silence, that at length
The heaven-descended monarchs might be heard."
(Book II, lines 111-26.)

The religious conceptions of these early peoples,—
their belief in auguries and portents, their sacrifices and
ceremonials, their submission to the will of the gods, and
to an inevitable, all-controlling fate, above and beyond
even the decrees of Jupiter, are all revealed in the
following lines:

Faith in auguries

. "and next
Rose Calchas, son of Thestor, and the chief
Of augurs, one to whom were known things past
And present and to come. He, through the art
Of divination, which Apollo gave,
Had guided Iliumward the ships of Greece."
(Book I, lines 88-93.)

Trust in portents

"Let us not combat with the Greeks, to take
Their fleet; for this, I think, will be the end,—

If now the omen we have seen be meant
 For us of Troy who seek to cross the trench; —
 This eagle, flying high upon the left,
 Between the hosts, that in his talons bore
 A monstrous serpent, bleeding, yet alive,
 Hath dropped it mid our host before he came
 To his dear nest, nor brought it to his brood; —
 So we, although by force we break the gates
 And rampart, and although the Greeks fall back,
 Shall not as happily retrace our way;
 For many a Trojan shall we leave behind,
 Slain by the weapons of the Greeks, who stand
 And fight to save their fleet. Thus will the seer,
 Skilled in the lore of prodigies, explain
 The portent, and the people will obey."

(Book XII, lines 258-74.)

Interference of gods with acts of mortals

"And now had Menelaus dragged him [Paris] thence,
 And earned great glory, if the child of Jove,
 Venus, had not perceived his plight in time.
 She broke the ox-hide band; an empty helm
 Followed the powerful hand; the hero saw,
 Swung it aloft and hurled it toward the Greeks
 And there his comrades seized it. He again
 Rushed with his brazen spear to slay his foe.
 But Venus — for a goddess easily
 Can work such marvels — rescued him."

(Book III, lines 457-66.)

Submission to the will of the gods

"O goddess, be the word thou bring'st obeyed,
 However fierce my anger; for to him
 Who hearkens to the gods, the gods give ear."

(Book I, lines 278-80.)

Greek idea of fate

"No living man can send me to the shades
Before my time ; no man of woman born,
Coward or brave, can shun his destiny."

(Book VI, lines 623-25.)

"and the dark night of death
Came o'er his eyes : so cruel fate decreed."

(Book V, lines 99, 100.)

Sacrifices to Apollo

"When the prayers
Were ended, and the salted meal was flung,
Backward they turned the necks of the fat beesves,
And cut their throats, and flayed the carcasses,
And hewed away the thighs, and covered them
With caul in double folds ; and over this
They laid raw fragments of the other parts.
O'er all the aged priest poured dark red wine,
And burned them on dry wood. A band of youths
With five-pronged spits, beside him, thrust these through
The entrails, which they laid among the flames."

(Book I, lines 574-84.)

Treaty-ceremonial

"To the spot
The illustrious heralds brought the sacred things
That bind a treaty, and with mingled wine
They filled a chalice, and upon the hands
Of all the kings poured water. Then the son
Of Atreus drew a dagger which he wore
Slung by his sword's huge sheath, and clipped away
The forelock of the lambs, and parted them
Among the Trojan and Achaian chiefs,
And stood with lifted hands and prayed aloud : —
· · · · ·
· · · · · and with the cruel steel
Cut the lambs' throats, and laid them on the ground,

Panting and powerless, for the dagger took
 Their lives away. Then over them they poured
 Wine from the chalice, drawn in golden cups,
 And prayed to the ever-living gods; and thus
 Were Trojans and Achaians heard to say:—
 ‘O Jupiter most mighty and august!
 Whoever first shall break these solemn oaths
 So may their brains flow down upon the earth,—
 Theirs and their children’s,—like the wine we pour,
 And be their wives the wives of other men.’”

(Book III, lines 335-76.)

Light is shed upon the economic development of the Greeks and Trojans, their system of exchange, their method of barter, their standard of value, by the following illustrations:

“Then did the son of Saturn take away
 The judging mind of Glaucus, when he gave
 His arms of gold away for arms of brass
 Worn by Tydides Diomed,—the worth
 Of five score oxen for the worth of nine.”

(Book VI, lines 307-11.)

“The priceless ægis, ever fair and new,
 And undecaying; from its edge there hung
 A hundred golden fringes, fairly wrought,
 And every fringe might buy a hecatomb.”

(Book II, lines 551-54.)

“But the long-haired Greeks
 Bought for themselves their wines; some gave their brass,
 And others shining steel; some bought with hides,
 And some with steers, and some with slaves, and thus
 Prepared an ample banquet.”

(Book VII, lines 586-90.)

It is the universal human interest pervading the *Iliad* that makes it modern in the sense that Shakespeare is modern. We enjoy reading about the heroes of Homer

because they, too, though heroes, were human like ourselves. This human touch is particularly in evidence in passages like these:

Andromache's appeal to Hector

“Hector, thou
Art father and dear mother now to me,
And brother and my youthful spouse besides.
In pity keep within the fortress here,
Nor make thy child an orphan nor thy wife
A widow.”

Hector's response

“All this
I bear in mind, dear wife; but I should stand
Ashamed before the men and long-robed dames
Of Troy, were I to keep aloof and shun
The conflict coward-like. . . .
But not the sorrows of the Trojan race,
Nor those of Hecuba herself, nor those
Of royal Priam, nor the woes that wait
My brothers many and brave, — who all at last,
Slain by the pitiless foe, shall lie in dust, —
Grieve me so much as thine, when some mailed Greek
Shall lead thee weeping hence, and take from thee
Thy day of freedom. . . .
And thou shalt grieve the more, lamenting him
Who haply might have kept afar the day
Of thy captivity. O, let the earth
Be heaped above my head in death before
I hear thy cries as thou art borne away!”

(Book VI, lines 564-96.)

And where will you find a more genuine human reaction to the influence of the little child than in the following lines?

“So speaking mighty Hector stretched his arms
To take the boy; the boy shrank crying back

To his fair nurse's bosom, scared to see
 His father helmeted in glittering brass,
 And eyeing with affright the horse-hair plume
 That grimly nodded from the lofty crest.
 At this both parents in their fondness laughed;
 And hastily the mighty Hector took
 The helmet from his brow and laid it down
 Gleaming upon the ground and, having kissed
 His darling son and tossed him up in play,
 Prayed thus to Jove and all the gods of heaven:—
 'O Jupiter and all ye deities,
 Vouchsafe that this my son may yet become
 Among the Trojans eminent like me,
 And nobly rule in Ilium.'"

(Book VI, lines 597-612.)

The worldly-wise man is ubiquitous in literature as in life. He was with us in the days of Homer as he is to-day. What more interesting than to find in the *Iliad* crisp sayings that might have fallen from the lips of Benjamin Franklin or Bernard Shaw! In their reflections, the Homeric heroes often display sound common sense overruling superstition, and a true philosophic view of things, occasionally cynical, but usually frank, genuine, and without sophistry. Here are a few examples:

"Light is the task when many share the toil."

(Book XII, line 493.)

"We too must labor; for when we were born
 Jove laid this hard condition on us all."

(Book X, lines 81, 82.)

"Disturbed with discord. Even the pleasant feast
 Will lose its flavor when embittered thus."

(Book I, lines 729, 730.)

"Whatever in their grace the gods bestow
 Is not to be rejected; 't is not ours
 To choose what they shall give us."

(Book III, lines 80-82.)

"The younger men are of a fickle mood;
But when an elder shares the act he looks
Both to the past and future, and provides
What is most fitting and the best for all."

(Book III, lines 137-40.)

"The chance of war
Is equal, and the slayer oft is slain."

(Book XVIII, lines 388, 389.)

"No man can endure
To combat all the day till set of sun,
Save with the aid of food, however great
The promptings of his valor."

(Book XIX, lines 199-202.)

"A wretch without a tie
Of kin, a lawless man without a home,
Is he who takes delight in civil strifes."

(Book IX, lines 73-75.)

"Thou . . . shouldst follow willingly
Another's judgment when it best promotes
The general weal."

(Book IX, lines 119-22.)

"My child, . . .

But curb thou the high spirit in thy breast,
For gentle ways are best, and keep aloof
From sharp contentions, that the old and young
Among the Greeks may honor thee the more."

(Book IX, lines 315-20.)

"Like the race of leaves
Is that of humankind. Upon the ground
The winds strew one year's leaves; the sprouting grove
Puts forth another brood, that shoot and grow
In the spring season. So it is with man:
One generation grows while one decays."

(Book VI, lines 186-91.)

“Thou dost ask
 That I be governed by the flight of birds,
 Which I regard not, whether to the right
 And toward the morning and the sun they fly,
 Or toward the left and evening. . . .
 One augury
 There is, the surest and the best, — to fight
 For our own land.”

(Book XII, lines 283-91.)

“Equal is the meed
 Of him who stands aloof and him who fights
 Manfully ; both the coward and the brave
 Are held in equal honor, and they die
 An equal death, — the idler and the man
 Of mighty deeds.”

(Book IX, lines 393-98.)

So, on almost every page of the *Iliad*, we catch glimpses of the manner of life of the ancient Greeks, the usages of the time, the ideals of the people, their philosophy of life, and their stage of culture. The student should be urged to search each Book for treasures of this kind, for in this way, only, will he come to have an intimate knowledge of the characters on its pages.

My final suggestion as to reading is that there should be much reading of the story aloud in class by both teacher and pupils. For the *Iliad* is a tale that should be *heard*. Never should a poorly read passage be accepted, however ; and the teacher can always save the situation. If necessary he can re-read it to the class. Let the student every day hear parts of the story well read and soon the deeds of the heroes of Troy will ring in his ears so insistently that he will find himself reciting them or reading them of his own volition. As the Greek youth of old heard these hero-deeds sung again and again, so let the American youth of to-day *hear*

the recital of these acts of valor. And thus a love of Homer will be developed more naturally and more rapidly than is possible in any other way.

III. ORIGINAL WORK

1. *Dramatization*

Dramatization as a device for vitalizing literature has no equal. Nothing can vivify the past like actual representation of that past by living human beings. Hence dramatization of scenes from the *Iliad* is urged as a most satisfactory method of teaching interpretation. Let the pupils make their own dramatizations and then let them act them out. Classroom scenes may be given frequently during the study of the *Iliad*; and perhaps a more ambitious presentation in the assembly hall might be a fitting climax to such work. It is also suggested that a series of tableaux accompanied by dramatic readings be arranged.¹

The following scenes lend themselves to effective dramatization: *The appeal of Chryses*; *The quarrel of Agamemnon and Achilles*; *Priam's appeal to Achilles for the body of Hector*; *The parting of Hector and Andromache*; *At the palace with Paris and Helen*; *The episode of Glaucus and Diomed*; *Achilles receiving the embassy from Agamemnon*. This method of interpreting the masterpiece is suggested, for it has been found by actual experience to bring in rich returns.

2. *Composition*

Much oral composition work should be done during the progress of the study of the *Iliad*. The pupil should

¹ For an elaboration of these ideas the student may be referred to *Dramatization*, by S. E. Simons and C. I. Orr. (Scott, Foresman and Company.)

be required to present graphically the setting of the story; to give briefly an account of the various incidents preliminary to the opening of the *Iliad*; to enumerate lists of the gods and goddesses taking part in the struggle (Book xx, lines 44-55); to recount the different incidents and episodes related in the *Iliad*; to sketch pictures in words of certain characters at certain times, as, for instance: *Helen watching the combats of the Greek and Trojan heroes* (Book III, lines 148-302); *Achilles, in his tent mourning for Patroclus* (Book xxiv, lines 4-15); *Hector, with his son, Astyanax* (Book vi, lines 597-618); *Hector, triumphant before the Grecian wall* (Book xii, lines 527-64). He should be asked to describe striking scenes, such as: *A council of the gods on Mount Olympus* (Book viii, lines 1-64); *Vulcan's workshop* (Book xviii, lines 463-90); *The forging of Achilles' armor* (Book xviii, lines 589-762); *Hector's visit to Paris and Helen* (Book vi, lines 409-77). And he should be encouraged to follow in imagination the heroes to other lands, to invent adventures, and to depict the inevitable reaction of the heroes to these new events. In all this work the pupil should make frequent use of characteristic epithets and Homeric similes; by deliberate imitation of these devices he will be enabled to breathe into his recital something of the spirit of Homer. The hints just given apply to written as well as to oral work, but oral composition should claim a far larger share of attention than written in a study like this. A searching reading of the text, such as was advised above, will yield further topics for both oral and written discussion. For example: *The Greek idea of fate* (Book vi, lines 623-25); *The interference of the gods in the affairs of men* (Book iii, lines 457-69); *Sacrificial rites among the Greeks and Trojans* (Book i, lines 574-99); *Building arts of the Greeks* (Book vi,

lines 319-27); *Household arts* (Book VI, lines 626-29); *Knowledge of sanitation and health* (Book IV, lines 269-83); *Amusements of the heroes of the Iliad* (Book II, lines 971-73); *Greek laws of friendship* (Book VI, lines 293-311); *Domestic economy among the Greeks and Trojans* (Book VI, lines 483-504); *Life within the walls of Troy* (Book VI, lines 312-674); *The place of woman in the social scheme* (Book VI, lines 417-77); *Family life* (Book VI, lines 483-616); *The Greek ideal of character* (Book XVIII, lines 65-75); *Personal habits and dress* (Book II, lines 53-63); *The Greek assembly as a political institution* (Book II, lines 66-188); *Methods of warfare in the Iliad* (Book III, lines 426-51); *Glimpses of Helen* (Book III, lines 153-302); *The human touch in Homer* (Book XXII, lines 46-116); *The child in Homer* (Book VI, lines 597-616); *The worldly-wise man in Homer* (Book IX, lines 119-22); *Music in the Iliad* (Book IX, lines 228-34).¹ This work is to be wholly concrete and inductive, based entirely on the student's study of the text of the *Iliad*. Every statement made must be supported by illustrative passages from the poem, — otherwise it will be valueless from the point of view of dynamic achievement.

¹ In each case but a single reference is given. The student should search out many more.

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PRONOUNCING VOCABULARY OF PROPER NAMES

IN

BRYANT'S TRANSLATION OF THE ILIAD OF HOMER

The Diacritical Marks given below are those found in Webster's New International Dictionary.

EXPLANATION OF MARKS.

A Dash (ˉ) above the vowel denotes the long sound, as in fāte, ēve, tīme, nōte, ūse.

A Curve (˘) above the vowel denotes the short sound, as in ādd, ĕnd, ĭll, ōdd, ŭp.

A Dot (·) above the vowel a denotes the obscure sound of a in pāst, ābāte, Āmĕrĭcā.

A Double Dot (¨) above the vowel a denotes the sound of a in fāther, ālms.

A Double Dot (¨) below the vowel a denotes the sound of a in bāll.

A Wave (˜) above the vowel e denotes the sound of e in hĕr.

A Circumflex Accent (^) above the vowels o or u denotes the sound of o in ôrb or of u in tûrn.

ĕ sounds like the first e in dĕpĕnd.

ô sounds like the first o in prôpôse.

ſ sounds like z.

ç sounds like s.

ġ is soft as in ġem.

ĝ is hard as in ġet.

Ābārbā'rēiā

Ā'bās

Āblē'rūs

Ābrān'tēg

Ābȳ'dōs

Āc'āmās

Ac'āmūs

Achaia (ā-kā'yā)

Achaians (ā-kā'yānz)

Achilles (ā-kī'lēz)

Actæa (āk-tē'ā)

Āc'tōr

Ādrās'tūs

Æacides (ē-ās'ī-dēz)

Æacus (ē'ā-kūs)

Ægæ (ē'jē)

Ægeon (ē-jē'ōn)

Ægeus (ē-jē'ūs)

Ægialeia (ē-jī-ā-iē'ā)

Ægis (ē'jīs)

Æneas (ē-nē'ās or ē

Ænus (ē'nūs)

Æpeia (ē-pē'ā)	Ānthē'ia
Æsculapius (ēs-kū-lā'pī-ūs)	Ānthē'mīōn
Æsepus (ē-sē'pūs)	Antilochus (ān-tīl'ō-kūs)
Æsyeta (ē-sī-ē'tā)	Antimachus (ān-tīm'ā-kūs)
Æsymba (ē-sī'mā)	Antiphates (ān-tīf'ā-tēz)
Æthē (ē'thē)	Antiphonus (ān-tīf'ō-nūs)
Æthiopians (ē-thī-ō'pī-ānz)	Antiphus (ān'tīf-ūs)
Æthon (ē'thōn)	Aphareus (ā-fā'rē-ūs <i>or</i> āf'ā-rūs)
Æthra (ē'thrā)	Āpōl'io
Ætolian Trechus (ē-tō'lī-ān trē'kūs)	Apseudes (āp-sū'dēz)
Āg'aclēg	Ārcā'diāng
Āgāmēm'nōn	Archelochus (ār-kēl'ō-kūs)
Āg'āthōn	Archeptolemus (ār-kēp-tōl'ē-mūs)
Āgā'vē	Archilochus (ār-kīl'ō-kūs)
Āgēlā'ūs	Areilochus (ā-rē-īl'ō-kūs)
Āgē'nōr	Areithōus (ā-rē-īth'ō-ūs)
Ājā'cēs	Ārgī'ās
Ā'jāx	Ār'gīcīde
Ālās'tōr	Ār'gīve
Ālcān'dēr	Ār'gōs
Ālcāth'ōūs	Ār'gūs
Āl'cīān	Ārīād'nē
Ālīm'ēdōn	Ār'īmī
Āl'cīmūs	Ārīs'bā
Alcmaon (ālk-mā'ōn)	Ār'nē
Ālcy'ōnē	Ārsīn'ōūs
Alexander (āl-ēg-zān'dēr)	Ascalaphus (ās-kāl'ā-fūs)
Ālō'ēūs (<i>or</i> ā-lō'ūs)	Asia (ā'shī-ā)
Alpheius (āl-fē'yūs)	Ā'sīūs
Āl'tēs	Āsō'pūs
Althaea (āl-thē'ā)	Āssār'ācūs
Āmārŷn'cēūs (<i>or</i> ām-ā-rīn'sūs)	Asteropæus (ās-tēr-ō-pē'ūs)
Āmāthē'ia	Āstŷ'ālūs
Ām'āzōng	Āstŷ'ānāx
Āmīsō'dārūs	Āstŷn'ōūs
Ampehius (ām-fī'ūs)	Ā'tē
Amphielus (ām-fīk'ūs)	Āthē'nīān
Amphidamas (ām-fīd'ā-mās)	Ā'trēūs (<i>or</i> ā'trūs)
Amphinomē (ām-fīn'ō-mē)	Ātri'dēs
Amphithoē (ām-fīth'ō-ē)	Ātŷm'nīūs
Amphitryon (ām-fīt'rī-ōn)	Āu'līs
Amphoterus (ām-fōt'ē-rūs)	Āutōl'ycūs
Ām'yōn	Āutōm'ēdōn
Āmŷn'tōr	Āutōn'ōūs
Ancæus (ān-sē'ūs)	Āutophonos (ā-tōf'ō-nōs)
Anchialus (ān-kī'ā-lūs)	Āx'īūs
Anchises (ān-kī'sēz)	Āxŷ'lūs
Andræmon (ān-drē'mōn)	Bacchus (bāk'ūs)
Andromache (ān-drōm'ā-kē)	Bā'līūs
Āntē'ia	Bāthŷc'lēs
Āntē'nōr	

Bătt'ē'ā
 Bellerophon (bēl-lēr'ō-fōn)
 Bēllō'nā
 Bī'ās
 Bœotians (bē-ō'shānz)
 Bō'rēās
 Bō'rūs
 Briā'rēūs (or brī'ā-rūs)
 Brisē'īs
 Būcō'līōn
 Būdē'iūm
 Būprā'siūm

 Căbē'sūs
 Cădmē'an
 Căd'mūs
 Cæneus (sē'nē-ūs or sē'nūs)
 Calchas (kăl'kās)
 Căllīānās'sā
 Căllīānī'rā
 Căl'ýdōn
 Căpā'nēūs (or căp'ā-nūs)
 Că'pýs
 Cărdăm'ýlē
 Cărrē'sūs
 Că'rīā
 Că'rīān
 Căssăn'drā
 Căstīānī'rā
 Castor (kās'tēr)
 Cău'cōng
 Căýs'tēr
 Čěbrī'ōnēs
 Čěl'ádōn
 Čěn'tăurg
 Cephalonians (sēf-ăl-lō'ný-ānz)
 Cephissus (sē-fīs'sūs)
 Čē'rēs
 Chalcodon (kăl-kō'dōn)
 Chalcon (kăl'kōn)
 Charis (kă'rīs)
 Chimæra (kī-mē'rā)
 Chimera (kī-mē'rā)
 Chiron (kī'rōn)
 Chromius (krō'mī-ūs)
 Chrysa (krī'sā)
 Chryseis (krī-sē'īs)
 Chryses (krī'sēs)
 Chrysothemis (krī-sōth'ē-mīs)
 Cilicia (sī-lý'shā)
 Cilicians (sī-lý'shānz)

Čīl'īā
 Čīs'sēūs (or sīs'sūs)
 Clēōbū'lūs
 Clēōpā'trā
 Clým'ēnē
 Clýtēmnēs'trā
 Clýt'īūs
 Clýtōmē'dēs
 Cō'ōn
 Coronæa (kōr-ō-nē'ā)
 Crē'ōn
 Crē'tāng
 Crē'tē (*English Crête*)
 Crē'thōn
 Cūrē'tēs
 Čýmōd'ōčē
 Čýmōth'ōē
 Čýthērē'ān

 Dædalus (dēd'ā-lūs)
 Dætor (dē'tōr)
 Dămās'tōr
 Dăm'āsūs
 Dăr'dān
 Dărdā'nīā
 Dărdā'nīān
 Dăr'dānūs
 Dă'rēs
 Dēýc'ōōn
 Deiphobus (dē-ýf'ō-būs)
 Dēýp'ýlūs
 Dēýp'ýrūs
 Dēmōc'ōōn
 Dēmō'lēōn
 Demuchus (dē-mū'kūs)
 Deucalion (dū-kă'lý-ōn)
 Dēxăm'ēnē
 Dēx'ýūs
 Dī'ăn
 Dī'ăn'ā
 Dī'ōclēs
 Dī'ōmēd
 Dī'ō'nē
 Dī'ō'rēs
 Dī'ōs
 Dōdō'nā
 Dōdō'nīān
 Dō'lōn
 Dōlō'pīāng
 Dōlōpī'ōn
 Dō'rīs

Dō'tō
Drē'sūs
Drū'ās
Drȳ'ās
Drȳ'ōpg
Dȳ'mās
Dȳnām'enē

Echeclus (ěk'ě-klūs)
Echemon (ěk-ě'mōn)
Echepolus (ěk-ě-pō'lūs)
Echius (ě-kī'ūs)
Ēē'tiōn
Egypt (ē'jȳpt)
Ēiō'nēūs (or ē-i'ō-nūs)
Ēl'āsūs
Ēl'ātūs
Ē'lēōn
Elephenor (ěl-ě-fē'nōr)
Ēnīō'pēūs (or ē-nī'ō-pūs)
Ēn'ōpē
Ē'nōpg
Ēpāl'tēg
Ēpē'ān
Ēpē'īāng
Epeigeus (ē-pȳ'ēūs or ē-pȳ'ūs)
Ēpē'iūs
Ephialtes (ěf-ī-āl'tēz)
Ephyra (ěf'ī-rā)
Ēp'iclēg
Ēp'is'tōr
Ēr'ēbūs
Ereuthalion (ēr-ū-thā'li-ōn)
Eribœa (ěr-ī-bē'ā)
Erichthonius (ěr-īk-thō'nī-ūs)
Ērīn'nȳs
Ērȳā'lūs
Ēr'ȳmās
Ērȳn'nīs
Ētē'ōclēg
Ēthiō'pīāng
Eudorus (ū-dō'rūs)
Euippus (ū-īp'pūs)
Euneūs (ū-nē'ūs)
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Eurynomē (ū-rīn'ō-mē)
Eurypylus (ū-rīp'ī-lūs)

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Eussorus (ūs-sō'rūs)
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Ēxā'dīūs

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Gērē'nīān
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Gōr'gōn
Gōrgȳ'thīōn
Grānī'cūs
Gygæan (jȳj'ē-ān)

Hā'dēg
Hæmon (hē'mōn)
Hā'līā
Hā'līūs
Hālīzō'nīāng
Hāmōpā'ōn
Hārmō'nīūs
Hār'pȳ
Hē'bē
Hēc'tōr
Hēc'ūbā
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Hěl'ēn
Hěl'ēnūs
Hělīcā'ōn
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Hělīcō'niān
Hěl'lās
Hěl'lēspōnt
Hēptāp'ōrūs
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Hēr'mēg
Hēr'mūs
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 Hŷ'adēg
 Hŷ'dā
 Hŷ'lā
 Hŷ'lūs
 Hŷpē'nōr
 Hypereian (hŷp-ērē'án)
 Hŷpōplā'çĭán
 Hŷpsē'nōr
 Hŷpsĭp'ŷlē
 Hŷr'tácūs

 Iæra (ī-ē'rā)
 Īā'l'mēnūs
 Īām'ēnūs
 Īāp'ētūs
 Īār'dán
 Īcā'rĭán
 Ī'dā
 Idæan (ī-dē'án)
 Idæus (ī-dē'ūs)
 Ī'dās
 Īdōmēnē'ūs
 Īl'ŷūm
 Ī'lūs
 Ilithyian (Īl-ŷ-thī'yán)
 Īm'brāsūs
 Īm'brūs
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 Iphiclus (Īf'ŷ-clūs)
 Iphinoūs (Ī-fŷn'ō-ūs)
 Iphition (Ī-fŷt'ŷ-ōn)
 Iphitus (Īf'ŷ-tūs)
 Ī'rĭs
 Īsān'drūs
 Īth'ácá
 Ithæmenes (Ī-thē'mē-nēz)

 Jānās'sá
 Janeira (jā-nī'rā)
 Jā'sōn
 Jōve
 Jū'nō
 Jū'pĭtēr

 Lacedæmon (lās-ē-dē'mōn)
 Lāēr'çēūs
 Lāēr'tēg
 Lām'pūs

Laodameia (lā-ōd-āmī'á)
 Lāōd'ŷçē
 Lāōd'ōcūs
 Lāōg'ōnūs
 Lāōm'ēdōn
 Lāōth'ōē
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 Lāt'ōnā
 Lē'ŷtūs
 Lēl'ēgāns
 Lēl'ēgēg
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 Lēōn'tēūs (or lē-ōn'tūs)
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 Lēs'bōs
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 Mēri'ōnēg
 Mēssē'ŷs

Mēs'tôr
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 Mō'lūs
 Mū'lūs
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 Mȳg'dōn
 Mȳ'nēs
 Mȳrīn'nâ
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 Mysia (mīsh'ī-â)
 Mysians (mīsh'ī-ânz)

 Naiad (nā'yăd)
 Nēlē'ian (nē-lē'ân)
 Nē'lēūs (or nē'lūs)
 Nēmēr'tēg
 Nēōptōl'ēmūs
 Nēp'tūne
 Nē'rē-ĭdg
 Nē'rē-ūs (or nē'rūs)
 Nesæa (nē-sē'â)
 Nēs'tôr
 Nī'ōbē
 Nōē'mōn
 Nȳs'sâ

 Ōçē'ânūs
 Ochesius (ō-kē'sī-ūs)
 Œdipus (ēd'ī-pūs)
 Œneus (ē'nē-ūs or ē'nūs)
 Œnides (ē-nī'dēz)
 Œnomaüs (ē-nō-mā'ūs)
 Œnops (ē'nōps)
 Ōīlē'ân
 Ōīlēūs (or ō-ī'lūs)
 Ōlȳm'pīân
 Ōlȳm'pūs
 Ōnē'tôr
 Ophelstes (ō-fē-lēs'tēz)
 Opheltius (ō-fēl'tī-ūs)
 Ō'pūs
 Orchomenus (ōr-kōm'ē-nūs)
 Ōrēs'bīūs
 Ōrēs'tēg
 Ōrī'ōn
 Ōrīthȳ'â
 Ōr'mēnūs
 Orsilochus (ōr-sīl'ō-kūs)
 Ō'trēūs (or ō'trūs)
 Ōtrȳn'tēūs (or ō-trȳn'tūs)
 Ō'tūs

Pæan (pē'ân)
 Pæon (pē'ōn)
 Pæonia (pē-ō'nī-â)
 Pæonian (pē-ō'nī-ân)
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 Pāl'lās Āthē'nē
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 Pātrō'clūs
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 Pēl'āgōn
 Pēlās'gīân
 Pēlēūs (or pē'lūs)
 Pēlī'ân
 Pēlī'dēg
 Pēlī'ōn (mountain)
 Pēlī'ōn (son of Peleus)
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 Pēr'īmūs
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 Pē'tēūs
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 Phænops (fē'nōps)
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 Phrygian (frī'jī-ân)
 Phthia (thī'â)

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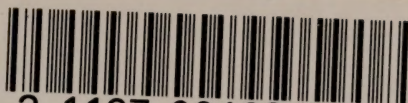
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